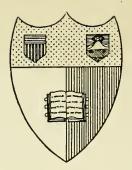
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MARY, MOTHER OF WASHINGTON.

THE GIRLHOOD

OF

CELEBRATED WOMEN

WOMEN OF WORTH

AND

THE MOTHERS OF THE BIBLE.

TWO VOLUMES IN ONE.

ILLUSTRATED.

NEW YORK:
THE WORLD PUBLISHING HOUSE,

139 EIGHTH STREET.

1876.

Litter, Sylvia Coodricky



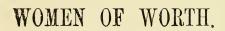
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As when the night its highest noon attains,
And not a cloud o'ereasts the blue serene,
The stars diffused through all the ethereal plains.
And all arrayed in living light are seen;

So in this night of time what patterns rise, Rich in celestial lustres to adorn And bless our world, till from those lower skies Shine the full glories of that promised morn,

When Jesus rising, like the orient sun Shall drown these stars in his superior rays, And all these saints, their race nocturnal run, Alone on his unrivalled beauties gaze.

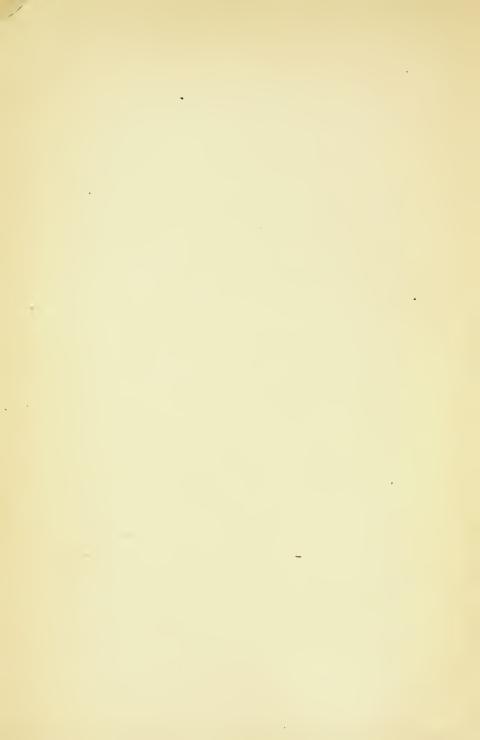
But till this day shall break, how much we owe To those divine examples that illume Our journey through this vale of sin and wee, Direct our steps and half dispel our gloom.

Ye fair, heaven's kindest, noblest gift to man, Adorned with every charm and every grace, The flame your forms inspire let virtue fan, And let the mind be lovelier than the face.

Daughters of Eve, or in your silver hairs,
Or flourishing in youth's auspicious bloom,
The soul, the immortal soul, demands your cares;
Oh live as heirs of endless life to come!

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PREFATORY NOTE.

THE RELATION OF BIOGRAPHY TO EVERY-DAY LIFE.

"It is the divinest thing to be good."—John Foster.

"Goodness is beauty in its best estate."-MARLOWE.

"The true mark of a good heart, is its capacity for loving."-

MADAME DE SEVIGNE.

The following Biographical Sketches form, it is believed, a book which a woman of any age may take up with pleasure and profit; while to the young—it may be of unformed character—the work is calculated to be more specially useful, in so far as it serves to show how those who were of "The Excellent of the Earth" walked amongst us.

After a careful examination of the numerous books which treat of the lives and works of notable women, it may be sufficient to remark that if the editor of the present volume has made even an approach to the standard kept in view, this publication will be found to present elements of character and examples of action in a manner likely to exercise a wholesome influence while it possesses a distinctive tone.

In conjunction with this pervading spirit it has been an object to combine in one cheap volume,

brief, graphic, and suggestive sketches, not only of those already famous in the annals of female worth, but of those whose lives, from having been spent in the midst of us, or at least within the memory of a still-existing generation, have thus, to some extent, been overlooked in previous collections of a somewhat similar character. The aim has therefore been to record "deeds which should not pass away, and names that must not wither."

With respect to the materials of which the book is composed a few words are necessary. The more lengthy sketches are original, enriched by a little fresh information from private sources. Of the shorter lives, the majority are taken from the third era of Sarah Josepha Hale's "Records of Women."* The interesting account of the labors of Sarah Martin is gathered from the pages of the "Edinburgh Review;" and the sketch of Mrs. Elizabeth Rowe is derived from Miss Kavanagh's "Women of Christianity."

Every life here given has at least its one phase of excellence; but not a few of them are worthy of contemplation under many aspects, and of imitation in several ways. In all we see blended the fruits of that labor, patience, truth, trust, and love which are the crown and glory of woman.

There are not here many names of the great and

⁸ Woman's Record; or Sketches of all Distinguished Women from the Creation to A. D 1854. By Sarah Josepha Hale. New York: Harper Brothers.

titled. All honor to those who, with all the weakness of our common humanity, have borne meekly
and bravely the trials of prosperity and high station: the full cup needs a steady hand. It has
rather been designed to draw lessons from more
commonplace people, and to show something of the
poetry and charm of every-day life—from a notion
that thereby the book will be more impressive to
the majority of readers. Perhaps it may serve to
soothe, encourage, and sustain, as well as to warn
and guide. For, as good old Jeremy Taylor has
well put it, good books, and the examples of good
lives, are amongst the thousands of excellent arts
which it has pleased God to use to win us.

It is no doubt often a difficult matter for an enthusiastic young woman to settle into the harness of every-day life. It seems so easy and so fine to act gracefully or grandly upon grand occasions, amongst people who are to one's taste. It is often very hard for a time (we use the words of a piquant and thoughtful writer) to learn that "fellow-mortals, every one, must be accepted as they are: you can neither straighten their noses, nor brighten their wit, nor rectify their dispositions; and it is these people—amongst whom your life is passed that it is needful you should tolerate, pity, and love; it is these more or less ugly, stupid, inconsistent people whose movements of goodness you should be able to admire—for whom you should cherish all possible hopes, all possible patience. . In this world there are so many of these

common, coarse people, who have no picturesque sentimental wretchedness! It is so needful we should remember their existence, else we may happen to leave them quite out of our religion and philanthropy, and frame lofty ideas which only fit a world of extremes. There are few prophets in the world; few sublimely beautiful women; few heroes. I can't afford to give all my love and reverence to such rarities: I want a great deal of those feelings for my every-day fellows, especially for the few in the foreground of the great multitude, whose faces I know, whose hands I touch, for whom I have to make way with kindly courtesy."

And so it will be a good thing if this gathering of exemplary lives will teach some to study to be kind, and others to be quiet, and all to be cheerful

THE EDITOR.

WOMEN OF WORTH.

THE ILLUSTRIOUS MATRON,

MARY WASHINGTON,

The mother of George Washington, the hero of the American revolutionary war, and the first president of the United States, claims the noblest distinction a woman should covet or can gain, that of training her gifted son in the way he should go, and inspiring him by her example to make the way of goodness his path to glory.*

Mrs. Mary Washington was descended from the very respectable family of Ball, who settled as English colonists on the banks of the Potomac. Bred in those domestic and independent habits which graced the Virginia matrons in the old days of Virginia, this lady, by the death of her husband, became involved in the cares of a young family, at a period when those cares seem more especially to

^{*} This biography was written by George W. P. Custis, gran Ison of Mrs. Martha Washington.

claim the aid and control of the stronger sex. It was left for this eminent woman, by a method the most rare, by an education and discipline the most peculiar and imposing, to form in the youth-time of her son those great and essential qualities which gave lustre to the glories of his after-life. If the school savored the more of the Spartan than the Persian character, it was a fitter school to form a hero, destined to be the ornament of the age in which he flourished, and a standard of excellence for ages yet to come.

It was remarked by the ancients, that the mother always gave the tone to the character of the child; and we may be permitted to say that, since the days of old renown, a mother has not lived better fitted to give the tone and character of real greatness to her child, than she whose remarkable life and actions this reminiscence will endeavor to illustrate.

At the time of his father's death, George Washington was only ten years of age. He has been heard to say that he knew little of his father, except the remembrance of his person, and of his parental fondness. To his mother's forming care he himself ascribed the origin of his fortunes and his fame.

The home of Mrs. Washington, of which she was always mistress, was a pattern of order. There the levity and indulgence common to youth were tempered by a deference and well-regulated restraint, which, while it neither suppressed nor con-

demned any rational enjoyment usual in the springtime of life, prescribed those enjoyments within the bounds of moderation and propriety. Thus the chief was taught the duty of obedience, which prepared him to command. Still the mother held in reserve an authority which never departed from her, even when her son had become the most illustrious of men. It seemed to say, "I am your mother, the being who gave you life, the guide who directed your steps when they needed a guardian; my maternal affection drew forth your love; my authority constrained your spirit; whatever may be your success or your renown, next to your God, your reverence is due to me." Nor did the chief dissent from these truths; but to the last moments of his venerable parent, yielded to her will the most dutiful and implicit obedience, and felt for her person and character the highest respect, and the most enthusiastic attachment.

Such were the domestic influences under which the mind of Washington was formed; and that he not only profited by, but fully appreciated their excellence and the character of his mother, his behavior toward her at all times testified. Upon his appointment to the command-in-chief of the American armies, previously to his joining the forces at Cambridge, he removed his mother from her country residence to the village of Fredericks-burg, a situation remote from danger, and contiguous to her friends and relatives.

It was there the matron remained during nearly

the whole of the trying period of the revolution. Directly in the way of the news, as it passed from north to south, one courier would bring intelligence of success to our arms; another, "swiftly coursing at his heels," the saddening reverse of disaster and defeat. While thus ebbed and flowed the fortunes of our cause, the mother, trusting to the wisdom and protection of divine providence, preserved the even tenor of her life; affording an example to those matrons whose sons were alike engaged in the arduous contest; and showing that unavailing anxieties, however belonging to nature, were unworthy of mothers whose sons were combating for the inestimable rights of man, and the freedom and happiness of the world.

When the comforting and glorious intelligence arrived of the passage of the Delaware (December, 1776), an event which restored our hopes from the very brink of despair, a number of her friends waited upon the mother with congratulations. She received them with calmness, observed that it was most pleasurable news, and that George appeared to have deserved well of his country for such signal services; and continued, in reply to the gratulating patriots (most of whom held letters in their hands, from which they read extracts): "But, my good sirs, here is too much flattery—still George will not forget the lessons I early taught him—he will not forget himself, though he is the subject of so much praise."

During the war, and indeed during her useful

life, up to the advanced age of eighty-two, until within three years of her death (when an afflictive disease prevented exertion), the mother set a most valuable example in the management of her domestic concerns, carrying her own keys, bustling in her household affairs, providing for her family, and living and moving in all the pride of independence. She was not actuated by that ambition for show which pervades lesser minds; and the peculiar plainness and dignity of her manners became in nowise altered, when the sun of glory arose upon her house. There are some of the aged inhabitants of Fredericksburg who well remember the matron, as seated in an old-fashioned open chaise, she was in the habit of visiting, almost daily, her little farm in the vicinity of the town. When there, she would ride about her fields, giving her orders, and seeing that they were obeyed.

Her great industry, with the well-regulated economy of all her concerns, enabled the matron to dispense considerable charities to the poor, although her own circumstances were always far from rich. All manner of domestic economies, so useful in those times of privation and trouble, met her zealous attention; while every thing about her household bore marks of her care and management, and very many things the impress of her own hands. In a very humble dwelling, and suffering under an excruciating disease (cancer of the breast), thus lived this mother of the first of men, preserving,

unchanged, her peculiar nobleness and independence of character.

She was always pious, but in her latter days her devotions were performed in private. She was in the habit of repairing every day to a secluded spot, formed by rocks and trees, near her dwelling, where, abstracted from the world and worldly things, she communed with her Creator, in humiliation and prayer.

After an absence of nearly seven years, it was at length, on the return of the combined armies from Yorktown, permitted to the mother again to see and embrace her illustrious son. So soon as he had dismounted, in the midst of a numerous and brilliant suite, he sent to apprise her of his arrival and to know when it would be her pleasure to receive him. And now mark the force of early education and habits, and the superiority of the Spartan over the Persian school, in this interview of the great Washington with his admirable parent and instructor. No pageantry of war proclaimed his coming, no trumpets sounded, no banners waved. Alone and on foot, the marshal of France, the general-in-chief of the combined armies of France and America, the deliverer of his country, the hero of the age, repaired to pay his humble duty to her whom he venerated as the author of his being, the founder of his fortune and his fame. For full well he knew that the matron would not be moved by all the pride that glory ever gave, nor by all the "pomp and circumstance" of power.

The lady was alone, her aged hands employed in the works of domestic industry, when the good news was announced; and it was further told that the victor chief was in waiting at the threshold. She welcomed him with a warm embrace, and by the well-remembered and endearing name of his childhood; inquiring as to his health, she remarked the lines which mighty cares and many trials had made on his manly countenance, spoke much of old times and old friends, but of his glory—not one word!

Meantime, in the village of Fredericksburg, all was joy and revelry; the town was crowded with the officers of the French and American armies, and with gentlemen from all the country around, who hastened to welcome the conquerors of Cornwallis. The citizens made arrangements for a splendid ball, to which the mother of Washington was specially invited. She observed that, although her dancing days were pretty well over, she should feel happy in contributing to the general festivity, and consented to attend.

The foreign officers were anxious to see the mother of their chief. They had heard indistinct rumors respecting her remarkable life and character; but, forming their judgments from European examples, they were prepared to expect in the mother that glare and show which would have been attached to the parents of the great in the old world. How were they surprised when the matron, leaning on the arm of her son, entered the

room! She was arrayed in the very plain, yet becoming garb worn by the Virginia lady of the olden time. Her address, always dignified and imposing, was courteous, though reserved. She received the complimentary attentions, which were profusely paid her, without evincing the slightest elevation; and, at an early hour, wishing the company much enjoyment of their pleasures, observing that it was time for old people to be at home, retired.

The foreign officers were amazed to behold one whom so many causes contributed to elevate, preserving the even tenor of her life, while such a blaze of glory shone upon her name and offspring. The European world furnished no examples of such magnanimity. Names of ancient lore were heard to escape from their lips; and they observed that, "if such were the matrons of America, it was not wonderful the sons were illustrious."

It was on this festive occasion that General Washington danced a minuet with Mrs. Willis. It closed his dancing days. The minuet was much m vogue at that period, and was peculiarly calculated for the display of the splendid figure of the chief, and his natural grace and elegance of air and manner. The gallant Frenchmen who were present, of which fine people it may be said that dancing forms one of the elements of their existence, so much admired the American performance, as to admit that a Parisian education could not have improved it. As the evening advanced, the

commander-in-chief, yielding to the gayety of the scene, went down some dozen couple in the contradance, with great spirit and satisfaction.

The Marquis de Lafayette repaired to Fredzricksburg, previous to his departure for Europe, in the fall of 1784, to pay his parting respects to the mother, and to ask her blessing.

Conducted by one of her grandsons, he approached the house, when the young gentleman observed, "There, sir, is my grandmother." Lafayette beheld, working in the garden, clad in domestic-made clothes, and her gray head covered in a plain straw hat, the mother of "his hero!" The lady saluted him kindly, observing: "Ah, marquis! you see an old woman—but come, I can make you welcome to my poor dwelling, without the parade of changing my dress."

The marquis spoke of the happy effects of the revolution, and the goodly prospect which opened upon independent America; stated his speedy departure for his native land; paid the tribute of his heart, his love and admiration of her illustrious son; and concluded by asking her blessing. She blessed him; and to the encomiums which he had avished upon his hero and paternal chief, the matron replied in these words: "I am not suprised at what George has done, for he was always a very good boy."

In her person, Mrs. Washington was of the middle size, and finely formed; her features pleasing, yet strongly marked. It is not the happiness of the writer to remember her, having only seen her with infant eyes. The sister of the chief he perfectly well remembers. She was a most majestic woman, and so strikingly like the brother, that it was a matter of frolic to throw a cloak around her, and place a military hat upon her head; and, such was the perfect resemblance, that, had she appeared on her brother's steed, battalions would have presented arms, and senates risen to do homage to the chief.

In her latter days, the mother often spoke of her own good boy; of the merits of his early life; of his love and dutifulness to herself; but of the deliverer of his country, the chief magistrate of the great republic, she never spoke. Call you this insensibility? or want of ambition? Oh, no! her ambition had been gratified to overflowing. She had taught him to be good; that he became great when the opportunity presented, was a consequence, not a cause.

Mrs. Washington died at the age of eightyseven, soon after the decease of her illustrious son.
She was buried at Fredericksburg, and for many
years her grave remained without a memorialstone. But the heart of the nation acknowledged
her worth, and the noble spirit of her native Virginia was at length aroused to the sacred duty of
perpetuating its respect for the merits of its most
worthy daughter. On the seventh of May, 1833,
at Fredericksburg, the corner-stone of her monument was laid by Andrew Jackson, then the Presi-

dent of the United States. The public officers of the general government, and an immense concourse of people from every section of the country, crowded to witness the imposing ceremonies. Mr. Barrett, one of the monument committee of Virginia, delivered the eulogy on Mrs. Washington, and then addressed the President of the United States. In his reply, General Jackson paid a beautiful tribute to the memory of the deceased, which, for its masterly exposition of the effect of maternal example, and of the importance of female influence, deserves to be preserved. We give a few sentences:

"In- tracing the recollections which can be gathered of her principles and conduct, it is impossible to avoid the conviction, that these were closely interwoven with the destiny of her son. The great points of his character are before the world. He who runs may read them in his whole career, as a citizen, a soldier, a magistrate. He possessed an unerring judgment, if that term can be applied to human nature; great probity of purpose, high moral principles, perfect self-possession, untiring application, an inquiring mind, seeking information from every quarter, and arriving at its conclusions with a full knowledge of the subject; and he added to these an inflexibility of resolution, which nothing could change but a conviction of error. Look back at the life and conduct of his mother, and at her domestic government, and they will be found admirably adapted to form and develop the elements of such a character. The power of greatness was there; but had it not been guided and directed by maternal solicitude and judgment, its possessor, instead of presenting to the world examples of virtue, patriotism, and wisdom, which will be precious in all succeeding ages, might have added to the number of those master-spirits, whose fame rests upon the faculties they have abused, and the injuries they have committed.

"How important to the females of our country, are these reminiscences of the early life of Washington, and of the maternal care of her upon whom its future course depended! Principles less firm and just, an affection less regulated by discretion, might have changed the character of the son, and with it the destinies of the nation. We have reason to be proud of the virtue and intelligence of our women. As mothers and sisters, as wives and daughters, their duties are performed with exemplary fidelity. They, no doubt, realize the great importance of the maternal character, and the pow erful influence it must exert upon the American youth. Happy is it for them and our country, that they have before them this illustrious example of maternal devotion, and this bright reward of filial success! The mother of a family who lives to wit ness the virtues of her children, and their advancement in life, and who is known and honored because they are known and honored, should have no other wish, on this side the grave, to gratify. The seeds of virtue and vice are early sown, and we may

Often anticipate the harvest that will be gathered. Changes, no doubt, occur, but let no one place his hope upon these. Impressions made in infancy, if not indelible, are effaced with difficulty, and renewed with facility; and upon the mother, therefore, must frequently, if not generally, depend the fate of the son.

"Fellow-citizens: at your request, and in your name, I now deposit this plate in the spot destined for it; and when the American pilgrim shall, in after ages, come up to this high and holy place, and lay his hand upon this sacred column, may he recall the virtues of her who sleeps beneath, and depart with his affections purified, and his piety strengthened, while he invokes blessings upon the mother of Washington."

This monument bears the simple but touching inscription, Mary, the Mother of Washington.

THE TRUE WIFE,

MARTHA WASHINGTON,

Wife of General George Washington, was born in the county of New Kent, Virginia, in May, 1732. Her maiden name was Martha Dandridge; at the age of seventeen, she married Colonel Daniel Parke Custis, of the White House, county of New Kent, by whom she had four children; a girl, who died in infancy; a son, named Daniel, whose early death is supposed to have hastened his father's; Martha, who arrived at womanhood, and died in 1770; and John, who perished in the service of his country, at the siege of Yorktown, aged twenty-seven.

Mrs. Custis was left a young and very wealthy widow, and managed the extensive landed and pecuniary concerns of the estate with surprising ability. In 1759, she was married to George Washington, then a colonel in the colonial service, and soon after, they removed permanently to Mount Vernon, on the Potomac. Upon the election of her husband to the command-in-chief of the armies of his country, Mrs., or Lady Washington, as she was generally called, accompanied the general to

the lines before Boston, and witnessed its siege and evacuation; and was always constant in her attendance on her husband, when it was possible. After General Washington's election to the presi dency of the United States, in 1787, Mrs. Washington performed the duties belonging to the wife of a man in that high station, with great dignity and ease; and on the retirement of Washington, she still continued her unbounded hospitality. The decease of her venerated husband, who died Decem ber 14th, 1799, was the shock from which she never recovered, though she bore the heavy sorrow with the most exemplary resignation. She was kneeling at the foot of his bed when he expired, and when she found he was gone, she said, in a calm voice: "'Tis well; all is now over; I shall soon follow him; I have no more trials to pass through." Her children were all deceased her earthly treasures were withdrawn; but she held firm her trust in the divine mercy which had ordered her lot. For more than half a century, she had been accustomed to passing an hour every morning alone in her chamber, engaged in reading the Bible and in prayer. She survived her husband a little over two years, dying at Mount Ver non, aged seventy.

In person Mrs. Washington was well-formed, though somewhat below the middle size. A portrait taken previous to her marriage, shows that she must have been very handsome in her youth; and she retained a comeliness of countenance, as

well as a dignified grace of manner, during life. In her home she was the presiding genius that kept action and order in perfect harmony; a wife, in whom the heart of her husband could safely trust. The example of this illustrious couple ought to have a salutary influence on every American family; the marriage union, as it subsisted between George and Martha Washington, is shown to be the happiest, as well as holiest, relation in which human beings can be united to each other. The delicacy of Mrs. Washington's nature, which led her, just before her decease, to destroy the letters that had passed between her husband and herself, proves the depth and purity of her love and reverence for him. She could not permit that the confidence they had shared together should become public; it would be desecrating their chaste loves, and, perhaps, some word or expression might be misinterpreted to his disadvantage. One only letter from Washington to his wife was found among his papers; the extracts we give from this letter indicate clearly the character of their correspondence.

"PHILADELPHIA, June 18th, 1775.

"My Dearest,—I am now set down to write you on a subject which fills me with inexpressible concern; and this concern is greatly aggravated and increased, when I reflect upon the uneasiness I know it will give you. It has been determined in Congress, that the whole army raised for the defence of the American cause shall be put under my

care, and that it is necessary for me to proceed immediately to Boston, and take upon me the command of it.

"You may believe me, dear Patsy, when I assure you, in the most solemn manner, that, so far from eeking this appointment, I have used every endeavour in my power to avoid it, not only from my unwillingness to part with you and the family, but from the consciousness of it being a trust too great for my capacity, and that I should enjoy more real happiness in one month with you at home, than I have the most distant prospect of finding abroad, if my stay were to be seven times seven years. But as it has been a kind of destiny that has thrown upon me this service, I shall hope that my undertaking it is designed to answer some good purpose.

* * * * * *

"I shall rely, therefore, confidently on that Providence, which has heretofore preserved and been bountiful to me, not doubting but that I shall return safe to you in the fall. I shall feel no pain from the toil or the danger of the campaign; my unhappiness will flow from the uneasiness I know you will feel from being left alone. I therefore beg that you will summon your whole fortitude, and pass your time as agreeably as you can. Nothing will give me so much sincere satisfaction as to hear this, and to hear it from your own pen."

* * * * *

He then goes on to say, that as life is always

uncertain, he had had his will drawn up, and inclosed the draft to her; by this will he gave her the use and control of all his estates and property during her life-time, which will was observed at his decease. Such was the love the greatest man the world ever saw cherished toward his wife; and she worthy of his love. What higher celebrity could a woman desire?

THE WORTHY DAUGHTER,

CHARLOTTE BRONTÉ.

In the central region of Yorkshire, which, from its elevation, forms the rivershed of that portion of Great Britain, where wold and moor, beck and force, deep scooped-out valleys, and tier after tier of high-rounded hills running up into mountains, prevail, was born, and lived, and died, Charlotte Bronté. The region is rough and unsightly-no trees, no velvety soft verdure, no golden crops, no nestling hedges, consequently few birds to wake the echoes, save the lark and the more common of the freemen of the air—a naked, cold, and barren tract, where, however, the treasures below the surface largely compensate for the absence of picturesque beauty above, and where, "as the soil is, so the heart of man," rough in the husk, rich in the core. Iron and coal, and lime and freestone, abound in these bold and hilly masses, and in the depressed flats between them; but without, the soil is cold and peaty, its chief vegetation being coarse pasturage, sundry heaths and mosses, and other components of the moorland Flora.

In one of the least attractive spots of this district, hard by the rising manufacturing town of Keighley, stands the village of Haworth, rather high upon the moors, which, nevertheless, seem to stretch illimitably above and beyond it, till they border the sky. The village street runs straight up the hill, and can be seen for miles' distance. The cottages are all of that plain two-story, rough aspect, which is common in this part of Yorkshire and the corresponding section of Lancashire, built of the grit which abounds in the neighborhood, and which furnishes the stone dykes that demark the fields; those stony fences conveying the impression that, like the material of which they are built, they are more useful than ornamental. With the same material the steeply-ascending street is pitched, the edge of the stones projecting sharply to give footing to the tripping horses, the whole seeming the very coarsest contrivance of an imperfect civilization, and in singular keeping with all around. The church stands at the top of the street, with nothing of architectural decoration to recommend it, and behind it, still nearer the bleak moor, at the further end of the churchyard, is the plain, primitive, two-storied parsonage, where the author of "Jane Eyre" spent her early days, and where, at the end of thirty-nine years, she rendered up her breath to the Great Giver; a house gloomy in its position, gloomy in exterior aspect, and in all its conditions gloomy—the only cheerful thing which the manse and the village can boast

being the fires which, summer and winter, the abundance of coal and the habits of the people bid sparkle in almost every apartment. The parsonage looks out on a churchyard, paved throughout with tombstones, the singularly-ugly fancy predominating here, as throughout the whole factory region, of hiding the verdure with flat stones, while headstones would admit of the green sod growing over graves, and are every way more appropriate and pretty. But this uncouth and neglected look is in harmony with the appearance of every thing around: not poverty-struck, far from it, but a carelessness about arrangements which are not demanded by the necessities of existence.

And this is very characteristic of the manly and primitive population that abound in such districts, who in manner seem somewhat repulsive, from their frankness and independence of bearing, and in speech scarcely intelligible, from their broad provincialisms and abounding Saxon phraseology. A visitor must expect to be thee-and-thou'd by them as sturdily as by any follower of George Fox, while thorpe and fored, and t'oud un, and a thousand peculiarities more, sufficiently proclaim the native affinities of their tongue. But they are faithful and affectionate, thoughtful and religious; old Tabby, the servant of the Brontés, who died under their roof after a thirty years' residence, being an instance of the one, and the abounding of church and chapel, well supported and well attended, together with a deference for revealed

religion, being proof of the other. The contamination which springs from crowded factories, high wages, and the impulsive life of competition, is kept very steadily in check, in the part of Yorkshire of which we speak, by the earnest and successful efforts at evangelization made by Christians of all persuasions, and no district of the country is full of more lively promise for the future, on the score of morality and religion.

They have a shrewd and racy humor, too, these blunt and downright fellows, with an amazing fund of plain common sense. As a sample of their Yorkshire Doric, and, at the same time, a spice of their caustic jokes, we quote a paragraph from their classic annual, the "Pogmoor Olmenack," which will give a better idea of their style of thought and speech than an express dissertation. They call this screed of satire the "Dumestick Tutor."

Long Division.—T' curns in a baker's cake.

Short Division.—T' space atween a miser's purse an hiz heart.

Cumpaand Addishan.—An oud laidy at tacks snuff, an hez hur cloaze scented it bargan.

Propoarshun.—A womman lettin hur waist grow summut like natur intended it, an not squeaze it wal its na thicker then t' neck ov a champaine bottle.

Exchainge.—Two wimmin differin, and tellin wun anuther all they naw.

Discaant.—A milk seller tackin t' cream off, an

then warmin' t' oud milk up and sellin hiz customers it for new.

Invoices.—A womman at tawks more indoor then aght.

Profit an Loss.—A man at swaps a good horse for a bad an, an gies summat ta booit.

Promiscuous Examples.—A man tackin hiz bairns to a plaice a warship nobbat when t' fit tacks him.

Evolushans.—A man goin raand abaght ta get into hiz nabor's affairs.

Rule-a-three.—A lodgin-hause bed.

Single Posishan.—An oud meaid—poor thing!
Book-keepin.—Borrain wun ov a friend, an
nivver tackin him it back agean.

Weight an Measure—

Ov Trubbles.—A regular weight.

Ov Sorrow.—A full cup.

Time-

Fast.—A slander fresh slipt off an a womman's tongue.

Slaw—A snail wauk wi' good deed on it back.

The same dialect prevails in the language of the old woman whom Miss Bronté met on the moor, and who accosted her in a way which further illustrates the natural frankness and independence of the natives of the West Riding. "How! Miss Bronté! Hey yah seen owt o' my cofe (calf)?" Miss Bronté told her she could not say, for she did not know it, when the old woman proceeded to describe it. "Wall! yah knaw its gettin up like nah

between a cah (cow) an a cofe, what we call a stirk, yah know, Miss Bronté: will yah turn this way if yah happen to see't, as yah're going back, Miss Bronté; nah do, Miss Bronté!"

Amid such a people and such scenery was Charlotte Bronté ordained to spend the greater part of her mortal life, her father, the Rev. Patrick Bronté, A.B., of St. John's College, Cambridge, having obtained the perpetual curacy of Haworth in the year 1820. Previous to this, while curate of another place in Yorkshire, he married his wife, a Cornish lady, who was possessed of an annuity of £50 a year, and on the slender means of both proceeded to set up house in 1812. After the birth of his six children, he received the small benefice of Haworth, and thither he transported his household gods in the year before named—a delicate wife, a swarm of little ones to be provided for, and scanty resources; an unusual plain dietary and almost total seclusion from society being the result. Just one year after their arrival in the place, Mrs. Bronté died, leaving her six motherless children the inheritance of a consumptive constitution and a morbid tendency, which was probably heightened by the eccentric notions of their father on the subject of early education. His wish was to make them hardy, he himself having been reared amid the stern penury of an Irish peasant's home. Other eccentricities of his, which dictated an almost total seclusion of himself from the orphans, such as having his meals alone, a custom observed by him

throughout life, were not favorable to the cheerfulness of spirits, nor consequently to the good health of the little ones.

About a year after their mother's death, a prim maiden aunt, their mother's sister, came to reside in the parsonage, and took charge of the helpless She was a rigid domestic disciplinarian understanding how the work of a house should be done, and having it performed by her nieces and the servant, like so much clockwork. Every menial office in the establishment was exacted of the children, not more as matter of necessity than of duty, and Charlotte continued to discharge them all until the year before her death, with the force of habit and the penchant of liking. Grates were scoured, furniture scrubbed, beds tossed, floors washed and swept, bread baked, and all sorts of plain cooking done by these little, quiet, heartbroken-looking children, who did every one of the same things daily after they became celebrated women. To afford them, however, advantages of education superior to those which home supplied, the two elder sisters of Charlotte were sent, in the year 1824, to a school for the daughters of the clergy, which had been opened shortly before at no great distance from Haworth. This is the school, the graphic description of which is one of the main features of "Jane Eyre." In the same year, at a later period, Charlotte, the third child, and Emily, her still younger sister, were sent to the same school. The failing health of the whole party led to their removal in the autumn of next year, during which (1825) Charlotte lost her two eldest sisters by consumption, and became by this dispensation the eldest of the survivors.

The education of the family was now conducted in the most homely way in their aunt's bedroom, papa occasionally assisting with lessons in his study. Nevertheless, except that such volumes as were in the house were at their disposal, these remarkable children were to a great degree self-taught. Society they had none beyond the walls of their own home; but their father was a man of books, and this, and their seclusion, probably furnished the strong impulse toward a creative literature which the surviving members of the family so early exhibited. When Charlotte had reached only her thirteenth year, she had, assisted in some small degree by younger members of the family, filled volume after volume of MS. with tales, romances, plays, and poems, indicative of the most extraordinary bent toward literature, and ease and variety in composition. Before she was sixteen, the following verses fell from her pen:

"THE WOUNDED STAG.

"Passing amid the deepest shade
Of the wood's sombre heart,
Last night I saw a wounded deer
Laid lonely and apart.

- Such light as pierced the crowded boughs (Light scatter'd, scant, and dim), Pass'd through the fern that formed his couch, And centred full on him.
- "Pain trembled in his weary limbs,
 Pain fill'd his patient eye,
 Pain-crush'd amid the shadowy fern
 His branchy crown did lie.
- "Where were his comrades? Where his mate?
 All from his death-bed gone!
 And he, thus struck and desolate,
 Suffer'd and bled alone.
- "Did he feel what a man might feel,
 Friend-left and sore distrest?

 Did pain's keen dart and grief's sharp sting
 Strive in his mangled breast?
- "Did longing for affection lost
 Barb every deadly dart?
 Love unrepaid, and faith betray'd,
 Did these torment his heart?
- "No! leave to man his proper doom!
 These are the pangs that rise
 Around the bed of state and gloom
 Where Adam's offspring dies!"

These surely are not common verses, either in thought or style of expression, for any young person of her age, and are the more remarkable in her, the half of whose time was spent in the kitchen, in companionship with as uncultivated a

specimen of Yorkshire old-womanhood as Yorkshire could supply, the before-named Tabby.

In the year 1831, Charlotte was private school, under more favorable auspices than her former venture. Her appearance was that of a very small girl, quaintly dressed, with large and plain features, and with such strange nearness of vision, that her ordinary expression was that of a person assiduously seeking something. She seemed a regular scarecrow to most of the young people around her, avoiding their society, never joining in their plays, and being not seldom the butt of their ridicule, as the old-fashioned daughter of a poor tory country clergyman, while they were the blooming daughters of wealthy dissenters. But, while she secured the esteem and regard of the proprietor of the school, she also made one or two fast friendships, which continued through life. one year she left this school, and then devoted herself at home to the instruction and charge of her younger sisters, whom she tenderly loved, and carefully watched over. Their life was spent in the house or on the moor, never mustering courage enough to face the stare of the village street, except at some call of duty. Charlotte taught regularly in the Sunday school.

Besides the extreme seclusion of their home, and the sensitive pride fostered by their father, both in a measure the result of narrow circumstances, but both aggravated by that eccentricity which in his children took the form of genius, the girls had

anxieties and sorrows arising from their brother, a youth of great talent and lively conversational powers, next in age to Charlotte. His tastes inclined him to adopt the profession of an artist; and in order to furnish the means sufficient for his residence in London while studying in the Royal Academy, whither it was projected he should go, the family circle must be broken up, and Charlotte become a governess. She returned to her last school in that capacity on the smallest possible remuneration, and had one of her sisters with her as pupil in the establishment. Here her whole time was devoted to teaching, to anxieties about her sisters' health, who were both delicate, to her own personal troubles, which were not few, and were aggravated by the sensitiveness of her nature, and to painful solicitudes regarding home and her brother. Branwell had begun to exhibit a tendency toward vicious society and dissolute habits, which was, of all things, most repulsive to his pure-minded and self-denying sisters. The year in which Charlotte, under the influence of the most lofty motives, first left home to be a governess, her brother was only eighteen years of age, and vet even then his face was as familiar at the Black Bull Inn, at the head of the village, as at home. The good humor of the lad, his high spirits and rare conversational talent, made him an acceptable visitor within the bar of the Taurine hostel; and the habit of conviviality, which began in fun, ended, as it has often done before, in sad earnest.

From the hour in which he took to segars and the taproom he was a lost man, for he lacked that seven-fold shield of virtue which his sisters possessed, in their indomitable feeling of pride or self-respect, which would descend from its sphere for the sake of no indulgence whatsoever, and, above all, that high sense of duty which made Charlotte's exertions through life a daily martyrdom, with her weak frame and her tremblingly susceptible soul, that rendered to her things which others cared not for, as if she "had been touched with hot iron." Pride and principle he lacked, and the consequences were to himself ruin, and to his family the unspeakable misery of many years.

To help this ungrateful boy and reduce the family expenditure, after a short interval spent at home, poor Charlotte has to turn out again in search of a situation, home being peculiarly home to her, because it gave her leisure for the cultivation of literature, because, too, her person was so little attractive, her diffidence so painful, and her acquisitions, on the scale of accomplishments, so deficient, that she could only occupy a subordinate position among teachers. The immortal author of "Jane Eyre" never got above being a kind of nursery governess, with £16 a year, and endless tasks of sewing to do. Her experiences of governess-work were not of an agreeable kind. When twenty-two years of age she writes thus of her employer, and in no complaining mood, but simply describing the facts of the case: "She cares nothing about me,

except to contrive how the greatest possible quantity of labor may be got out of me; and to that end she overwhelms me with oceans of needlework; yards of cambric to hem, muslin nightcaps to make, and, above all things, dolls to dress. I see more clearly than I have ever done before, that a private governess has no existence, is not considered as a living rational being, except as connected with the wearisome duties she has to fulfil." In conversation at a later period she said: "that none but those who had been in the position of a governess could ever realize the dark side of 'respectable'human nature." If this be so, as this retiring woman, of no inordinate expectations, and the most modest pretensions, avers, God help our governesses, and speed their emancipation from the thraldom of the taskmasters of their own sex. Men have some conscience how they tyrannize over their servants, and in any case dread the vengeance of their over-goaded victim; but female tyrants are alike destitute of shame and fear, in their treatment of their female subordinates. Some of Charlotte Bronté's employers appear to have been of this character. Poor girl! well might she write to her sister from that situation: "I could like to be at home-I could like to work in a mill-I could like to feel some mental liberty." The roughest country girl in a Yorkshire mill was not worked half so hard, and dared not be treated ill, while she received larger wages than this refined, shrinking, upright, and most gifted child of a reputable clergy

man in the neighborhood. However, even governess-ships end, and there is an exodus from the house of bondage of the most unbending female Pharaoli. Miss Bronté left this uncongenial family in 1837, but not before the constant strain upon her strength and spirits had seriously affected her health. When this delicacy became apparent in palpitations and shortness of breath, it was treated as an affectation, and the summary prescription of her considerate mistress, who was reckoned agreeable in society, was—a good scolding. Well might the emancipated girl enjoying the freedom of her home, write to a friend, describing their doing without a servant: "Emily and I are sufficiently busy, as you may suppose; I manage the ironing, and keep the rooms clean; Emily does the baking, and attends to the kitchen. . . . Human feelings are queer things; I am much happier blackleading the stoves, making the beds, and sweeping the floors at home, than I should be living like a fine lady anywhere else. . . . I intend to force myself to take another situation when I can get one, though I hate and abhor the very thoughts of governessship. But I must do it; and therefore I heartily wish I could hear of a family where they need such a commodity." There spoke the brave, heroic soul which sustained this delicate, shy, home-loving woman through many a scene of painful endurance from which stouter natures have shrunk.

But there was an alternation to governessing abroad, and that was teaching school at home.

But this required capital, and capital they had none. So Charlotte reverts of necessity, to seeking a situation again: "Verily, it is a delightful thing to live here at home, at full liberty to do just what one pleases. But I recollect some scrubby old fable about grasshoppers and ants, by a scrubby old knave yclept Æsop: the grasshoppers sang all the summer, and starved all the winter." Thus no distaste, no suffering, ever made her shrink from any course which she believed it her duty to engage in. Hence, we find her again in a place where at least she was treated with the civility of a Christian, although even here "the tale of the bricks," in the matter of sewing, was also exacted. The task was tenfold severe to Charlotte, as the infirmity of her vision made a redundancy of such occupation particularly trying. No wonder she writes under the pressure of many désagreéments: "What dismays and haunts me sometimes, is a conviction that I have no natural knack for my vocation. If teaching only were requisite, it would be smooth and easy; but it is the living in other people's houses—the estrangement from one's real character—the adoption of a cold, rigid, apathetic exterior, that is painful."

Once more at home—this is now the close of 1841. What art thou projecting now, with thy genial and loving sisters, thou stout and unyielding, and yet intensely feminine heart? The project of a school for the three girls is recurred to again and again, somewhat more hopefully now;

for that maiden aunt, who has been the presiding deity amongst their Penates so long, has certain savings that may be reckoned on to help. But would not something more in the shape of accomplishment on the part of the teachers, be an acquisition, and a great aid to success? Doubtless, and on the really good and kind, but somewhat rigid aunt's money, a sojourn in Brussels was secured for a few months to the two elder girls, in order to qualify themselves in French for the task of keeping school. In February, 1842, Charlotte and Emily Bronté entered that domicile in Brussels made famous in "Villette," and, therefore, concerning which we need say no more. We did not positively know this to be true before; but we know Brussels, and could have sworn that a pensionnat in French style could not have been described as in that remarkable novel, except from personal experience. Our dictum may require some little abatement, inasmuch as romance may have invested reality in colors gayer than truth, nevertheless, it is scarcely going beyond the due license of expression to affirm that that novel is historically true.

Here, for the first time in her life, Charlotte Bronté was in a position that she liked, where her only business was to improve herself, and where she employed the means of improvement. Her mind rapidly developed under the system of acquisition pursued by an intelligent teacher. As learner first, and afterward as teacher, Charlotte spent two years at Brussels, and left that city in 1844, an accomplished French scholar, to begin the battle of life earnestly at home.

All that was now wanting to these good girls was pupils; but how to get them was the rub. They fixed their terms low, and sought far and wide for the means to live, offering really superior advantages; but where ignorant pretenders acquire fortunes, these meritorious persons might have starved. Month after month rolled away, till 1845 itself had passed into eternity; and while they hoped for good tidings with every post, after the hour of delivery, the upshot was a daily disappointment—not one pupil ever arrived. And it was almost a relief, so came they in their sorrow to think; for their brother, who should have been their stay, and would have been their pride, became, from his folly and wickedness, their shame and their curse. Driven with ignominy from a situation which he disgraced, he sought refuge at home, where, till his death, his days and nights were interchanged between the fiery passions of a hellcat and the stupor of a sot. His language, his habits, his very appearance, were contamination, and yet the aged parent and the suffering sisters afforded him an asylum, paid his drunken debts over and over again, to keep him out of jail, bcre as patiently as they could what was all but intolerable, and at last laid the churchyard mould over his shame, when he died in 1848, at the early age of thirty misspent years. We shall not recur te

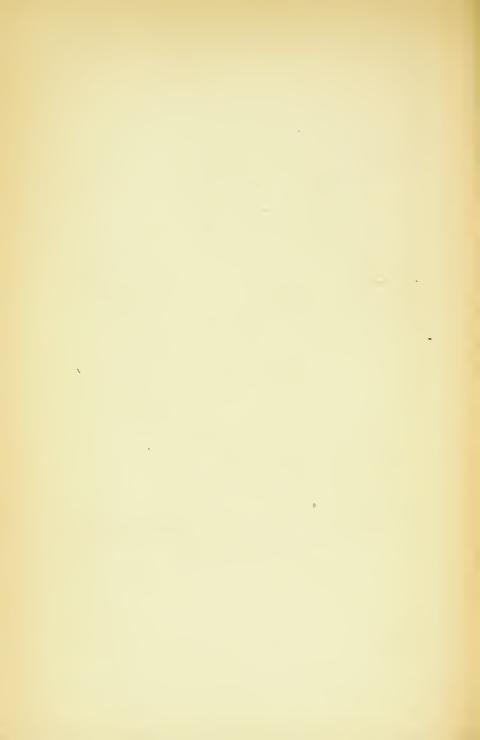
this subject again; for far beyond poverty, or dependence, or natural disappointments, was this guilty relative a misery, a daily eyesore, a gnawing heartache, to this struggling and high-souled family. For three weary years, the trial and the degradation growing worse and worse, did this great wrong continue. During all that time it only became more aggravated. At the close of 1845, Miss Bronté writes to a friend: "No sufferings are so awful as those brought on by dissipation. Alas! I see the truth of this daily proved. It seems grievous, indeed, that those who have not sinned should suffer so largely." Again: "Branwell declares that he neither can nor will do anything for himself; good situations have been offered him, for which, by a fortnight's work, he might have qualified himself; but he will do nothing except drink, and make us all wretched."

In addition to this sorrow, her aged father had been becoming gradually blind from the access of cataract, and to read and write, and care for him, especially to comfort and cheer him, under this sore privation, became her leading concern. Her own health, too, ever delicate, was a source of constant suffering to her, and her sisters were no less invalids. Their old servant, Tabby, the unpolished but faithful domestic, was paralytic and almost helpless; for the girls would never consent that she should be dismissed, and nursed by others than themselves. The old creature, to the last, persisted in doing all those offices of kindness for the young



THE WORTHY DAUGHTER-CHARLOTTE BRONTE.

"Her aged father had been becoming gradually blind from the access of cataract, and to read and write, and care for him, especially to comfort and cheer him. under this sore privation, became her leading concern."—Page 44.



ladies in which she fancied she excelled, one special task in which she prided herself, being her skill in peeling potatoes for table. With a delicate sense of kindness, which Charlotte ever displayed after Tabby's eyes failed her, and she did most imperfeetly what she fancied she had accomplished in her best manner, her young mistress used to steal away the dish from beneath her purblind vision, complete the process, and replace them on the dresser, as though no amendment had been made of the old attendant's botch-work. Had Tabby been the grandmother of the family, she could not have received more touching attentions from these admirable women; and when she died from their midst at eighty years of age, and was buried by their care, they mourned as a loss what their affectionate kindness had made a voluntary burden of nursing and maintaining for years. The regard maintained for the worn-out domestic, after infirmity had robbed her of her capacity of usefulness, speaks volumes for the merits of both parties, and, as much as their unusual endowments, endears the names of Charlotte, Emily, and Anne Bronté to posterity. We write this sentence with no measured feelings of admiration and respect.

But even in this valley of tribulation all is not unmingled woe, and the desert itself is coated here and there with its oasis of verdure. This melancholy year, 1845, witnessed the first venture in literature of the three girls under their now wellknown pseudonyms of Currer (Charlotte), Ellis (Emily), and Acton (Anne) Bell; names so chosen as to leave the sex of the parties denominated in doubt. The volume of poems which they launched, while meeting with a sufficiently friendly reception, gained little notoriety, and entailed considerable loss on the writers.

Correspondence about this small venture, and devotion to prose composition occupied the year 1846, during which our heroine completed the "Professor," a prose tale, and "Jane Eyre," and her sisters "Wuthering Heights," and "Agnes Grey." The "Professor" went the round of the publishers in London, and was universally rejected; but "Jane Eyre," after frequent rejections (and the same fate befell her sisters' tales), was accepted, as well as theirs. How enthusiastic was its reception, and how fully public opinion indorsed the judgment of the publishers, it were an old tale to tell. Genius struggled against difficulties, and in this case at last met with its reward. While composing this extraordinary fiction, of which the largest portion is fact, Miss Bronté had to nurse her father, now seventy-one years of age, through an operation for cataract, and the long season of helplessness which preceded and followed it. But for the strong sense of filial duty which bound her to her father's side, amid these and other trials, again and again would Charlotte have sought another home, under more congenial auspices, her qualifications for tuition now entitling her to more adequate remuneration and more respectful treatment. Her induce

ments to go were strong, for her proficiency in French had hitherto been turned to no account, and to let this and other qualifications lie idle pained her; but she silenced every selfish consideration by the mandate of duty: "Whenever I consult my conscience, it affirms that I am doing right in staying at home, and bitter are its upbraidings when I yield to an eager desire for release. I could hardly expect success if I were to err against such warnings." Her success was reserved for 1847, in the October of which year she received complete copies of "Jane Eyre" from her publishers, and startled and delighted the world by a style of composition so novel, so fresh, so natural, so simple, and yet so redolent of undoubted genius, that it forms an era in the history of fictitious literature.

There is, it must be owned, something like caprice in the taste and judgment of the reading public, and of those who cater for them, the publishers. In the joint volume of the poetry of the three sisters, Emily's verses were pronounced superior to Charlotte's; and again, when they volunteered their three tales together, hers was the only one returned in MS. But when she published her "Jane Eyre," her popularity was immense and immediate, while the tales of her two sisters made no impression upon the public mind. Her distinguished success must have been a source of pure satisfaction to the timid author; but it neither altered her habits, nor overcame her dislike and shyness of company, nor very materially affected the condition of her home. It

gave her two or three pleasant friendships and acquaintances, and it supplied her with an impulse to employ her pen; but otherwise effected scarcely any change in her views and pursuits. Home was still home, and its meanest cares imperative duties. The time of the author of "Jane Eyre" was mainly devoted to the offices of a housemaid and nurse, for the health of all the family required constant attention, and her own weakness of sight enforced an almost total abstinence from the use of the pen. In the year 1848, the wretched brother was called away to his last account; and, alas! the threefold cord of the beloved sisterhood lost two of its strands; for first Emily, and next Anne, was taken to a better home, leaving Charlotte, at the age of thirty-three, the only surviving child of the family. The pain rested with the survivor, for the death of these excellent persons was a Euthanasia, and they passed into the world of spirits with words of peace, resignation, and hope. The last expressions of Anne were, "Soon all will be well, through the merits of our Redeemer. Take courage, Charlotte, take courage." Charlotte had a heavy time of it, but knew where to resort for present help in trouble: "I do not know how life will pass, but I do feel confidence in Him who has upheld me hitherto. Solitude may be cheered and made endurable beyond what I can believe." Again, giving way to her sorrow, she writes: "My life is what I expected it to be. Sometimes when I wake in the morning, and know that solitude, remembrance,

and longing are to be almost my sole companions all day through; that at night I shall go to bed with them; that they will long keep me sleepless; that next morning I shall awake to them again—sometimes, Nell, I have a heavy heart of it. But crushed I am not yet, nor robbed of elasticity, nor of hope, nor quite of endeavor. I have some strength to fight the battle of life. I am aware, and can acknowledge, I have many comforts, many mercies. Still, I can get on. But I do hope and pray that never may you, nor any one I love, be placed as I am."

Throughout 1849 she had the greater part of the house work to perform herself, being in the most delicate health, and to wait on her father and helpless old Tabby, who were both invalids. Well might the old crone say, two years afterward, to Mrs. Gaskell, in her homely Yorkshire way, referring to Charlotte Bronté's care of her: "Eh! she's a good un—she is!"

After the publication of "Shirley," Miss Bronté went to town, but lived in a state of almost entire seclusion at her publishers'. She met the author of "Vanity Fair" by invitation, and says of him: "Thackeray is a Titan of mind. His presence and powers impress one deeply in an intellectual sense."

Edinburgh received a flying visit from her in the midsummer of 1850, and of that grandly-sited city she says: "Edinburgh, compared to London, is like a vivid page of history compared to a large

dull treatise on political economy; and as to Melrose and Abbotsford, the very names possess music and magic."

She was only two days in Scotland. In the same strain she writes to an English gentleman: "I always liked Scotland, as an idea; but now, as a reality, I like it far better; it furnished me with some hours as happy almost as any I ever spent. My dear sir, do not think I blaspheme, when I tell you that your great London, as compared to Dunedin, 'mine own romantic town,' is as prose compared to poetry, or as a great rumbling, rambling, heavy epic, compared to a lyric, brief, bright, clear, and vital as a flash of lightning. You have nothing like Scott's Monument; or, if you had that, and all the glories of architecture assembled together, you have nothing like Arthur's Seat; and, above all, you have not the Scottish national character—and it is that grand character, after all, which gives the land its true charm, its true greatness."

The author of "Jane Eyre" read freely the best French writers of the day. Her expression of disgust at Balzac's novels is striking. "They leave such a bad taste in the mouth." To Madame Dudevant she is more indulgent: "Fantastic, fanatical, unpractical enthusiast as she often is—far from truthful as are many of her views of life—misled, as she is apt to be, by her feelings—George Sand has a better nature than M. de Balzac; her brain is larger, her heart warmer than his." On one of

the works of the poet-laureate, she says—ourselves avowing of the self-same volume that it is amongst our hid treasures: "I have read Tennyson's 'In Memoriam,' or, rather, part of it; I closed the book when I got about half-way. It is beautiful—it is mournful—it is monotonous." We can understand this in the author of "Jean Eyre," while our personal feeling toward that choicest volume of modern poetry is exactly the reverse. We find it hard to drag ourselves away from it, dip into it where we will.

Of Dr. Arnold her judgment is mingled: "Dr. Arnold, it seems to me, was not quite saintly; his greatness was cast in a mortal mould; he was a little severe, almost a little hard; he was vehement, and somewhat repugnant. Afterward come his good qualities: about these there is nothing dubious. Where can we find justice, firmness, independence, earnestness, sincerity, fuller and purer than in him? But this is not all—and I am glad of it. Besides high intellect and stainless rectitude, his letters and his life attest his possession of the most true-hearted affection. Without this, however one might admire, we could not love him; but with it, I think we love him much. A hundred such men-fifty, nay, ten or five-such righteous men, might save any country, might victoriously champion any carse."

Writing of Miss Martineau, during a visit to that lady at Ambleside, Miss Bronté declares: "Of my kind hostess I cannot speak in terms too

high. Without being able to share all her opinions, philosophical, political, or religious; without adopting her theories, I yet find a worth and greatness in herself, and a consistency, benevolence, perseverance in her practice, such as win the sincerest esteem and affection. She seems to me the benefactress of Ambleside, yet takes no sort of credit to herself for her active and indefatigable philanthropy. Her servants and her poor neighbors love as well as respect her."

Of Ruskin her judgment is generous: "The 'Stones of Venice' seem nobly laid and chiselled. How grandly the quarry of vast marbles is disclosed! Mr. Ruskin seems to me one of the few genuine writers, as distinguished from book-makers, of this age. He writes like a consecrated priest of the abstract and ideal."

In 1851 Miss Bronté saw the Great Exhibition in Hyde Park, but with no great interest. "It is a marvellous, stirring, bewildering sight—a mixture of a genii palace and a mighty bazaar; but it is not much in my way." More in her way was it to hear D'Aubigne preach, and Thackeray lee ture, and the terrible Rachel declaim. We are disposed to believe that, in her judgment of the French tragedienne, she unconsciously allowed herself to be drawn into the error of identifying the actress with the parts she performed—the very injustice which she herself complained of when Charlotte Bronté was pronounced to be Jane Eyre.

"Rachel's acting transfixed me with wonder, enchained me with interest, and thrilled me with horror. It is scarcely human nature that she shows you; it is something wilder and worse—the feelings and fury of a fiend. The great gift of genius she undoubtedly has; but I fear she rather abuses it than turns it to good account." Now, with all deference to Miss Bronté's judgment, the wrong lies not at the door of the actress who represents a Phædra or Potiphar's wife with a startling resemblance to reality, but in that state of public morals which takes such a theme for a dramatic composition, and tolerates its exhibition on the stage.

To the touching power of Kingsley's drama on St. Elizabeth, she bears testimony: "I have read the 'Saint's Tragedy.' As a work of art, it seems to me far superior to either 'Alton Locke' or 'Yeast.' Faulty it may be, crude and unequal, yet there are portions where some of the deep chords of human nature are swept with a hand which is strong even while it falters. Seldom do I cry over books; but here my eyes rained as I read. When Elizabeth turns her face to the wall, I stopped—there needed no more."

Her notion of the political characters of 1852 is amusing: "Disraeli was factious as leader of the Opposition, Lord John Russell is going to be factious, now that he has stepped into Disraeli's shoes. Lord Derby's 'Christian love and spirit is worth three-half-pence farthing."

On Miss Kavanagh's "Women of Christianity," she passes the following just strictures: "She forgets, or does not know, that Protestantism is a quieter creed than Romanism; as it does not clothe its priesthood in scarlet, so neither does it set up its good women for saints, canonize their names, and proclaim their good works. In the records of man their almsgiving will not, perhaps, be found registered; but heaven has its account as well as earth."

The happiness which our heroine had long looked for, by a release from an irksome solitude, at last made its appearance in a union with a Mr. Nicholls, who had for years been the observant witness of her virtues in his position of Mr. Bronté's curate. But her draught was brief; for nine months thereafter, after protracted weakness and suffering, she laid down the load of life in the parsonage at Haworth, and departed to be forever with the Lord. No more satisfying testimony to the purity of her wedded bliss can be required, than that furnished by her last unpremeditated words to her husband: "Oh, I am not going to die, am I? He will not separate us, we have been so happy!" But, alas! the sentence had gone forth, and, early in April, 1855, all that was earthly of Charlotte Nicholls, née Bronté, was committed to the dust, and sleeps with the sleepers in Haworth Church, awaiting the resurrection of the just.

The impression left upon our mind by the perusal of this fascinating history is one of unutterable sad-

ness, arising from sympathy with the heroine, and of the highest admiration of her stainless character and career. Every thing was against her through life-plainness of person, poverty, a solitude and sensitiveness of soul that no one could appreciate, and disappointment of almost every expectation and wish. Yet she nobly struggled on-her watchword Dury, and her reliance Heaven. Such is the testimony of her life-long friend, who, in an extract given at the close of her memoir, writes thus: "She thought much of her duty, and had loftier and clearer notions of it than most people, and held fast to them with more success. It was done, it seems to me, with much more difficulty than people have of stronger nerves and better fortunes. All her life was but labor and pain; and she never threw down the burden for the sake of present pleasure." This is a true record, and justified by a thousand incidents in Miss Bronté's correspondence and history. We should be doing an injustice to the memory of this singularly-excellent person, did we not present, in connection with this sketch, a letter to a young friend written in 1846, which clearly exhibits her own principles of action:-

"I see you are in a dilemma, and one of a peculiar and difficult nature. Two paths lie before you; you conscientiously wish to choose the right one, even though it be the most steep, straight, and rugged. But you do not know which is the right one; you cannot decide whether duty and religion command you to go out into a cold and friendless

world, and there to earn your living by governessdrudgery, or whether they enjoin your continued stay with your aged mother, neglecting, for the present, every prospect of independency for yourself, and putting up with daily inconvenience, sometimes even with privations. I can well imagine that it is next to impossible for you to decide for yourself in this matter; so I will decide it for you; at least I will tell you what is my earnest conviction on the subject—I will show you candidly how the question strikes me. The right path is that which necessitates the greatest sacrifice of selfinterest, which implies the greatest good to others; and this path, steadily followed, will lead, I believe, in time, to prosperity and happiness, though it may seem at the outset to tend quite in a contrary. direction. Your mother is both old and infirm; old and infirm people have but few sources of happiness, fewer, almost, than the comparatively young and healthy can conceive: to deprive them of one of these is cruel. If your mother is more composed when you are with her, stay with her. If she would be unhappy, in case you left her, stay with her. It will not apparently, as far as shortsighted humanity can see, be for your advantage to remain at ---, nor will you be praised and admired for remaining at home to comfort your mother; yet probably your own conscience will approve, and, if it does, stay with her. I recommend you to do what I am trying to do myself." The pure soul of the writer of this letter contended successfully

through her whole life against selfish instincts and unfriendly circumstances, as the broad river of Egypt, in its beneficent march to the sea, has resisted, from age to age, the sandy incursions of the desert; and, beneficent as the fertilizing Nile, none approached Charlotte Bronté whom she did not bless.

THE NEWGATE SCHOOLMISTRESS.

ELIZABETH FRY.

Mrs. Elizabeth Fry was the third daughter of the late John Gurney, of Earlham Hall, near Norwich. Her childhood was characterized by strong affection and great mental vivacity. She early evinced an angelic disposition to alleviate the cares and soothe the sorrows of all those around her who needed sympathy and aid. As she increased in years, her inclination and powers of doing good extended and strengthened, the youthful stirrings of benevolence gradually became principles of philanthropy, and the kind and spontaneous actions of her juvenile years were performed in her opening womanhood from a sense of Christian duty. took especial pleasure in organizing and superintending a school upon her father's premises for the indigent children of Earlham and the surrounding parishes, and the effect which her mild authority and judicious instructions produced upon these hitherto-neglected little ones, was a powerful illustration of the potency of gentle means, when employed to guide the young in the path of learning,

or to raise them from moral debasement. withstanding this and several other similar benevolent pursuits, Miss Gurney's attachment to worldly pleasures was not compatible with that gravity of deportment and subdued mildness of manners common to the members of the persuasion to which she subsequently belonged, her natural vivacity, and the companionship of those who made pleasure their pursuit, having a tendency to divide her mind with the practical and holy operations of benevolence. But "infinitely higher and better things than the follies and vanities of polished life, awaited this interesting young person," says the writer of her obituary, in the "Friends' Annual Monitor." She was affected by a disease which assumed a serious character, and she thus became awakened to a true sense of the instability of human life and the vanity of those inferior pleasures which have not their source in the higher principles of our nature, but depart with our capabilities of enjoying them. Soon after her illness she was powerfully awakened to a knowledge of her relation to God, and of her relation to mankind in their character of brethren in Christ, through the ministry of an American friend, the late William Savery. She forsook the pleasures which had hitherto divided her mind and time, and in the bosom of her family cultivated those social and endearing qualities which render home a temple of the affections, make woman a priestess of love, and elevate the hearth into an altar of peace and

unity. She became the joy and comfort of her widowed father and of her ten brothers and sisters; and in her own family she schooled her heart to that abandonment of self, and anxiety for the good of others, which inspired her with a Christian philanthropy scarcely paralleled, and a courage which was superior to obstruction, danger, or immoral obduracy, and rendered her an invincible conqueror in her crusade against vice in its most hardened and appalling forms.

In the year 1800, when she was twenty years of age, Miss Gurney became the wife of Mr. Joseph Fry, a banker in London, and settled in a house connected with her husband's business, in the very heart of the Great Babylon. It may easily be supposed that, in the metropolis, objects and scenes of especial interest would frequently be presented to this benevolent lady, and that her active philanthropy and holy aspirations for human weal would not be blunted in consequence of her new relations as a beloved wife and tender mother. The poor found in her an untiring benefactress and a willing friend. She visited their lowly homes, and, if she found them worthy, their wants were effectually relieved.

Shortly after her marriage, Mrs. Fry became impressed with the opinion "that it would be required of her to bear public testimony to the efficacy of that divine grace by which she had been brought to partake of the joy's of God's salvation;" and when she had reached the thirtieth year of her

age, she began to speak in the religious meetings of the Friends. Her exhortations were marked by peculiar humility and much persuasive sweetness of manner, and she was early engaged with the unity of the monthly meeting to which she belonged, in paying religious visits to Friends and others of various denominations. And now we have arrived at the most remarkable era of her life-at that period which begins the history of her glorious career of reformation, when, strong in faith and charity, she entered the receptacles of the outcast and impious, and bore to the hearts of the demoralized criminals human sympathy and heavenly hope. Newgate, that grave of pollution, whose name we were taught to associate with all that was dark and fearful, was visited about 1812 by Mrs. Fry, who was induced to inspect it by representations of its condition made by some members of the Society of Friends. The prison had been constructed to hold about four hundred and eighty prisoners, but eight hundred, and even twelve hun dred, had been immured within its walls. Mrs. Fry found the female side in a most deplorable and indescribable condition. Nearly three hundred women, sent there for every species and gradation of crime—some untried, and therefore presumably innocent—others under sentence of death—were promiscuously huddled together in the two wards and two cells which were afterward appropriated to the untried, whose numbers were even inconveniently large for the limited space,

Here the criminals saw their friends and kept their multitude of children, and here they also cooked, washed, took their victuals, and slept. They lay down on the floor, sometimes to the number of one hundred and twenty in one ward, without even a mat for bedding, and many of them very miserably clad. They openly drank ardent spirits, and their horrible imprecations broke upon the ears of this pure-minded and noble lady, mingled with offensive and disgusting epithets. Every thing was filthy and redolent of disgusting effluvia. No prison functionary liked to visit them, and the governor persuaded Mrs. Fry to leave her watch in his office, assuring her that his presence would not prevent its being torn from her; and as if to . illustrate the frightful extent to which vice and wretchedness can sink our nature and deaden our feelings, two women were seen in the act of stripping a dead child for the purpose of clothing a living one. It must be recollected that this is no exaggerated picture of that den of pollution, Newgate, in those days. Mrs. Fry's own simple, yet powerful testimony is before us, and she thus expresses herself: "All I tell thee is a faint picture of the reality; the filth, the closeness of the rooms, the ferocious manners and expressions of the women toward each other, and the abandoned wickedness which every thing bespoke, are quite indescribable." We do not know which quality most to admire in this magnanimous woman—the exalted sympathy which recognized in these outcasts a

common humanity, or the heroic courage which supported her in her ministrations of love and mercy. She clothed many of the children and some of the women, and read passages of the Bible to them in such soft and silvery tones, that latent feeling awoke in their bosoms, and the big tear started into many an eye. She left that prison with a strong conviction that much might be done; but circumstances intervened for three years to render efforts on her part inoperative.

About Christmas, 1816, she resumed her visits, and found that much improvement had been made by the jail committee; especially the females had additional accommodation conceded to them; they were provided with mats, and gratings had been erected to prevent close communication between the criminals and their visitors. Still, the chief evil remained unremedied-all the women were playing cards, reading improper books, begging, or fighting for the division of the money thus acquired; and a fortune-teller was imposing upon the credulous and ignorant prisoners with her absurd divinations. There were continual complaints of want of employment, and declarations that profitless idleness had only been substituted for active vice. Mrs. Fry's first undertaking was the education of about seventy children, who, in this abode of iniquity, were wandering about unheeded, which was no sooner proposed, than the most abandoned mothers thanked her with tears in their eyes for her benevolent intentions, and young women

crowded round her, and prayed in pathetic eagerness to be admitted to her projected school.

Application was now made to the governor of Newgate, sheriffs of London, and the reverend prison ordinary. These gentlemen cordially approved of her intentions, but they intimated "their persuasion that her efforts would be utterly fruitless." So little zeal did they manifest in furtherance of this scheme of piety, that an official intimation informed Mrs. Fry that there was no vacant place in the prison fit for school purposes. But she was not disheartened; she mildly requested to be admitted once more alone among the women, that she might investigate for herself. She soon discovered an empty cell, and the school was opened the very next day. Mrs. Fry was accompanied by a young lady, who had visited Newgate for the first time, and who had generously enlisted under the banner of philanthropy, to assist in the work of reclamation so gloriously begun by her exalted friend. When they entered the prison school, the railing was crowded by women, many of whom were only half-clothed, struggling for front situations, and vociferating most violently. The young lady felt as if she had entered a den of wild beasts; and when the door closed and was locked upon her, she shuddered at the idea of being immured with such a host of desperate companions. The first day's work, however, surpassed the utmost expectations of Mrs. Fry, and the only pain she experienced was that of refusing numerous

pressing applications from young women, who prayed to be taught and employed. The assurances and zeal of these poor forlorn creatures, induced Mrs. Fry and her companion to project a school where the tried women should be taught to read and work. When this idea was first expressed to the friends of the projectors, it was declared to be visionary and impracticable. They were told that the work introduced would be stolen; that women so long habituated to crime and idleness were the most irreclaimable of the vicious; that novelty might, for a time, induce apparent attention and a temporary observance of rule, but that the change would not be lasting. In short, failure was predicted with almost oracular confidence. Nothing could induce the ladies, however to abandon their forlorn and almost unsupported enterprise: from earth they turned their eyes to heaven, and when men forsook them, they asked aid of God and took courage. They declared if a committee could be found who would share the labor, and a matron who would engage to live in the prison night and day, they would undertake the experiment—that s, they would find employment for the women; hey would procure funds for the prosecution of their scheme till the city could be induced to relieve them of the expense; and they promised to become responsible for the property intrusted to the prisoners. Volunteers for this glorious service immediately presented themselves; the wife of a clergyman and eleven members of the Society of

Friends declared their willingness to suspend every other engagement and calling, and to devote themselves to this good work, and faithfully they did their self-imposed duty. They almost entirely lived amongst the prisoners; not a day or hour passed but some of them were to be found at their posts, sharing the employments and meals of their protégées, or abstemiously instructing their pupils, from morning till long after the close of day. Yet all their toils, and the progress of those for whose advantage they labored, were insufficient to eradicate the skepticism of some who viewed their exertions. The reverend ordinary admired their intrepid devotion; but he assured Mrs. Fry that her designs would inevitably fail. The governor cheered her with words of sympathy, but those who possessed his confidence were accustomed to hear him declare "that he could not see the possibility of her success." But that charity which "hopeth all things, and believeth all things" was strong within her; she looked to the goal, and not to the impediments in her path; she looked beyond the means to the consummation; she was wiling souls from the meshes and snares of sin, and she sought under God to lead her erring sisters into the fold of grace. She presented herself to the sheriffs and governor, and nearly one hundred women were brought before them, who solenmly engaged to yield the strictest obedience to all the regulations of their heroic benefactress. A set of rules was accordingly promulgated, and the vices which the

prisoners had formerly fostered were discarded and disclaimed. After a month's private exertion, the corporation of London was invited to behold the effects of these noble women's labors. The lord mayor, sheriffs, and several aldermen attended. The prisoners were assembled, and, in accordance with the usual practice, one of the ladies read ? chapter in the Bible, when the prisoners proceeded to their various employments. What a change was here to the accustomed tumult, filth, and licentiousness of former days! Their attention to the reading of the Scriptures; their modest deportment, obedience, and respectful demeanor; and the cheerfulness visible on their faces, conspired to excite the wonder and admiration of all who beheld them. They were no longer a herd of irreclaimable creatures, whose sympathies with the world were destroyed, and for whom the world had no longer any sympathy. Kindness had awakened reciprocal sentiments in their breasts, and mankind could no longer deny the possibility of their reclamation to the ranks of humanity. The prison had ceased to be a nursery of crime; its cells no longer resounded with the laugh of women dead to hope and shame; the bitter imprecation and the scoff of hardened hearts had died away; and peace, cleanliness, and order, reigned under the influence of those true sisters of charity-Mrs. Fry and her assistants. The magistrates, to mark their appreciation of this system, incorporated it with the Newgate Code of regulations. They empowered

the ladies to punish the refractory by temporary confinement, undertook to defray part of the matron's sustentation, and loaded the ladies with thanks and blessings.

A year passed away, and still the little band of philanthropists was cheered by progression; infidelity fell before indubitable truth; and success, confirmed by so long a trial, at last forced conviction on those who had doubted and predicted failure, and all who beheld the vast change which had been effected, expressed their satisfaction and astonishment at the great improvement which had taken place in the conduct of the females. Mrs. Fry did not confine herself to the amelioration of prisons exclusively; she visited lunatic asylums with the same high and holy purpose. It was her habit, when she did so, to sit down quietly amongst her afflicted fellow-mortals, and, amidst the greatest turbulence, begin to read in her sweetest tones some portion of the Bible. Gradually the noise around her would cease, eager ears would be bent to drink the music of her voice, and at last attention and silence would reign around her. On one oceasion, a young man was observed to listen attentively, although ordinarily one of the most turbulent and violent of the patients. He became subdued even to tears. When Mrs. Fry ceased reading, the poor maniac exclaimed to her: "Hush, the angels have lent you their voices!" Fancy and reason combined could not have offered a more beautiful compliment to goodness and benignity.

It was Mrs. Fry's regular practice to attend at Newgate on a particular morning of the week to read the Scriptures to the prisoners. The prison was open to any visitors whom she chose to ad mit, and her readings were attended both by our own countrymen and foreigners, among whom were many of rank and power. These were most affecting reunions, both to those who came as visitors, and they who claimed especially these services.

Mrs. Fry's attention was not wholly absorbed by Newgate. The female prisoners in other parts of the city were ministered to by her. In the prosecution of her plans of reformation, she was generously supported by the city authorities, and successive secretaries of state seconded her benevolent views. The British Ladies' Society for the reformation of female prisoners owes its origin to her exertions; and a similar system of reform, by means of associated committees, was begun in many prisons in Great Britain and Ireland.

Mrs. Fry's indefatigable zeal for good, induced her to press her views upon the governments and monarchs of the continental nations; and she and every lover of humanity had the inestimable satisfaction of seeing her plans adopted in France, Holland, Denmark, Russia, Sw'tzerland, Prussia, several of the minor German States, and in Philadelphia, and other parts of the United States of America. Mrs. Fry materially promoted her objects by the publication of a pamphlet, in which she promulgated her views on the species of prison

discipline necessary for females, and of the only sound principles of punishment. Death punishments, in her estimation, were completely inefficacious in stopping the progress of crime, and she disapproved of them also upon loftier grounds than that of expediency; she did not condemn the Dracolike proceedings of our judiciary from maudlin theory. She often visited the cells of condemned criminals on the day or night before their execution; she saw the agony of soul endured by some, the insolent bravado manifested by others, and she observed that death punishment generally produced an obduracy in its victims, which reacted on their criminal observers, or those who came to gaze on the last scene of all. Mrs. Fry and her associates had voluntarily conceded to them by government the care and superintendence of convict-ships for females about to be transported to New South Wales; and so important were their improvements, and judicious their regulations in this department, that the colonial authorities frequently transmitted them their grateful acknowledgments. All the poor convicts were supplied with several articles necessary for their comfort, and each was carefully provided with a copy of the Holy Scriptures.

Mrs. Fry's name is principally connected with her prison labors; but her humanity was boundless. She had sympathy for every species of distress, and a hand to aid in every object of human amelioration. By her influence—the influence of humble piety and active virtue—she stimulated many indi-

viduals possessing the power, to institute district societies for the effectual relief of the destitute and the houseless, and also for the educating of those neglected children whose only tuition had previously been that of crime. She chiefly assisted in the formation of libraries for the use of the coast-guard, in all their stations around the British isles.

In 1818, Mrs. Fry visited Scotland in company with her brother Joseph John Gurney, and her sister-in-law, Elizabeth Fry; and in 1827, she visited Ireland. Still the same benevolent spirit guided her. It may be emphatically said that she "went about doing good." In foreign lands, or in her own country, she meekly yet fearlessly interceded for the persecuted and oppressed, and to her is attributable much of that enlargement of the liberty of conscience, and the softening of the rigors of prison discipline, which has taken place in Europe of late years.

The king of Prussia courted the friendship of this great and good woman; and in 1842, when on a visit to Great Britain with his queen and family, he visited her at Upton. By his particular request she met him at the Mansion-house, between the hours of public worship on Sunday, 30th January, and they passed two hours in conversation together, at the close of which the king expressed a strong desire to meet her in Newgate, at her reading next day. She met him in company with her brother and sister, and the wife of the mayor, Lady Pirie. The king was attended by several noblemen, foreign

and English. He led Mrs. Fry through the passages and apartments of the prison, until they reached the seats placed for them at the extremity of a line of tables, at which the prisoners, attentive and serious, were arranged. A solemn silence en-Mrs. Fry then read the 12th chapter of Romans, and a psalm. Stillness again reigned for a short space, and then she addressed all present, adverting to the perfect equality of all men in the sight of God, declaring that if, through the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, we are brought to become his disciples, we are made one in him, even from the lowest and most degraded of the poor prisoners before her to the sovereign at her side. Mrs. Fry then knelt in prayer, the king kneeling down beside her, and in an extemporaneous effusion of great fervor and sweetness, she prayed in behalf of the prisoners, and also for his majesty's sanctification through the Holy Spirit. This solemn and affecting service being concluded, the king accompanied Mrs. Fry to her own residence.

In the summer of 1843, Mrs. Fry visited Paris for the last time, and concerted with several benevolent friends for the prosecution of works of goodness and charity. After her return home she became seriously indisposed, and the symptoms were such as to alarm her friends and family; yet she bore her trouble with Christian resignation, and recognized in all her pains the hand of God. As the spring of 1844 advanced, her health was so far restored as to permit her to ride out occasion-

ally, and in the summer she joined her friends in public worship. On this occasion she was accompanied by several members of her family, and her son, William Storrs Fry, sat beside her and tenderly watched his feeble parent. Alas for the uncertainty of life and strength! He, with two of his children, were shortly afterward removed from the family circle, and his afflicted parent saw him pass away before her. She again attended the religious meeting of Friends at Plaistow, on the 13th of October, and addressed those assembled with great clearness and power. She gradually regained strength, and was enabled once more to resume her ministry of love. Near the close of the summer of 1845, she went with her husband to Ramsgate, an earnest hope being entertained that change of air and scene would benefit her. attended a little meeting at Drapers, and repeatedly engaged in religious service among the few Friends there. She distributed a great many Bibles; and a ship crowded with German emigrants, bound for Texas, was provided with one for each of the passengers.

A few days before her death she applied to the committee of the British and Foreign Bible Society concerning the purchase of a supply of copies of the Scriptures. The committee, through their secretary, informed her that she should receive them gratis, and that they felt it a privilege to circulate them through her ministrations. They also sent her, as a token of esteem, a copy of their first

translation of one of the gospels ir the Chinese language. She was engaged in projects affecting the weal of mankind to the very hour in which she was seized with her fatal illness. On the evening of Saturday, the 11th of October, 1845, slight symptoms of paralysis were apparent. Early next morning, when very ill, she alluded to the conflict which nature then endured, adding, "But I am safe." In a short time after she uttered a short prayer to God, and after this all consciousness appeared to forsake her. About four o'clock on the morning of the 12th, her pure spirit left its frail tenement of clay and ascended to Him who gave it.

The history of Mrs. Fry can hardly be said to end with her death. The deeds men do often die with them; not so with hers. Her spirit of active benevolence has been transmitted to many, and the works she promoted are carried on by others who have been impelled to engage in them by her example. We cannot leave our subject without assuring our readers that this eminently good woman was supported in her manifold labors by a constant faith in Christ, and an assurance of divine aid. May the humblest in life's lowly course be similarly strengthened, and, according to their means, may they profit by her example of love and charity! In closing this memoir, for the materials of which we have been mainly indebted to an eminent philanthropist and friend of Mrs. Fry, we extract the following truthful and beautiful tribute

to her worth, written in 1816, by Francis Jeffrey: "We cannot envy the happiness which Mrs. Fry must enjoy from the consciousness of her own great achievements, but there is no happiness or honor of which we should be so proud to be partakers; and we seem to relieve our own hearts of their share of national gratitude in thus placing on her simple and modest brow that truly civic crown, which far outshines the laurels of conquest or the coronals of power, and can only be outshone itself by those wreaths of imperishable glory which awaits the champions of faith and charity in a higher state of existence."

THE JAIL MISSIONARY.

SARAH MARTIN,

Who has won for herself the fame most desirable for a woman, that of Christian benevolence, a fame indeed unsurpassed in the annals of her sex, was born in 1791. Her father was a poor mechanic in Caister, a village three miles from Yarmouth. Sarah was the only child of her parents, who both died when she was very young: she had then to depend on her grandmother, a poor old widow, whose name was Bonnett, and who deserves to have it recorded for the kind care she took of her grand-daughter.

Sarah Martin's education was merely such as the village school afforded. At the age of fourteen she passed a year in learning the business of dressmaking; and then gained her livelihood by going out and working at her trade by the day, among the families of the village. In the town of Yarmouth was the county prison, where criminals were confined: their condition was at that period most lamentable.

Their time was given to gaming, swearing, play-

ing, fighting, and bad language; and their visitors were admitted from without with little restriction. There was no divine worship in the jail on Sundays, nor any respect paid to that holy day. There were underground cells (these continued even down to 1836), quite dark, and deficient in proper ventilation. The prisoners described their heat in summer as almost suffocating, but they preferred them for their warmth in winter; their situation was such as to defy inspection, and they were altogether unfit for the confinement of any human being.

No person in Yarmouth took thought for these poor, miserable prisoners; no human eye looked with pity on their dreadful condition; and had their reformation been proposed, it would, no doubt, have been scouted as an impossibility.

In August, 1819, a woman was committed to the jail for a most unnatural crime. She was a mother who had "forgotten her sucking child." She had not "had compassion upon the son of her womb," but had cruelly beaten and ill-used it. The consideration of her offence was calculated to produce a great effect upon a female mind; and there was one person in the neighborhood of Yarmouth who was deeply moved by it. Sarah Martin was a little woman, of gentle, quiet manners, possessing no beauty of person, nor, as it seemed, any peculiar endowment of mind. She was then just eight, and, twenty years of age, and had, for thirteen years past, earned her livelihood by going out

to the houses of various families in the town as a day-laborer in her business of dress-making. From her residence at Caister, where she lived with her aged grandmother, she walked to Yarmouth and back again in the prosecution of her daily toil. This poor girl had long mourned over the condition of the inmates of the jail. Even as long back as in 1810, "whilst frequently passing the jail," she says, "I felt a strong desire to obtain admission to the prisoners to read the Scriptures to them; for I thought much of their condition, and of their sin before God; how they were shut out from society, whose rights they had violated, and how destitute they were of the scriptural instruction, which alone could meet their unhappy circumstances." The case of the unnatural mother stimulated her to make the attempt, but "I did not," she says, "make known my purpose of seeking admission to the jail until the object was attained, even to my beloved grandmother; so sensitive was my fear lest any obstacle should thereby arise in my way, and the project seem a visionary one. God led me, and I consulted none but Him." She ascertained the culprit's name, and went to the jail. She passed into the dark porch which overhung the entrance, fit emblem of the state of things within; and, no doubt with bounding heart, and in a timid, modest form of application, uttered with that clear and gentle voice, the sweet tones of which are yet well remembered, solicited permission to see the cruel parent. There was some aifficulty—there is always a "lion in the way" of doing good—and she was not at first permitted to enter. To a wavering mind such a check would have appeared of evil omen; but Sarah Martin was too well assured of her own purposes and powers to hesitate. Upon a second application she was admitted.

The manner of her reception in the jail is told by herself with admirable simplicity. The unnatural mother stood before her. She "was surprised at the sight of a stranger." "When I told her," says Sarah Martin, "the motive of my visit, of her guilt, and of her need of God's mercy, she burst into tears and thanked me!"

Her reception at once proved the necessity for such a missionary, and her own personal fitness for the task; and her visit was repeated again and again, during such short intervals of leisure as she could spare from her daily labors. At first she contented herself with merely reading to the prisoners; but familiarity with their wants and with her own powers soon enlarged the sphere of her tuition, and she began to instruct them in reading and writing. This extension of her labor inter fered with her ordinary occupations. It became necessary to sacrifice a portion of her time, and consequently of her means, to these new duties. She did not hesitate. "I thought it right," she says, "to give up a day in the week from dressmaking to serve the prisoners. This regularly given, with many an additional one, was not felt

as a pecuniary loss, but was ever followed with abundant satisfaction, for the blessing of God was upon me."

In the year 1826, Sarah Martin's grandmother died, and she came into possession of an annual income of ten or twelve pounds, derived from the nvestment of "between two and three hundred pounds." She then removed from Caister to Yarmouth, where she occupied two rooms in a house situated in a row in an obscure part of the town; and, from that time devoted herself with increased energy to her philanthropic labors. A benevolent lady, resident in Yarmouth, had, for some years, with a view to securing her a little rest for her health's sake, given her one day in a week, by compensating her for that day in the same way as if she had been engaged in dressmaking. With that assistance, and with a few quarterly subscriptions, "chiefly 2s. 6d. each, for Bibles, Testaments, tracts, and other books for distribution," she went on devoting every available moment of her life to her great purpose. But dress-making, like other professions, is a jealous mistress; customers fell off, and, eventually, almost entirely disappeared. question of anxious moment now presented itself, the determination of which is one of the most characteristic and memorable incidents of her life. Was she to pursue her benevolent labors, even although they led to utter poverty? Her little income was not more than enough to pay her lodging, and the expenses consequent upon the exercise of her charitable functions: and was actual destitution of ordinary necessaries to be submitted to? She never doubted; but her reasoning upon the subject presents so clear an illustration of the exalted character of her thoughts and purposes, and exhibits so eminent an example of Christian devotedness and heroism, that it would be an injustice to her memory not to quote it in her own words: "In the full occupation of dressmaking, I had care with it, and anxiety for the future; but as that disappeared, care fled also. God, who had called me into the vineyard, had said, 'Whatsoever is right I will give you.' I had learned from the Scriptures of truth that I should be supported; God was my master, and would not forsake His servant; He was my father, and could not forget his child. I knew also that it sometimes seemed good in His sight to try the faith and patience of His servants, by bestowing upon them very limited means of support; as in the case of Naomi and Ruth; of the widow of Zarephath and Elijah; and my mind, in the contemplation of such trials, seemed exalted by more than human energy; for I had counted the cost, and my mind was made up. If, whilst imparting truth to others, I became exposed to temporal want, the privation so momentary to an individual would not admit of comparison with following the Lord, in thus administering to others."

Her next object was to secure the observance of

Sunday; and, after long urging and recommendation, she prevailed upon the prisoners "to form a Sunday service, by one reading to the rest; but aware," she continues, "of the instability of a practice in itself good, without any corresponding principle of preservation, and thinking that my presence might exert a beneficial tendency, I joined their Sunday-morning worship as a regular hearer."

After three years' perseverance in this "happy and quiet course," she made her next advance, which was to introduce employment, first for the women prisoners, and afterward for the men. In 1823, "one gentleman," she says, "presented me with ten shillings, and another, in the same week, with a pound, for prison charity. It then occurred to me that it would be well to expend it in material for baby-clothes; and having borrowed patterns, cut out the articles, fixed prices of payment for making them, and ascertained the cost of a set, that they might be disposed of at a certain price, the plan was carried into effect. The prisoners also made shirts, coats, etc. By means of this plan, many young women who were not able to sew, learned this art, and, in satisfactory instances, had a little money to take at the end of the term of imprisonment. The fund of one pound ten shillings for this purpose, as a foundation and perpetual stock (for whilst desiring its preservation, I did not require its increase), soon rose to seven guineas, and since its establishment, above

four hundred and eight pounds' worth of various articles have been sold for charity."

The men were thus employed:

"They made straw hats, and, at a later period, bone spoons and seals; others made men's and boys' caps, cut in eight quarters—the material, old cloth or moreen, or whatever my friends could find to give me for them. In some instances, young men, and more frequently boys, have learned to sew gray cotton shirts, or even patch-work, with a view of shutting out idleness and making themselves useful. On one occasion I showed to the prisoners an etching of the chess-player, by Retzsch, which two men, one a shoemaker and the other a bricklayer, desired much to copy; they were allowed to do so, and being furnished with pencil, pen, paper, etc., they succeeded remarkably well. The chess-player presented a pointed and striking lesson, which could well be applied to any kind of gaming, and was, on this account, suitable to my pupils, who had generally descended from the love of marbles and pitch-half-penny in children, to cards, dice, etc., in men. The business of copying it had the advantage of requiring all thought and attention at the time. The attention of other prisoners was attracted to it, and for a year or two afterward many continued to copy it."

After another interval she proceeded to the formation of a fund which she applied to the furnishing of work for prisoners upon their discharge;

"affording me," she adds, "the advantage of observing their conduct at the same time."

She had thus, in the course of a few yearsduring which her mind had gradually expanded to the requirements of the subject before her-provided for all the most important objects of prison discipline: moral and intellectual tuition, occupation during imprisonment, and employment after discharge. Whilst great and good men, unknown to her, were inquiring and disputing as to the way and the order in which these very results were to be attained—inquiries and disputes which have not yet come to an end-here was a poor woman who was actually herself personally accomplishing them all! It matters not whether all her measures were the very wisest that could have been imagined. She had to contend with many difficulties that are now unknown; prison discipline was then in its infancy; every thing she did was conceived in the best spirit; and, considering the time, and the means at her command, could scarcely have been improved.

The full extent to which she was personally engaged in carrying out these objects, has yet to be explained. The Sunday service in the jail was adopted, as we have seen, upon her recommendation, and she joined the prisoners, as a fellow-worshipper, on Sunday morning. Their evening service, which was to be read in her absence, was soon abandoned; but finding that to be the case, she attended on that part of the day also, and the

service was then resumed. "After several changes of readers, the office," she says, "devolved on me. That happy privilege thus graciously opened to me, and embraced from necessity, and in much fear, was acceptable to the prisoners, for God made it so; and also an unspeakable advantage and comfort to myself." These modest sentences convey but a very faint notion of the nature of these singular services. Fortunately, in a report of Captain Williams, one of the inspectors of prisons, we have a far more adequate account of the matter. It stands thus:

"Sunday, November 29, 1835.—Attended divine service in the morning at the prison. The male prisoners only were assembled; a female, resident in the town, officiated; her voice was exceedingly melodious, her delivery emphatic, and her enunciation extremely distinct. The service was the liturgy of the Church of England; two psalms were sung by the whole of the prisoners, and extremely well-much better than I have frequently heard in our best-appointed churches. A written discourse, of her own composition, was read by her; it was of a purely moral tendency, involving no doctrinal points, and admirably suited to the hearers. During the performance of the service, the prisoners paid the profoundest attention, and the most marked respect; and, as far as it is possible to judge, appeared to take a devout interest. Evening service was read by her afterward to the female prisoners."

We believe that there are gentlemen in the world who stand so stiffly upon the virtue of certain forms of ministerial ordination, as to set their faces against all lay, and especially against all female, religious teaching. We will not dispute as to what may, or may not, be the precise value of those forms. They ought to confer powers of inestimable worth, considering how stubbornly they are defended—and perhaps they do so; but every one amongst us knows and feels that the power of writing or preaching good sermons is not amongst the number. The cold, labored eloquence which boy-bachelors are authorized by custom and constituted authority to inflict upon us—the dry husks and chips of divinity which they bring forth from the dark recesses of the theology (as it is called) of the fathers, or of the middle ages, sink into utter worthlessness by the side of the jail addresses of this poor, uneducated seamstress. From her own registers of the prisoners who came under her notice, it is easy to describe the ordinary members of her congregation: pert London pickpockets, whom a cheap steamboat brought to reap a harvest at some country festival; boors, whom gnorance and distress led into theft; depraved boys, who picked up a precarious livelihood amongst the chances of a seaport town; sailors, who had committed assaults in the boisterous his larity consequent upon a discharge with a paid-up arrear of wages; servants, of both sexes, seduced by bad company into the commission of crimes

against their masters; profligate women, who had added assault or theft to the ordinary vices of a licentious life; smugglers; a few game-law criminals; and paupers transferred from a workhouse, where they had been initiated into crime, to a jail, where their knowledge was perfected. Such were some of the usual classes of persons who assembled around this singular teacher of righteousness.

Noble woman! A faith so firm, and so disinterested, might have removed mountains; a self-sacrifice founded upon such principles is amongst the most heroic of human achievements.

This appears to have been the busiest period of Sarah Martin's life. Her system, if we may so term it, of superintendence over the prisoners, was now complete. For six or seven hours daily she took her station amongst them; converting that which, without her, would have been, at best, a scene of dissolute idleness, into a hive of industry and order. We have already explained the nature of the employment which she provided for them; the manner of their instruction is described as follows: "Any one who could not read, I encouraged to learn, whilst others in my absence assisted them. They were taught to write also; whilst such as could write already, copied extracts from books lent to them. Prisoners who were able to read, committed verses from the Holy Scriptures to memory every day according to their ability or inclination. I, as an example, also committed a few verses to memory to repeat to them every day.

and the effect was remarkable; always silencing excuse when the pride of some prisoners would have prevented their doing it. Many said at first, 'It would be of no use;' and my reply was, 'It is of use to me, and why should it not be so to you? You have not tried it, but I have.' Tracts and children's books, and large books, four or five in number, of which they were very fond, were exchanged in every room daily, whilst any who could read more were supplied with larger books."

There does not appear to have been any instance of a prisoner long refusing to take advantage of this mode of instruction. Men entered the prison saucy, shallow, self-conceited, full of cavils and objections, which Sarah Martin was singularly clever in meeting; but in a few days the most stubborn, and those who had refused the most peremptorily, either to be employed or to be instructed, would beg to be allowed to take their part in the general course. Once within the circle of her influence, the effect was curious. Men old in years, as well as in crime, might be seen striving for the first time in their lives to hold a pen, or bending hoary heads over primers and spelling-books, or studying to commit to memory some precept taken from the Holy Scriptures. Young rascals, as impudent as they were ignorant, beginning with one verse, went on to long passages; and even the dullest were enabled by perseverance to furnish their minds and memories with "from two to five verses every day." All these operations, it must be borne in mind, were carried on under no authority save what was derived from the teacher's innate force of character. Aware of that circumstance, and that any rebellion would be fatal to her usefulness, she so contrived every exercise of her power as to "make a favor of it," knowing well that "to depart from this course, would only be followed by the prisoners doing less, and not doing it well." The ascendency she thus aquired was very singular. A general persuasion of the sincerity with which "she watched, and wept, and prayed, and felt for all," rendered her the general depositary of the little confidences, the tales of weakness, treachery, and sorrow, in the midst of which she stood; and thus she was enabled to fan the rising desire for emancipation, to succor the tempted, to encourage the timid, and put the erring in the way.

After the close of her labors at the jail, she proceeded, at one time of her life, to a large school which she superintended at the workhouse; and afterward, when that school was turned over to proper teachers, she devoted two nights in the week to a school for factory girls, which was held in the capacious chancel of the old church of St. Nicholas. There, or elsewhere, she was every thing. Other teachers would send their classes to stand by and listen while Sarah Martin, in her striking and effective way, imparted instruction to the forty or fifty young women who were fortunate enough to be more especially her pupils. Every countenance was upon her; and as the questions

went round, she would explain them by a piece of poetry, or an anecdote, which she had always ready at command, and, more especially, by Scripture illustration. The Bible was, indeed, the great fountain of her knowledge and her power. For many years she read it through four times every year, and had formed a most exact reference book to its contents. Her intimate familiarity with its striking imagery and lofty diction, impressed a poetical character upon her own style, and filled her mind with exalted thoughts. After her class duties were over, there remained to be performed many offices of kindness, which with her were consequent upon the relation of teacher and pupil; there was personal communication with this scholar and with that; some inquiry here, some tale to listen to there; for she was never a mere schoolmistress, but always the friend and counselor, as well as the instructor.

The evenings on which there was no tuition were devoted by her to visiting the sick, either in the workhouse, or through the town generally; and occasionally an evening was passed with some of those worthy people in Yarmouth by whom her labors were regarded with interest. Her appearance in any of their houses was the signal for a busy evening. Her benevolent smile, and quick, active manner communicated her own cheerfulness and energy to every one around her. She never failed to bring work with her, and, if young people were present, was sure to employ them all.

Something was to be made ready for the occupation of the prisoners, or for their instruction; patterns or copies were to be prepared, or old materials to be adjusted to some new use, in which last employment her ingenuity was pre-eminent. Odd pieces of woollen or cotton, scraps of paper, mere litters, things which other people threw away, it mattered not what, she always begged that such things might be kept for her, and was sure to turn them to some account. If, on such occasions, whilst everybody else was occupied, some one would read aloud, Sarah Martin's satisfaction was complete; and at intervals, if there were no strangers present, or if such communication were desired, she would dilate upon the sorrows and sufferings of her guilty flock, and her own hopes and disappointments in connection with them, in the language of simple, animated truth.

Her day was closed by no "return to a cheerful fireside prepared by the cares of another," but to her solitary apartments, which she had left locked up during her absence, and where "most of the domestic offices of life were performed by her own hands." There she kept a copious record of her proceedings in reference to the prisoners; notes of their circumstances and conduct during such time as they were under her observation, which generally extended long beyond the period of their imprisonment; with most exact accounts of the expenditure of the little subscriptions before mentioned, and also of a small annual payment from

the British Ladies' Society, established by Mrs. Fry, and of all other money committed to her in aid of any branch of her charitable labors. These books of record and account have been very properly preserved, and have been presented to a public library in Yarmouth.

In scenes like these Sarah Martin passed her time, never appearing to think of herself; indeed her own scanty fare was hardly better than that of the poorest prisoner. Yet her soul was triumphant, and the joy of her heart found expression in sacred song. Nothing could restrain the energy of her mind. In the seclusion of a lonely chamber, "apart from all that could disturb, and in a universe of calm repose, and peace, and love;" when speaking of herself and her condition, she remarked, in words of singular beauty,

"I seem to lie So near the heavenly portals bright, I catch the streaming rays that fly From eternity's own light."

Thus she cheered her solitary room with strains of Christian praise and gratitude, and entered the dark valley of the shadow of death with hymns of victory and triumph. She died on the 15th of October, 1843, aged fifty-two years.

Sarah Martin is one of the noblest of the Christian heroines the nineteenth century has produced. The two predominant qualities of her soul were love, or "the charity which hopeth all things," and moral courage; both eminently feminine en-

downents. She performed her wonderful works with true womanly discretion. She is, therefore, an example of excellence of whom her sex should be more than proud—they should be thankful for this light of moral loveliness enshrined in a female form. "Her gentle disposition," says one of her biographers, "never irritated by disappointment, nor her charity strai tened by ingratitude, present a combination of qualities which imagination sometimes portrays as the ideal of what is pure and beautiful, but which are rarely found embodied with humanity. She was no titular Sister of Charity, but was silently felt and acknowledged to be one, by the many outcast and destitute persons who received encouragement from her lips and relief from her hands, and by the few who were witnesses of her good works.

It is the business of literature to make such a life stand out from the masses of ordinary existences, with something of the distinctness with which a lofty building uprears itself in the confusion of a distant view. It should be made to attract all eyes, to excite the hearts of all persons who think the welfare of their fellow-mortals an object of interest or duty; it should be included in collections of biography, and chronicled in the high places of history; men should be taught to estimate it as that of one whose philanthropy has entitled her to renown, and children to associate the name of Sarah Martin with those of Howard, Buxton, Fry—the most benevolent of mankind.

THE WORKER OF CHARITY.

MARGARET MERCER,

Wно deserves a place among the most distinguished of her sex, for her noble philanthropy, and efforts in the cause of female education, was born at Annapolis, Maryland, United States, in 1791. The family of Mercer was descended from an ancient English stock, transplanted to America soon after its colonization, and the race has, in its new location, done honor to the source from whence it was derived. The father of Margaret was, at the time of her birth, governor of Maryland, a man of excellent education, refined taste, and large wealth. Retiring from public life, Governor Mercer withdrew to his estate at Cedar Fork, and devoted himself to agricultural pursuits, and the training of his children. Margaret was his only daughter, and her education was conducted under his immediate care, with little assistance from other teachers: she often remarked, that she had been "brought up at her father's feet." Margaret Mercer is another example of the beneficial influence which thorough mental training exercises on woman's character, by enabling her to make her moral power more respected and more effective. Scarcely an instance can be found where a father has aided and encouraged the mental improvement of his daughter, but that she has done honor to his care and kindness, and been one of the brightest jewels in his crown. Such was Margaret Mercer: proud as the family might well be of the name they bore, she added its holiest lustre. "Her character," says her biographer, Dr. Caspar Morris, in his excellent memoir of this noble woman, "comprised elements apparently very diverse, and yet all combined into a perfect whole, as the varied colors of a ray of light. Gentle, and full of affection for all, and ready to sympathize with sorrow wherever met with; feelings, the evidence of which will be found scattered everywhere around these traces of her path through life; she yet possessed an energy and firmness rarely found in this connection."

If we reflect further on the subject, remembering how few girls are trained as Margaret Mercer was—her mental powers developed, and directed to guide and strengthen rightly those delicate moral sensibilities and tender affections peculiar to her sex—one reason of her superiority becomes apparent.

After giving a sketch of her studies in botany, and love of gardening, etc., Dr. Morris says:

"But it was not upon these sportive fancies alone that her mind exerted its powers. Graver

subjects occupied her attention, and performed their part in giving increased vigor to her reasoning faculties, whilst the others were adding to the already-abounding stores of her fertile imagination." She had access to a choice collection of works on history and general literature: these were her familiar companions, and her mind was thoroughly stored with their contents: whilst we find her at one time deep in mathematics, allowing herself but too little rest, that she might bring her mind under the wholesome discipline of this parent of careful thought; at another, theological discussions asserted strong empire over her mind, and in order to drink, as she supposed, more purely from the fountain itself, with less intervention of human teaching, she devoted herself with almost undivided attention to the study of Hebrew. A short time afterward, we find her carefully threading the intricate mysteries of medical science, that by the acquisition of a correct knowledge of the nature of diseases and their remedies, she might enlarge the sphere of her benevolent usefulness. The deep abstractions of metaphysics did not deter her from trying to fathom those abysses into which the mind plunges its line in vain, growing old in drawing up no certain token of reaching the solid foundation over which its deep waters roll so proudly. She remarks to a friend: "I do not come on very well with metaphysics; I dislike any thing so inconclusive, and should be tired of following an angel, if he talked so in a ring." A paper of "Thoughts

on the Magnet" proves her to have given attention to natural philosophy, and at an early period to have wrestled with some of those mysterious truths which are now but dawning upon the horizon of human knowledge. But whilst on all these subjects she could express herself with eass and eloquence, there was a simplicity and delicacy about her character which separated her as widely as can be conceived from that class of "women of masculine understanding," whose assumption of claims to superiority over their own sex leads them to despise the refinements and delicacy which communicate an appropriate and attractive grace to the female character. These can never be laid aside without a violation of the laws of nature, and a consequent shock to that unity of action which constitutes the beauty of the works of Him who gave to each an appropriate part in the sublime hrrmony of that universe which attests His wisdom and power. Never was feminine grace more beautifully illustrated than in her whole career. She never forgot that it is the peculiar province of woman to minister to the comfort, and promote the happiness, first, of those most nearly allied to her, and then of those who, by the providence of God, are placed in a state of dependence upon her. To discharge these duties was her unceasing object, to the accomplishment of which she devoted herself with entire singleness of purpose. Thus she writes to a friend: "I, like every little mole toiling in his own dark passage, have been given to

murmuring, and my great complaint for some time past has been, that I was cut off from every means of usefulness, and could not find any thing on earth to do that might not as well remain undone; and while I am fretting at having nothing to do, you find equal discomfort in having too much. Somebody, no matter who, has said the secret of. happiness was, that the busy find leisure, and the idle find business, and it would seem so between And yet I doubt whether happiness is not a principle which belongs exclusively to God, and whether we can ever be satisfied till we wake up in His likeness. Whenever you can find that spot, sacred to religious peace and true friendship, send for me to your paradise; but remember this is the reward promised to those who have gone through the struggle of our great spiritual warfare."

At this time her pencil, her pen, and her needle, were all put in requisition in aid of the Greeks, in their struggle for liberty.

When Margaret Mercer was about two-andtwenty, she made a public profession of religion; in a letter to a friend, she thus commemorates this important event:

"I was confirmed, and had the pious blessing of our venerable old bishop, the day before I came from home. You cannot think how humble, how penitent, how happy I feel. It seems as though I still feel the pressure of his hand on my head. He has promised to come to see me next spring. I do not think I was ever made for a married woman; I feel as if I was not mtended to take so great a share in worldly things. If I did, I should forget my God, perhaps; and may Providence load me with every human misery, and deprive me of every earthly good, rather than that."

And now that her fine talents had been cultivated by a liberal education and an extensive course of reading, and her naturally amiable disposition warmed and purified by true piety, she was ready for her work. Yet who that then looked upon her would have dreamed what that work was to be! Her biographer thus describes her at this period:

"In personal appearance, Miss Mercer was peculiarly attractive; her stature was originally tall, her carriage graceful, her eye beaming, with intelligence, and her whole countenance expressive of the loveliest traits of female character. Disease and care set their marks upon her face in after-life, and caused her form to lose its symmetry, but never quenched the beaming of the eye, nor darkened the radiance of her soul, which shone on every feature to the very last." There was a combination of attractive grace with the impressiveness of superior power, which is rarely met with; and while her manner was often sportive, and she could adorn the most common subjects of conversation by happy turns of thought and purity of language, there was frequently an elevation of thought, and force of expression, which carried those thrown into association with her into a higher sphere than that of common everyday existence. Even those

who could not sympathize with, and appreciate ler character, were still struck with this feature in it.

This is the true moral influence which woman, when her education is properly conducted, and her position rightly understood, will exercise over men, over society. That this moral power was held by woman, Miss Mercer felt to be true; and hence arose her distaste for the "chatter" of the vain, frivolous, accomplished young ladies, whom she met in society. Thus she writes of her visit at Washington:—

"I acknowledge that there are many persons around me vastly better than I am; but I am speaking of society, not people; and I confess that the 'unidea-ed chatter of females' is past my endurance; they are very capable of better things, but what of that? Is it not yet more annoying, that they will do nothing better? And besides all this, I have more painful feelings of embarrassment in company than I had at sixteen. I am old, too; and, when I go into gay scenes, the illusion is gone, and I fancy the illuminated hall to resemble the castle of enchantment, where Armida kept all who were capable of virtue bound in the lap of pleasure. I think how a M. Fellenberg has devoted a noble spirit to a grand system of education, and given them the model. All admire, all talk of it, and no one on the wide globe follows the example. Mrs. Fry opens the prison-gates—looses the bonds of the captive—carries healing into broken hearts, or plants virtue where vice was the only growthwhat are all these chattering women about, that they cannot wear a simple garb, and follow her to jails and hospitals and poor-houses? No—if I cannot do good where there is so much to do, I never was and never will be a votary of folly."

She was now engaged in founding a Sunday-school. Writing to a friend, she says: "When my head turns to this subject, it seems to me I want forty heads, well-stored with strong sense; forty frames supported by vigorous strength and health; and a hundred hands as organs of execution for the plans and projects of my head."

Miss Mercer was to have a wider sphere for the office of teacher, which seemed her peculiar mis sion. Her mother died when Margaret was young. Her father's death, which took place at Philadelphia, whither she had accompanied him for his health, proved the crisis of her life. She had been accustomed to all the indulgences love and wealth can bestow. From this time, she was to prove what those endure who have their only faith in God and their own energies on which to rely. Much of her property consisted in slaves—these she liberated, provided for, and sent to Liberia. Thus Dr. Morris gives the summary:—

"This emancipation of her slaves was one of a chain of acts inseparably linked together, by which she reduced herself from affluence to absolute dependence on her own exertions for maintenance; and that not ignorantly and gradually, but instantly, and with full knowledge of the inevitable result.

She therefore apologizes to Mr. Gurley for doing so little for them, and remarks: 'Should any think I have not done my part by these poor creatures, I can but bear the blame silently. A formal remonstrance against my making such a disposition of my property has been addressed to me by—and—. But I have determined to abide the consequences.' These consequences were anxiety, toil, and poverty, endured without a murmur or regret, during twenty-five years of life enfeebled by disease."

And now she was to begin the world; she chose the arduous post of teacher in a school for young girls in Virginia; but her plans of charity were not given up. Thus she writes to a friend:—

"I have been desiring a day or two of repose that I might devote to you and your dearest mother. But, indeed, you have very little idea of the life I lead. Saturday is as laboriously spent in working for the Liberian Society, as any other day in the week; and on Sunday we have a Sundayschool, in which I have my part, and so make out to employ every day fully. Drawing keeps me on my feet for six hours every other day; and at first it was truly bewildering to teach twenty-three children who did not know how to make a straight line. You are anxious to know all about me, and you see I am free in my communication; there are many encouraging circumstances in the mode of life I have adopted; for those very things that are most painful, prove how much there is to do; and

where there is much to do, steady laborious efforts to do good will doubtless be blessed, although we may in mercy be denied the luxury of seeing our work under the sun prosper. Mrs. G. is sometimes very much dispirited, at times without cause; for every little painful occurrence of misconduct in the children affords opportunity of more strenuously enforcing good principles. I never knew how to be thankful to my parents, above all to my God, for a good education, until I came to look into the state of young ladies generally."

The desire to be made instrumental in training souls for eternity was the ruling motive by which she was influenced; and, from the very first, her chief efforts were devoted to this great end, which was pursued without deviation throughout her whole career, though by no means to the neglect of those subsidiary acquirements which she esteemed as highly as any one could do, and labored most unremittingly to communicate to her pupils.

She continued in this, her chosen profession, for about twenty-five years; established a school of her own; and her example and influence have had a most salutary and wide-spread effect on the community where she resided. This admirable woman died in the autumn of 1846, aged fifty-five years. She prepared two works for her pupils, "Studies for Bible Classes," and a volume entitled "Ethics;" in the form of lectures to young ladies, which she employed as a text-book in teaching moral philosophy. It is admirably adapted to its purpose, conveying

in chaste, yet glowing language, the feelings of a sanctified heart. Adopting the word of God as the only source of knowledge, as well as of the practical duties of life, she endeavors to explain and enforce the principles there laid down for the formation of character, and the government of life. It is a work well worthy of the study of every woman who desires to attain to a high degree of moral worth. We give one extract:—

CONVERSATION.

"If you are conscious that the sin of idle talking prevails among you; if you are sensible of so offending individually; or, if the sad effect of this low, disgraceful, and corrupting vice disturbs the peace and serenity of your little circle, let me entreat you as the most certain corrective of the evil, to form some common plan for promoting the perfection and happiness of your fellow-creatures. Imbue your hearts with the spirit of active charity, and the gossip of the worldly-minded will, indeed, sound on your ears like idle words. No conversation will then appear to you worthy of notice, but such as has some evident bearing upon the improvement or happiness of the human race. When this has once become the main object of your hopes, your fears, your labors, and your prayers, it will become the most interesting subject of your thoughts, and the favorite theme of your conversations. Imagine Mr. Howard, or Mrs. Fry, to return home at evening, with souls filled with images of the

poor prisoners they had visited, handcuffed and chained, lying upon a pile of filthy straw, perishing with cold and hunger; or, worse, in the horrid bondage of sin, blaspheming, drinking, and fighting in their subterrene hole. Do you think they would be agreeably amused, if, when their efforts were directed to "stir up the pure minds fervently," of the young around them, to aid in their noble labors, they were called upon to join in the childish prattle of girls discussing the ribbands on their hair, or the rings on their fingers; or, in the equally contemptible jargon of young men of fashion, of their hat-rims, or coat-capes, or shoe-ties, or, still worse, the cruel, wicked custom usual with both sexes, of dissecting characters, and speaking evil of others, merely to excite some interest in their vapid conversation? Conversation is to works what the flower is to the fruit. A godly conversation shelters and cherishes the new-born spirit of virtue, as the flower does the fruit from the cold, chill atmosphere, of a heartless world; and the beauty of holiness expanding in conversation, gives rational anticipation of noble-minded principles ripening into the richest fruits of good works. You know the tree as well by the flower as the fruit, and never need you hope to see the fig follow the thistle flower, or grapes the wild bloom of the thorn-tree. Honor God, then, with your bodies and spirits, in your lives and conversations; show forth holiness out of a good conversation; for the king's daughter is all glorious within."

THE TEACHER IN THE WILDS.

SARAH BOARDMAN JUDSON.

In the merchants' windows, at the corners of streets, and amongst the other multifarious announcements of our busy days, people may from time to time perceive little handbill intimations anent meetings, at which some devoted one is to be set apart to labor amongst the far-off heathers. These notices produce little or no effect upon the world generally; but to the Christian churches they are usually of the most lively interest. They illustrate the chivalry of the church, if we may so speak; they exhibit the Christian heroism of our age, and present a lovely moral and religious contrast to the destructive heroism of the world. It is easy to become a warrior; the poor neglected immortals, whose ferocity has alone been trained, have gained the reputation of dauntless heroism. The applause of the world is of itself sufficient to incite any man to rush into the deadly rift of battle, but the courage requisite for a missionary appears to us to be of the most sublime and noble kind. No world's applause could sustain a man or woman, full of heart-affection for friends and home, amidst the dreary desolate wastes of heathen lands during a life-time. Nothing but the religious sense of duty, and the applause of a pure conscience, could so elevate and sustain the soul amongst weary labors and pestilential airs. When we look at courage through the true medium, how immeasurably superior to the ferocious passions of a Cæsar or a Napoleon do the faithful souls of a Williams, Roberts, and Waddel, appear. The book of history is full of the fame of the former, and their monuments are on almost every chimney-piece. the latter are only known to the Christian world of Great Britain and America, the angels, and the heathen; but their place of remembrance shall be heaven.

The missionary field, however, is not exclusively reserved for the strong and faithful and forward man. As Christianity is woman's bond of equality with man, so is the vineyard of Christ equally her place of labor, and she also goes forth in the faith that maketh strong, to do the will of Him who sends her.

Perhaps it might appear invidious to sketch the life of any one of those amiable heroines of the cross, when the lives of all are so full of true courage and faith; but as, on the other hand, the life of one, save in its incidents, may be looked upon as a parallel to that of all others, it is both necessary and profitable to particularize.

Sarah Boardman Judson was born in 1803, at

Alstead, in the state of New Hampshire, and subsequently removed with her parents, Ralph and Abiah Hall, to Danvers, and then to Salem, in the state of Massachusetts. Sarah was the eldest of five children; and, as her parents were of the inlustrious class, she was constrained, like the majority of poor men's eldest daughters, to devote herself more to the care of her younger brothers and sisters than to the regular cultivation of her own mind. There are some minds that would never grow strong unless they had something to struggle against. The latent courage of the noblest souls is only aroused and developed by those opposing forces that seem any thing but blessings. Mysterious are the ways of Providence, however, and finite and partial the judgments of men. We know not how the circumstances of life may operate toward the soul-God knows. Deprived of the power of attending school, Sarah Hall was thrown upon herself. She had no teacher save experience, no guide in her lessons save her books, and to these she applied herself with heroic diligence. Care produced thus early in Sarah Hall that thoughtfulness and patience which, when matured, so beautifully adorn the Christian character, and her self-education was just the path to riper self-reliance. She early began to observe and think, and to write down her thoughts in a little daybook; and then in the form of poetry, when her ideas became more expanded and matured. At seventeen years of age, Sarah Hall had devoted

herself to the business of instructing others, in order that she might obtain the means of educating herself. During the day she taught, and at night she devoted her mind to the acquisition of logic, geometry, and Latin, etc.—a course of severe procedure that none but those who have pursued it can properly estimate. The baptism of Sarah Hall seems to have awakened in her the whole force of her inward life; and her meditations and aspirations seem, shortly after this event, to have been toward the path of a missionary. "I am privileged to worship the true God," she would say, "but, alas! for the poor perishing heathen who has never known Him." There is something so admirable in the spirit of these musings and expressions that, apart from their religious character, they are sufficient to claim the respect of every generous heart. A sense of blessings and privileges, and a strong desire to impart them to others, despite of toil, and uncertainty, and distance, and disease, are the glorious principles which animate those who bear the cross to distant lands. How unlike the vain-glorious spirit of those who go forth to slay! As time wore onward Sarah Hall's name began to be heard in the literary world, and many looked upon her as a rising poetess, when she married the Rev. George Dana Boardman on the 4th of July, 1825, and the same month proceeded with him to join the American missionaries recently settled at Burmah, in the East Indies. It was here that the most interesting and eventful

part of Sarah's life began. It was here that all her self-reliance and courage were called into requisition. Mr. Boardman and his wife settled at a station called Amherst, in order to become acquainted with the key to the heart of the heathen, which is his language. Dr. Judson and his family resided here, and assisted in the studies of the new comers, as well as in encouraging them in their labors.

Burmah was at this time in a most unfavorable condition for receiving from white men the religion of peace, for war and force were the first instruments which the whites had exercised toward the Burmese in visiting their country, and they had little confidence in any peaceful attempt that was made for their good. After studying for some time at Amherst, Mr. and Mrs. Boardman removed to Maulmain, to a lonely and dangerous missionhouse. The spot where it stood was a mile beyond the cantonments, close beside the thick jungle, where, during the night, the wild beasts made dismal howlings. Behind the station rose a fine range of hills, whose solitary aspect was relieved by the gilded masonry of handsome pagodas, and before rolled the broad deep river, where rode an English sloop of war, and where danced the boats of the natives. Just across the river was the Burman province of Martaban, whose terrible freebooters issued from their fastnesses during the night, armed with knives, spears, and sometimes muskets, driving away or slaying the peaceful inhabitants, while

they seized upon the produce of their toil. The English general suggested to Mr. Boardman the necessity of having an armed guard; but this would have totally deprived the missionary of gaining the confidence of the people, and it was declined. It was to study the language, habits, and character of the natives that he had gone thither, and not as a conqueror. About a month after her settlement at Maulmain, Mrs. Boardman wrote to a friend: "We are in excellent health, and as happy as it is possible for human beings to be upon earth. It is our earnest desire to live, and labor, and die, among this people." The life of a missionary is not one of ease and safety, as the following thrilling incident in the life of young Sarah Boardman will show. About the middle of June, as the meridian sun came down from its altitude, men in loose garments of gaily-plaided cloth, and with their long black hair wound about their heads, and confined by folds of muslin, looked curiously in at the door of the strange foreigner; and then encouraged by some kind word or glance, or the spreading of a mat, seated themselves in their own fashion, talked a little while with their host, though often, from misapprehension of each others meaning, at cross purposes, and went away, leaving him to his books and teacher. Women and shildren gathered more timidly, but with curiosity even less disguised, about the Kalahma-pyoo (white foreigners), wondering at her strange costume, the fairness of her skin, and the superiority displayed in her bearing;

and some of the bolder of them venturing to touch her hand, or to pass their tawny taper fingers from the covered instep to the toe of the neatly-formed slipper, so unlike their own clumsy sandals. But who, among all these came to inquire of Jesus Christ, or learn the way to heaven? Most emphatically could they say: "We have not so much as heard if there be a God." On the evening of the fourth day, as it deepened into night, the books of study were thrown aside, and the book of God taken in their stead; then the prayer was raised to heaven, and the little family went to rest. Feeble were the rays of the one pale lamp, close by the pillow of the young mother, scarce throwing its light upon the infant resting on her bosom, and penetrating into the remote darkness but by feeble flickerings. So sleep soon brooded over the shut eyelids, and silence folded its solemn wings about the little habitation. The infant stirred, and the mother opened her eyes. Why was she in darkness? and what objects were those scattered so strangely about her apartment, just distinguishable from the gray shadows? The lamp was soon relighted, and startling was the scene which it revealed. There lay in odd confusion, trunks, boxes, and chests of drawers, all rifled of their contents; and strewed carelessly about the floor, were such articles as the marauders had not considered worth their taking. While regarding in consternation, not appreciable by those who have access to the shops of an American city, this spoiling of their





SARAH JUDSON AND THE BURMESE FREEBOOTERS.

"The rounded limbs of the little intant lay motionless as their marble counterfeit; for if their rosy lips had moved but to the slightest murmur, or the tiny hand crept closer to the loved bosom in her baby dream, the chord in the mother's breast must have answered, and the death-stroke followed.

Murderers stood by the bedside; regarding the tableau, and the husband and father SLEPT."—Page 113.

goods, Mrs. Boardman chanced to raise her eye to the curtain beneath which her husband had slept, and she thought of her lost goods no more. Two long gashes, one at the head and the other at the foot, had been cut in the muslin; and there had the desperate villains stood, glaring on the unconscious sleeper with their fierce, murderous eyes, while the booty was secured by their companions. The bared, swarthy arm was ready for the blow, and the sharp knife, or pointed spear, glittered in their hands. Had the sleeper opened his eyes, had he only stirred, had but a heavy, long-drawn breath startled the cowardice of guilt-ah, had it! But it did not. The rounded limbs of the little infant. lay motionless as their marble counterfeit; for if their rosy lips had moved but to the slightest murmur, or the tiny hand crept closer to the loved bosom in her baby dreams, the chord in the mother's breast must have answered, and the deathstroke followed. But the mother held her treasure to her heart, and slept on. Murderers stood by the bedside, regarding with callous hearts the beautiful tableau; and the husband and father slept. But there was one eye open—the eye that never slumbers—a protecting wing was over them, and a soft invisible hand pressed down their sleeping lids. Nearly every article of value that could be taken away had disappeared from the house; and though strict search was made throughout the neighborhood, no trace of them was ever discovered.

It was at Tavoy, however, that the real labors of the Boardmans began, and here they had to struggle with the utmost difficulties. Both Lad suffered in their health, and both were called upon to exert themselves to the utmost in the acquirement of the dialect of the people, and in the pursuit of plans for their instruction. The missionaries had not only to contend with the climate, failing strength, and the other accidents of their position, but they had also to share the dangers and trials incidental to those states which forcibly base themselves upon the subjugation of their neighbors.

In August, 1827, at the dead of night, the natives of Tavoy revolted against the British, and drove the commandant of the whites and a hundred sepoys into a blockhouse on the quay. Here the Europeans maintained themselves until the arrival of Colonel Burney, when the revolt was suppressed; but the fatigue, agitation, and exposure, accelerated the decline of Mr. Boardman's already failing health, and hurried him on to that grave which he found on Burmah's distant shore. And now Mrs. Boardman was left alone with her only child, George. And now came the inquiry from Sarah's widowed heart, "What shall I do?" She wrote to America, to Maulmain, to Rangoon, and Amherst for advice, and prayed to be directed in the way that she should go. Her spirit inclined her, however, to remain in her appointed sphere, and she did remain. "When I first stood by the grave of my husband, I thought I must go home with

George. But these poor, inquiring, and Christian Karens, and the schoolboys, and the Burmese Christians, would then be left without any one to instruct them; and the poor, stupid Tavoyans would go on in the road to death, with no one to warn them of their danger. How then, oh, how can I go? We shall not be separated long. A few more years, and we shall all meet in yonder blissful world, whither those we love have gone before us. I feel thankful that I was allowed to come to this heathen land. Oh, it is a precious privilege to tell idolaters of the gospel; and when we see them disposed to love the Saviour, we forget all our privations and dangers. My beloved husband wore out his life in this glorious cause; and that remembrance makes me more than ever attached to the work, and the people for whose salvation he labored till death."

Mrs. Boardman now devoted herself with all the energy of her soul to the instruction of those so much cast upon her by the death of her husband, and moved about from place to place, encountering much danger and enduring much fatigue in her apostolic mission. She went into the jungle amongst the simple Karens, and established schools, with the supervision of which she taxed herself. These day-schools attracted the notice of the agents of the British government, and they were allowanced by the same, although differing somewhat in constitution from the formula prescribed in the East India Company's circular. She soon became

a most excellent Burmese scholar, and was enabled to communicate in that language with great fluency. "Mrs. Boardman's tours in the Karen wilderness, with little George, borne in the arms of her followers, beside her-through wild mountain passes, over swollen streams and deceitful marshes, and among the craggy rocks and tangled shrubs of the jungle—if they could be spread out in detail, would doubtless present scenes of thrilling interest. But her singular modesty always made her silent on a subject which would present her in a light so enterprising and adventurous. Even her most intimate friends could seldom draw from her any thing on the subject; and they knew little more than that such tours were made, and that the progress of the gospel was not suspended among the Karens while her husband's successor was engaged in the study of the language. There is a note addressed to Mrs. Mason, from a zayat by the wayside, just before she reached the mountains; and this is the only scrap among her writings alluding in any way to these tours. It was sent back by a party of men who were to bring her provisions, and contains only directions about the things necessary to her journey. She says: 'Perhaps you had better send the chair, as it is convenient to be carried over the streams when they are deep. You will laugh when I tell you that I have forded all the smaller ones.' A single anecdote is related by Captain F-, a British officer, stationed at Tavoy; and he used to dwell with much

unction on the lovely apparition which once greeted him among these wild, dreary mountains. He had left Tavoy, accompanied by a few followers, I think on a hunting expedition, and had strolled far into the jungle. The heavy rains which deluge this country in the summer had not yet commenced; but they were near at hand, and during the night had sent an earnest of their coming, which was any thing but agreeable. All along his path hung the dripping trailers, and beneath his feet were the roots of vegetables, half-bared, and halfimbedded in mud; while the dark clouds, with the rain almost incessantly pouring from them, and the crazy clusters of bamboo huts, which appeared here and there in the gloomy waste, and were honored by the name of village, made up a scene of desolation absolutely indescribable. A heavy shower coming up as he approached a zayat by the wayside, and far from even one of those primitive villages, he hastily took refuge beneath the roof. Here, in no very good humor with the world, especially Asiatic jungles and tropic rains, he sulk ily 'whistled for want of thought,' and employed his eyes in watching the preparations for his break-'Uh! what wretched corners the world has, hidden beyond its oceans and behind its trees!" Just as he had made this sage mental reflection, he was startled by the vision of a fair, smiling face in front of the zayat, the property of a dripping figure, which seemed to his surprised imagination to have stepped that moment from the clouds.

But the party of wild Karen followers, which gathered around her, had a very human air; and the slight burthens they bore spoke of human wants and human cares. The lady seemed as much surprised as himself; but she curtsied with ready grace, as she made some pleasant remark in English, and then turned to retire. Here was a dilemma. He could not suffer the lady to go out into the rain, but—his miserable accommodations, and still more miserable breakfast! He hesitated and stammered; but her quick apprehension had taken it all at a glance, and she at once relieved him from his embarrassment. Mentioning her name and errand, she added, smiling, that the emergencies of the wilderness were not knew to her; and now she begged leave to put her own breakfast with his, and make up a pleasant morning party. Then beckoning to her Karens, she spoke a few unintelligible words, and disappeared under a low shed—a mouldering appendage of the zayat. She soon returned with the same sunny face, and in dry clothing; and very pleasant indeed was the interview between the pious officer and the ladymissionary. They were friends afterward; and the circumstances of their first meeting proved a very charming reminiscence."

After three years of widowhood, Mrs. Boardman was united to Dr. Judson, of the American mission, at Maulmain, whither she removed with her little son, where she devoted herself to the acquirement of a new language, called the Peguan,

in which she made considerable advancement. She revised the standard tracts in Peguan, and the catechism and Gospel according to St. Luke; and, assisted by Ko-man-boke, a Peguan Christian, she translated the New Testament. The life at Maulmain was one of love, labor, and trial. Eight children were born to her here, and three of them withered away and died, while, to add to the depth of her trials, Dr. Judson was threatened with the fatal disease which had bereft her of her first husband. Here, too, had she parted from her oldest son, and endured all the pangs of a wife and loving mother. Her last child was born in December, 1844, when she was attacked with chronic diarrhæa, from which she had suffered much in the early part of her missionary life. It soon became evident, from the sinking of her physical powers, that death was in her cup, unless some remedy could be found to alleviate her sufferings: and a sea-voyage being the only thing that suggested itself to the physician, she departed with her husband and three eldest children for America. At first, the voyage seemed to produce the most beneficial results, and she even proposed to proceed alone from the Isle of France, but the disease returned once more with fatal virulence, and she died at sea on 1st September, 1845, and was buried at St. Helena. She sleeps amongst the distant mould of the sea-washed solitary isle, and over her ashes her husband has erected a monument, with the following inscription: "Sacred to the memory

of Sarah B. Judson, member of the American Baptist Mission to Burmah, formerly wife of the Rev. George D. Boardman, of Tavoy, and lately wife of the Rev. Adoniram Judson, of Maulmain, who died in this port, September 1, 1845, on her passage to the United States, in the forty-second year of her age, and the twenty-first of her missionary life."

"Would that those who declare that there is no vitality in Christianity, could see and appreciate the courage and sacrifices which animate and are demanded from those who, like Mrs. Judson, go forth to tell the darkened savage of Christ!

THE NOBLE DAME.

RACHEL, LADY RUSSELL.

"She neither sought to shine in the world by the extent of her caper city, nor to display, by affected retirement, the elevation of her soul, and when circumstances obliged her to come forward on the stage of history, she showed herself in the appropriate character of a wife and a mother. Hence we may believe, that the unobtrusive modesty of private life contains many a female capable of giving the same example to her sex, and to mankind."—LORD JOHN RUSSELL'S REMARKS ON THE CHARACTER OF RACHEL, LADY RUSSELL.

"A woman distinguished for ardent and tender affection; pious, reflecting, firm, and courageous; alike exemplary in prosperity and adversity, when observed by multitudes, or hidden in retirement."

RACHEL, LADY RUSSELL, second daughter of Thomas Wriothesley, Earl of Southampton, was born in 1636. She married first Lord Vaughan; and after his death she married, in 1669, William, Lord Russell, third son of William, first Duke of Bedford. One son and two daughters were the fruits of this union, which was a very happy one, though Lady Rachel was four or five years older than her husband. Lord Russell, being implicated in a conspiracy with the Duke of Monmouth, natural son of Charles II., Algernon Sidney, John Hampden, grandson to the celebrated patriot of

that name, Essex, and Howard, to prevent the succession of the Duke of York to the throne, was arrested and sent to the Tower. Monmouth fled; Howard saved himself by revealing his accomplices; and Essex, Sidney, and Hampden, were apprehended on his evidence. They were also accused of conspiring against the life of Charles II., which was not true. The Protestant succession, and the prevention of encroachments on the liberties of the people, were their chief objects.

On the day of his trial Lord Russell asked leave of the court that notes of the evidence might be taken for his use. He was informed that he might have the assistance of one of his servants. "My wife is here, my lord, to do it," replied the noble prisoner. The spectators, seeing the daughter of the virtuous Southampton thus assisting her husband in his distress, melted into tears. Every application to save Lord Russell proved vain. The independent spirit, patriotism, popularity, courage, talents, and virtues of the prisoner, were his most dangerous offences, and became so many arguments against his escape.

Lady Russell threw herself at the feet of the king, and pleaded with tears the merits and loyalty of her father, as an atonement for her husband's offences. But Charles remained unmoved, and even rejected her petition for a respite of a few weeks. On finding every effort fruitless for saving the life of her husband, she collected her courage, and fortified her mind for the fatal stroke, confirm

ing by her example the resolution of her hasband. His courage never appeared to falter but when he spoke of his wife; his eyes would then fill with tears, and he appeared anxious to avoid the subject. When parting from Lady Russell, they mutually preserved a solemn silence; and when she left him, he said, "The bitterness of death was past." He then expressed his gratitude to Providence that had given him a wife who, to birth, fortune, talents, and virtue, united sensibility of heart; and whose conduct in this trying crisis, had even surpassed all her other virtues.

Lord Russell was executed July 21st, 1683. His widow proved the faithful guardian of his honor, a wise and active mother to his children, and a friend and patroness of his friends.

Her letters, written after her husband's death, give a touching picture of her conjugal affection and fidelity; but no expression of resentment or traces of a vindictive spirit mingle with the sentiment of grief by which they are pervaded.

Her only son, Wriothesley, Duke of Bedford, died in 1711, of the small-pox; and soon after her daughter, the Duchess of Rutland, died in childbed. Her other daughter, the Duchess of Devon shire, was also in childbed at the time of her sister's death; and Lady Russell again was called upon to give new proofs of her self-control. After beholding one daughter in her coffin, she went to the chamber of the other with a tranquil countenance. The Duchess of Devonshire earnestly inquir

ing after her sister, Lady Russell calmly replied, "I have seen your sister out of bed to-day."

Some years after her husband's death, she was under apprehensions of an entire loss of sight; but this was prevented by an operation. Lady Russell died September 29th, 1723, aged eighty-seven. About fifty years afterward, her letters were collected and published, which established her fame in literature, as one of the most elegant writers of her time. In whatever light we consider her character, its moral excellence appears perfect. Such an example shows the power of female influence to promote good and resist evil. Even the noble Lord Russell was made better by his union with her. Amiable and prudent, as well as lovely, she was the means of reclaiming him from some youthful follies into which he had plunged at the time of the Restoration. With such a guardian angel by his side, no wonder he was strengthened to act his lofty part, and die a patriot martyr. His widow wore her weeds to the close of her life; their conjugal union of hearts was never broken, as the following extracts from her letters will show:-

TO DR. FITZWILLIAM—ON HER SORROW.

I am sure my heart is filled with the obligation, how ill soever my words may express it, for all those hours you have set apart (in a busy life) for my particular benefit, for the quieting of my distracted thoughts, and reducing them to a just measure of patience for all I have or can suffer. I trust I shall, with diligence, and some success, serve those ends they were designed to. They have very punctually, the time you intended them for, the last two sheets coming to my hands the 16th of this fatal month; it is the 21st completes my three years of true sorrow, which should be turned rather into joy; as you have laid it before me, with reasons strongly maintained, and rarely illustrated. Sure he is one of those has gained by a dismission from a longer attendance here; while he lived, his being pleased led me to be so too, and so it should do still; and then my soul should be full of joy; I should be easy and cheerful, but it is sad and heavy; so little we distinguish how, and why we love, to me it argues a prodigious fondness of one's self; I am impatient that is hid from me I took delight in, though he knows much greater than he did here. All I can say for myself, is, that while we are clothed with flesh, to the perfectest, some displeasure will attend a separation from things we love. This comfort I think I have in my affliction, that I can say, unless thy law had been my delight, I should have perished in my trouble. The rising from the dead is a glorious contemplation, doctor! nothing raises a drooping spirit like it; his Holy Spirit, in the mean time, speaking peace to our consciences, and through all the gloomy sadness of our condition, letting us discern that we belong to the election of grace, that our persons are accepted and justified. But still I will humble

myself for my own sins, and those of our families, that brought such a day on us.

I have been under more than ordinary care for my eldest girl; she has been ill of St. Anthony's fire, as we call it, and is not yet free from it. I had a doctor down with her, but he found her so likely to do well he stayed only one day. I have sent you these Gazettes, and will send no more, for I reckon you will be in your progress of visits.

I wish with you Lord Campden would marry; but I want skill to prevail by what I can say. I hope I need employ none to persuade Dr. Fitzwilliam that I am very acknowledging, and very sincerely, etc.

TO THE SAME.

* * * * * * *

If I could contemplate the conducts of Providence with the uses you do, it would give ease indeed, and no disastrous events should much affect us. The new scenes of each day make me often conclude myself very void of temper and reason, that I still shed tears of sorrow and not of joy, that so good a man is landed safe on the happy shore of a blessed eternity; doubtless he is at rest, though I find none without him, so true a partner he was in all my joys and griefs; I trust the Almighty will pass by this my infirmity; I speak it in respect to the world, from whose enticing delights I can now be better weaned. I was too rich in possessions whilst I possessed him: all

relish is now gone, I bless God for it, and pray, and ask of all good people (do it for me from such you know are so) also to pray that I may more and more turn the stream of my affections upward, and set my heart upon the ever-satisfying perfections of God; not starting at his darkest providences, but remembering continually either hi glory, justice, or power is advanced by every one of them, and that mercy is over all his works, as we shall one day with ravishing delight see: in the mean time, I endeavor to suppress all wild imaginations a melancholy fancy is apt to let in; and say with the man in the gospel, "I believe, help thou my unbelief."

TO THE SAME.

Never shall I, good doctor, I hope, forget your work (as I may term it) of labor and love: so instructive and comfortable do I find it, that at any time when I have read any of your papers, I feel a heat within me to be repeating my thanks to you anew, which is all I can do toward the discharge of a debt you have engaged me in; and though nobody loves more than I do to stand free from engagements I cannot answer, yet I do not wish for it here; I would have it as it is; and although I have the present advantage, you will have the future reward; and if I can truly reap what I know you design me by it, a religious and quiet submission to all providences, I am assured you

will esteem to have attained it here in some measure. Never could you more seasonably have fed me with such discourses, and left me with expectations of new repasts, in a more seasonable time, than these my miserable months, and in those this very week in which I have lived over again that fatal day that determined what fell cut a week after, and that has given me so long and so bitter a time of sorrow. But God has a conpass in his providences, that is out of our reach, and as he is all good and wise, that consideration should in reason slacken the fierce rages of grief. But sure, doctor, 'tis the nature of sorrow to lay hold on all things which give a new ferment to it, then how could I choose but feel it in a time of so much confusion as these last weeks have been, closing so tragically as they have done; and sure never any poor creature, for two whole years together, has had more awakers to quicken and revive the an guish of its soul than I have had; yet I hope I do most truly desire that nothing may be so bitter to me, as to think that I have in the least offended thee, O my God! and that nothing may be so marvellous in my eyes as the exceeding love of my Lord Jesus: that heaven being my aim, and the longing expectations of my soul, I may go through honor and dishonor, good report and bad report, prosperity and adversity, with some evenness of mind. The inspiring me with these desires is, I hope, a token of his never-failing love toward me, though an unthankful creature for all the good

things I have enjoyed, and do still in the lives of hopeful children by so beloved a husband.

TO THE EARL OF GALWAY-ON FRIENDSHIP.

I have before me, my good lord, two of your etters, both partially and tenderly kind, and coming from a sincere heart and honest mind (the last a plain word, but, if I mistake not, very significant), are very comfortable to me, who, I hope, have no proud thoughts of myself as to any sort. The opinion of an esteemed friend, that one is not very wrong, assists to strengthen a weak and willing mind to do her duty toward that Almighty Being, who has, from infinite bounty and goodness, so chequered my days on this earth, as I can thankfully reflect I felt many, I may say many years of pure, and, I trust, innocent, pleasant content, and happy enjoyments as this world can afford, particularly that biggest blessing of loving and being loved by those I loved and respected; on earth no enjoyment certainly to be put in the balance with it. All other are like wine, intoxicates for a time, but the end is bitterness, at least not profitable. Mr. Waller (whose picture you look upon) has, I long remember, these words:

"All we know they do above Is, that they sing, and that they love."

The best news I have heard is, you have two good companions with you, which, I trust, will

contribute to divert you this sharp season, when, after so sore a fit as I apprehend you have felt, the air even of your improving pleasant garden cannot be enjoyed without hazard.

TO LADY SUNDERLAND—ON HEALTH, FRIENDSHIP, LOVE.

Your kind letter, madam, asks me to do much better for myself and mine, than to scribble so insignificantly as I do in a piece of paper; but for twenty several reasons you must have the advantage you offer me with obliging earnestness a thousand times greater than I deserve, or there can be cause for, but that you have taken a resolution to be all goodness and favor to me. And indeed what greater mark can you almost give than remembering me so often, and letting me receive the exceeding advantage of your doing so, by reading your letters, which are all so edifying? When I know you are continually engaged in so great and necessary employments as you are, and have but too imperfect health, which to any other in the world but Lady Sunderland would unfit for at least so great despatches as you are charged with. These are most visible tokens of Providence, that every one that aims to do their duty shall be enabled to do it.

I hope your natural strength is so great, that it will in some time, if you do your part, master what has been accidentally in the disorder of it. Health, if one strictly considers, is the first of earthly bless-

ings; for even the conversation of friends, which as to spiritual profits, as you excellently observe, is the nearest approach we can make to heaven while we live in these tabernacles of clay; so it is in a temporal sense, also, the most pleasant and the most profitable improvement we can make of the time we are to spend on earth. But, as I was saying, if our bodies are out of tune, how ill do we enjoy what in itself is so precious? and how often must we choose, if we can attain it, a short slumber, that may take off our sense of pain, than to accept what we know in worth excels almost to infiniteness? No soul can speak more feelingly than my poor self on this subject; who can truly say, my friendships have made all the joys and troubles of my life; and yet who would live and not love? Those who have tried the insipidness of it would, I believe, never choose it. Mr. Waller says—"'Tis (with singing) all we know they do above." And it is enough; for if there is so charming a delight in the love, and suitableness in humors, to creatures. what must it be to our clarified spirits to love in the presence of God! Can there be a greater con. templation to provoke to diligence for our preparation to that great change, where we shall be perfected, and so continue for ever! I see I have scribbled a great deal of paper; I dare not read it, lest I should be sorry, Lady Sunderland should; and yet can now send her nothing if not this, for my eyes grow ill so fast, I resolve to do nothing of this sort by candle-light.

THE PATTERN OF DOMESTIC VIRTUE.

LUCY HUTCHINSON,

DAUGHTER of Sir Allan Apsley, was born in 1624. At the age of eighteen she was married to Colonel John Hutchinson, who distinguished himself as one of the most efficient among the Puritan leaders in the war between Charles I. and the Parliament. Their courtship was a very romantic one, as it is given by the lady in her "Memoir" of her husband. She says: "Never was there a passion more ardent and less idolatrous; he loved her better than his life; with inexpressible tenderness and kindness; had a most high, obliging esteem of her; yet still considered honor, religion, and duty, above her; nor ever suffered the intrusion of such a dotage as should blind him from marking her imperfections." That it was "not her face he loved," but "her honor and her virtue were his mistress," he abundantly proved; for, "on the day fixed for the marriage, when the friends of both parties were assembled, and all were waiting the appearance of the bride, she was suddenly seized with an illness, at that time often the most fatal to life and beauty,

She was taken ill of the small-pox; was for some time in imminent danger; and, at last, when her recovery was assured, the return of her personal attractions was considered more than doubtful." She says, indeed, herself, that her illness made her, for a long time after she had regained her health, "the most deformed person that could be seen." But Mr. Hutchinson's affection was as strong as his honor. He neither doubted nor delayed to prosecute his suit; but, thankful to God for her preservation, he claimed her hand as soon as she was able to quit her chamber, and when the clergyman who performed the service, and the friends who witnessed it, were afraid to look at the wreck of her beauty. He was rewarded; for her features were restored, unblemished as before; and her form, when he presented her as his wife, justified his taste as much as her more intrinsic qualities did his judgment. They were united to each other on the 3d of July, 1638.

Their union was an example of the happiness which marriage confers on those who fulfil its duties in holy truth and faithful love. In the perils of war, Mrs. Hutchinson was an attendant on her beloved husband; and when, after the restoration of Charles II., Colonel Hutchinson was imprisoned in the Tower, she followed him, and never ceased her exertions and importunities till she was permitted to visit him. When her husband was removed to Sandown Castle, in Kent, she, with some of her children, went also, and used every entreaty

to be permitted to reside in the castle with him. This was refused; but she took lodgings in Deal, and walked every day to Sandown to see and cheer the prisoner. All that could be done to obtain his pardon or liberation she did; but as Colonel Hutchinson was a Puritan and a republican on principle, and would not disclaim his opinions, though he would promise to live in quiet, his enemies listened to no pleadings for mercy. What was to have been his ultimate punishment will never be known; the damp and miserable apartment in which he was confined brought on an illness which ended his life, September 11th, 1664, leaving his wife with eight children and an embarrassed estate, to mourn his irreparable loss. Mrs. Hutchinson was not with him at his death; she had gone to their home to obtain supplies, and bring away the children left there. His death-scene shows the estimation in which he held her. So long as he was able to sit up, he read much in the Bible; and on looking over some notes on the Epistle to the Romans, he said, "When my wife returns, I will no more observe their cross humors; but when her children are all near, I will have her in the chamber with me, and they shall not pluck her out of my arms. During the winter evenings she shall collect together the observations I have made on this Epistle since I have been in prison."

As he grew worse, the doctor feared delirium, and advised his brother and daughter not to defer any thing they wished to say to him. Being in-

formed of his condition, he replied with much composure, "The will of the Lord be done; I am ready." He then gave directions concerning the disposal of his fortune, and left strict injunctions that his children should be guided in all things by their mother. "And tell her," said he, "that as she is above other women, so must she on this occasion show herself a good Christian, and above the pitch of ordinary minds."

Faithfully she fulfilled these injunctions; evincing her sorrow and her love, not by useless repinings, but by training up her children to be like their father, and employing her talents in constructing a monument to his fame. For this purpose she undertook her great work, "The Life of Colonel Hutchinson, by his widow Lucy." This has been republished lately, and the "Edinburgh Review" thus closes a notice of the work:

"Education is certainly far more generally diffused in our days, and accomplishments infinitely more common; but the perusal of this volume has taught us to doubt whether the better sort of women were not fashioned of old, by a purer and more exalted standard; and whether the most eminent female of the present day would not appear to disadvantage by the side of Mrs. Hutchinson. There is something in the domestic virtue and calm commanding mind of this English matron, that makes the Corinnes and Heloises appear very insignificant. We may safely venture to assert that a nation which produces many such

wives and mothers as Mrs. Lucy Hutchinson, must be both great and happy."

We should do injustice to the worth of female genius if we omitted to give at least a brief extract from this work of Mrs. Hutchinson. An "Address to her Children" forms the introduction to the memoir. Thus she writes:

"I, who am under a command not to grieve at the common rate of desolate women, while I amstudying which way to moderate my woe, and, if it were possible, to augment my love, can find out none more just to your dear father, or more consoling to myself, than the preservation of his memory; which I need not gild with such flattering commendations as the hired preachers equally give to the truly and the nominally honorable; an undrest narrative, speaking the simple truth of him, will deck him with more substantial glory than all the panegyrics the best pens could ever consecrate to the virtues of the best men. To number his virtues is to give the epitome of his life, which was nothing else but a progress from one degree of virtue to another. His example was more instructive than the best rules of the moralists; for his practice was of a more divine extraction, drawn from the word of God, and wrought up by the assistance of his spirit. He had a noble method of government, whether in civil, military, or domestic administrations; which forced love and reverence even from unwilling subjects, and greatly endeared him to the souls of those who rejoiced to be governed by him. He had a native majesty that struck awe into the hearts of men, and a sweet greatness that commanded love.

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"His affection for his wife was such, that whoever would form rules of kindness, honor, and religion, to be practised in that state, need no more, but exactly draw out his example. Man never had a greater passion or a more honorable esteem for woman; yet he was not uxorious, and never remitted that just rule which it was her honor to obey; but he managed the reins of government with such prudence and affection, that she who would not delight in such honorable and advantageous subjection must have wanted a reasonable soul. He governed by persuasion, which he never employed but in things profitable to herself. He loved her soul better than her countenance; yet even for her person he had a constant affection, exceeding the common temporary passion of fond fools. If he esteemed her at a higher rate than she deserved, he was himself the author of the virtue he doated on; for she was but a faithful mirror, reflecting truly, but dimly, his own glories upon him. When she ceased to be young and lovely, he showed her He loved her at such a kind the most tenderness. and generous rate as words cannot express; yet even this, which was the highest love any man could have, was bounded by a superior feeling; he regarded her, not as his idol, but as his fellow

creature in the Lord, and proved that such a feeling exceeds all the irregularities in the world."

Mrs. Hutchinson brought up her children and lived to see some of them married. The time of her decease is not known.

THE FRIEND OF COLUMBUS.

ISABEL THE CATHOLIC.

To judge aright of the merits of Isabel the Catholic as an administratrix of public affairs, in virtue of which, and of her queenly arts and endowments, she became so firmly fixed in the hearts and affections of her subjects, it will be necessary to take a glance at the high state of prosperity and political consequence enjoyed by the kingdom of Castile previous to the accession of the house of Trastamara, in 1368, and of the causes of the subsequent decline of its glory among the nations, and the condition to which it had been reduced by long years of misrule, at the commencement of her most auspicious reign.

So far back as the fifth century, the germs of constitutional liberty and of many free institutions had been introduced into the Peninsula by that branch of the Teutonic race by which it was then overrun. These, however, had been only partially unfolded when the great Saracen invasion of the eighth century, which seemed at first to threaten their extinction, proved, on the contrary, the means

of their more rapid development. The enjoyment of long peace and prosperity had done its usual work in relaxing the morals of both the court and the clergy. Driven by the invader beyond the sterile mountains of the north, they must toil for the most scanty subsistence, or, descending from their fastnesses, snatch it, sword in hand, from the mighty foe who lay stretched on the plains beneath. At length priest and people girded themselves for the conflict of centuries, and when the Spaniards descended into the open plains of Castile and Leon, they were never secure from the predatory incursions of the Arabs, until they had driven them beyond some natural boundary—a river, or a chain of mountains-securing their conquests by strong The Castilian towns being specially fortifications. open to these incursions, every citizen was trained to arms, and the burgesses were the most effective part of the militia. Charters of communion were early granted, the most ancient extant bearing date 1020. By these, the citizens had the right of electing their own magistrates, who appointed judges of the law.

In 1169, at Burgos, occurred the earliest instance on record of popular representation, almost a century before the parliament of Leicester. So great was the power of the popular branch of the Castilian cortes, whose members were originally nominated by the householders, but afterward by the municipal bodies, that no tax could be imposed without their consent; they narrowly watched and

restrained the public expenditure, venturing even to regulate the economy of the royal household; and no title to the crown was valid without their consent. The nobles and clergy might attend in cortes, but legislative acts were valid without their sanction. Both these orders were exempt from taxation, and the situation of Castile was no less favorable to the growth of their power. Embarked with their king in rescuing their country from the infidel, they hesitated not to divide with him the spoil. Immense domains were thus accumulated, and each noble was a petty sovereign. In the end of the fourteenth century, when Castile had reached its zenith, the constable Davalos could ride through his own estates from Seville to Compostella, nearly the two extremities of the kingdom. Eighty towns and castles were under the sway of the Lord of Biscay. A court favorite could muster twenty thousand vassals. It is scarcely a figure of speech to say that they were warriors from their cradle. Mendoza tells of a descendant of the famous Marquis of Cadiz carrying out with him to battle his son, only thirteen years old, adding, "an ancient usage in that noble house." And the only son of Alfonso VI. was slain when only eleven, fighting manfully in the ranks.

Ever since that memorable day on which St. James had been seen hovering in the air, mounted on a milk-white steed, leading on to victory, and bearing aloft the banner of the cross, when seventy thousand infidels fell on the field, the name of St.

Jago had been the war-cry of the Spaniards; and, in imitation of the military apostle, their patron saint, priests militant went forth with the crucifix in their hands, leading on the soldiers to battle. In an age holding wealth in contempt, these warlike prelates agassed enormous riches, for when a town was rescued from the infidel, some ancient religious establishment must be supported, or a new our founded. The Archbishop of Toledo, primate of Spain, and grand chancellor of Castile, besides his immense revenues, could muster a greater number of vassals than any other subject, and had jurisdiction over fifteen large and populous towns. One lady-abbess of Castile had jurisdiction over fourteen capital towns, and more than fifty smaller places, and ranked next to the queen in dignity. Amusing and almost incredible stories are told of the luxurious banquetings of the nobles and prelates, while the king had often neither money nor credit. One bond of union alone existed between prince and people. Hand to hand they joined against the infidel, but every man's hand was also against his neighbor; and when at length the Moors were repulsed within the kingdom of Granada, and nearly a century of long minorities, or now weak and now vicious rule, was the fate of Castile, bitterly came then to be felt the evil effects of such an unnatural division of interests. The sacred name of law became a by-word. Rapine, murder, and incendiarism spread terror and desolation through the land. The insolent

nobles not only waged open war with each other, but converted their castles into dens of robbers, plundering the traveler, and publicly selling his property in the cities. One robber chieftain carried on an infamous traffic with the Moors, selling to them as slaves Christian prisoners of both sexes. Every farm (dehesa, meaning protected ground) was a fortress, and it was in nearly hopeless despondency that the agriculturist committed the seed to the earth. So shameless was the adulteration of the coin, that the most common article was enhanced four and even six fold in value. One sovereign tried oppressive acts, a return to arbitrary taxation, and interference with freedom of election; while another turned a deaf ear to the groans of his people by giving himself up to the chase. Such at the birth of Isabel was the wretched state of the fertile and beautiful Castile.

At Madrigal, a town of Old Castile, on the 22d of April, 1451, was born Isabel, daughter of Juan II., by his second consort, a Princess of Portugal. Her father dying when she was in her fourth year, she, and her brother, Alfonso, who was two years younger, lived in the strictest retirement with their mother, the widowed queen; and the state of seclusion and even privation in which she is said to have passed the first ten years of her life, may account for the firmness, as the rigid practices of devotion, from the example of her mother, for the zeal, springing up into bigotry and bitter persecution, by which she was afterward so distinguished

When in her seventh year, it was agreed she should marry Prince Ferdinand of Aragon, who was one year younger, both of them the children of second marriages, and neither heir apparent to the two kingdoms. Many events intervened to interrupt this project, and France, Portugal, and England sought her alliance. She was also on the point of being sacrificed to an ambitious and dissolute subject, when relieved by his death. Her biographers extol the wisdom and prudence of her reply when only thirteen, to a proposal for marrying her to the King of Portugal, a widower, with heirs to his throne, that a princess of Castile could not be disposed of in marriage without the consent of the cortes. The weak rule of her brother Enrique, doubts as to the legitimacy of his daughter, the death of her brother, Alfonso, caused an offer of the crown to be made to her, which she rejected, declaring she would lay no claim to the title so long as its present possessor lived. Resolving, however, to be no longer thwarted in her desire of marrying Ferdinand, who had been long carrying on a romantic courtship, faithfully recorded in the decades of the ancient chronicler Palencia, she eluded the vigilance of the king's spies, and protected by a body of troops, under the escort of the Archbishop of Toledo, she fled to Valladolid, whence the prince lost no time in following her, traveling with only five attendants, and in strict disguise, sometimes acting as servant to his companions.

The first interview realized the expectations

formed on both sides. Isabel was then in her nineteenth year, and is described as inheriting from Catharine of Lancaster blue eyes, auburn hair, and a fair complexion; her face regular and pleasing, rather than indicating any very high order of intellect; while Ferdinand, though a year younger, was of manly form, his limbs strengthened by hardship and exercise, his features regular and handsome, the dark-brown hair on his ample forehead somewhat thinned from the helmet he had worn from his infancy. The prince was greatly inferior in education to Isabel. A soldier from his childhood, his attainments were limited to reading and writing; and so great was his poverty, he had to borrow money for the expenses of the nuptials. Gutierre de Cárdenas, who, on the entrance of the prince, was the first to point him out to Isabel, exclaiming, "Ese es, ese es" (this is he), was permitted to bear on his shield the letters SS, being like to the sound of these words in Spanish.

The marriage was celebrated on the 19th of October, 1469, in the presence of Isabel's two principal adherents, the Archbishop of Toledo and the Admiral of Castile, who was also Ferdinand's grandfather, and an assemblage of more than 2,000 persons. The young pair being within the forbidden degrees of consanguinity, and the Pope in the interests of the king, a bull of dispensation was forged by the king of Aragon and the archbishop, the discovery of which was a shock to Isabel, to whose honest mind everything like artifice was abhorrent,

and she could only console herself that it was in good faith she had acted. The princess had long before this been acknowledged by the king, her brother, as heir to the crown, and it was now agreed that she and Ferdinand should reign jointly, but all essential power was vested in her, the prince not even being allowed to quit the kingdom without her consent. As future queen of Aragon, a magnificent dower was settled on her. She lost no time in informing the king, her brother, in the most respectful terms, of the step she had taken, but his only reply was, that "he would lay the matter before his council."

The weak rule of Enrique lasted yet five years, during which public favor fluctuated between Isabel and his daughter, whom he before his death declared to be legitimate, although he had formerly acknowledged Isabel as his heir. But the cortes never having revoked the allegiance they had sworn to her, when the news reached her at Segovia of the king's death, she at once caused herself to be proclaimed queen, Ferdinand being then absent in Aragon. Mounted on a white jennet, she proceeded to the public square, where a throne had been erected on a platform, on ascending which, the royal standard was unfurled, and the herald cried, "Castile, Castile, for the King Don Fernando, and his consort the Queen Donna Isabel;" after which simple ceremony, she returned thanks in the principal church, and the people swore allegiance to her, but not to the absent Ferdinand;

nor does it appear that she demanded this, which so greatly displeased him, that he said to Palencia, "Alfonso, thy learning far exceeds mine; tell me didst ever read in thy histories of any woman acting as the queen has done? She writes to her husband to return at his leisure, and in his absence causes herself to be proclaimed with pomp and ceremony."

This step, which shows the decided and independent character of the queen, gave rise to a dispute of great warmth; but she was too wary not to see that her soundest policy was union, and with infinite tact she sought to allay his wrath, and to persuade him that the difference in their authority was only nominal.

The king of Portugal having espoused the cause of the princess, there now followed the war of the succession, lasting nearly four years and a half, during which only one serious battle was fought, when the Portuguese standard-bearer, after losing both his arms, held the banner between his teeth, till cut down by the enemy. The better to carry on the operations of the war, the consorts separated, and the queen, sometimes endangering her health, hastened from place to place, dictated dispatches, addressed the soldiers, showed great moderation in victory, redressed grievances, while maintaining with a high hand her own authority, and thus before long gained both the confidence and affections of her subjects. For the expenses of the war, the clergy forced on her a loan of half the church plate

in the kingdom, and she afterward carefully repaid the debt. The distractions of war did not prevent Isabel from turning her attention to the lawless state of her kingdom. She instituted, or rather revived under a different form, the institution of the Santa Hermandad, or Holy Brotherhood, a kind of rural police, consisting of 4,000 members, the half of whom were horsemen, having power to arrest, try, and execute criminals, without respect of persons, or appeal to any other tribunal. Its proceedings were at first excessively severe, and no institution could be better adapted to curb the power of the aristocracy, and to consolidate that of the sovereign. Its powers were increased or modified as the state of the times demanded; but the end having been attained, it was in 1498 shorn of its powers, and dwindled down, with some slight changes, to the form in which it exists at the present day, as a body of gendarmerie. The queen, too, sat every Friday on a chair of state, covered with cloth of gold, to administer justice. She or dered restitution of stolen property, and delinquents were executed without distinction of rank, which caused so much consternation that more than 8,000 persons fled from Seville, rather than stand a trial. After a time, however, the clergy and magistrates being alarmed at the decrease of population, the queen, willing to temper justice with lenity, published a general amnesty, on condition of the restoration of illegally-acquired property. She deprived of their possessions and privileges all the

nobles who had taken up arms against her; amongst others her former powerful adherent the archbishop of Toledo, whose defection nothing could induce her to pardon. She well knew how to choose and reward wise and faithful counselors; and her fame would indeed have been stainless, were it not for the dark and remorseless bigotry which caused her to establish the tribunal of the Inquisition, whose frightful sway in the space of eighteen years destrayed 8,800 of her subjects by fire, otherwise torturing and punishing more than 96,000. It is said that her confessor predicted she would be queen of Castile while yet her two brothers lived, and that she promised on its fulfilment to extirpate heresy from the land. Of the horrors of the Inquisition, no detail is needed here. To Isabel belongs the praise of restoring peace and order in her distracted kingdom. But no sooner had her subjects sheathed their swords, than she unsheathed against them one which treacherously pierced their sides. With one hand she raised and protected prostrate industry, whilst with the other she dealt against it a blow which paralyzed its energies, the effects of which are still felt in that fair and goodly, dark, and bigoted land.

It is a relief to turn from such a picture, and behold the queen the joyful mother of a son; which event took place at Seville, in June, 1478, after an interval of seven years from the birth of her only other child, a daughter. The child was christened Juan, and we would willingly tell of the three days'

rejoicings, and how at the baptism the caurch of Santa Maria was hung with satin, and the chapel with brocade; how the royal babe was carried under a canopy of rich brocade; and how the godmother wore a tabard of crimson silk, lined with damask, which she afterward gave to the king's fool, and a rich brocaded kirtle, embroidered with seed and large pearls, with many other raree shows and wonders, but that space would fail us to recount them. Soon after this event, the king and queen made a progress through part of her dominions, Isabel showing her usual firmness and intrepidity; enforcing relaxed laws; appointing extraordinary judges; on one occasion, to punish an outrage, taking horse alone amidst torrents of rain, before the captains of her guard had time to follow her.

In Gallicia alone, where anarchy still ruled, fifty towering strongholds, from which robber chieftains descended like birds of prey to levy black mail on the hapless district beneath, were razed to the ground, and no less than fifteen hundred malefactors compelled to fly.

In January, 1479, died Juan, King of Aragon. And now proud Castile saw herself mistress of nearly the whole of Spain. Aragon, and indeed all Spain, and even Portugal, had at one time or other done homage to Castile for their dominions, and this, with the sense of owing their conquests to their personal bravery, had induced among the nobles a proud and inflexible bearing, scarcely to

be curbed by the iron rule of the Austrian dynasty, and which drew from the Venetian ambassador in the time of Charles V. the remark, that "if their power were equal to their pride, the world would not be able to withstand them."

The Inquisition being now firmly established in Castile, Ferdinand introduced it into his own dominions, which so maddened the people, that they arose and slew the chief inquisitor on the very steps of the altar. But torrents of blood were made to flow for that which had been shed on consecrated ground, and the galling yoke only weighed the more heavily. Such had been the horrors exhibited in Castile, that the Pope himself sent to remonstrate, but in this, and in all matters ecclesiastical, Isabel chose to be her own pope, as has been said of our Henry VIII., herself nominating to every benefice, which when the Pope attempted to do, she forced him by the most vigorous resistance to submit to her will. She thus bound burthens on her subjects which she herself refused to touch with one of her fingers.

In 1479 was born the unfortunate Juana; about three years after, Maria; and, in 1485, the equally unfortunate Catherine, called Catherine of Aragon, wife of Henry VIII., and the youngest child of the sovereigns. In 1489, Isabel, the eldest and best-beloved daughter of the queen, was betrothed to the heir of the Portuguese sovereign, and with amazing magnificence, considering the expense of the war, to defray which the queen had once ao

a fortnight, the queen and the betrothed bride appearing at them all, dressed in cloth of gold, attended by seventy noble ladies, attired in brocade and resplendent with jewels. One historian says: "The principal articles of the trousseau were four costly necklaces of gold, set with pearls and precious stones; rich tapestries, woven of silk and gold; twenty silk and brocade robes; four of drawn golden threads; and six of silk, embroidered with pearls and gold." The whole wardrobe estimated at two hundred and twenty thousand florins. In eight months this brilliant bride was a widow, and returned to Castile in a litter hung with black.

The care the queen bestowed on the education of her children-indeed, the whole tenor of domestic life—cannot be too highly lauded. What she did could only be achieved by boundless energy, and never-failing resources. While actively engaged in war, and sometimes sitting up all night long engaged in state affairs, she neglected none of her private duties. She carefully cultivated the intellects of her children, whose dispositions were mild and amiable, and sought to eradicate every germ of evil. Her daughters, like herself, were well versed in Latin, in the solid branches of education, as well as in all the elegant accomplishments. That the prince might have the spur of emulation, as well as the benefit of private tuition, she caused ten noble youths, five of them his own age, and five somewhat older, to be brought up with him,

partaking of all his advantages, and sharing in all his pleasures. These youths, and all who were brought into contact with him, and even his pages, were so carefully selected, that almost all of them were, in after life, distinguished by some superior excellence, while the fond object of so many hopes lay buried in an early grave. At the age of eighteen, a separate establishment was formed for him, and a council, in imitation of the council of state, assembled round him, in which public affairs were discussed. The profound wisdom of all this needs no comment. The queen also sought to inspire the young nobility with a taste for learning, and invited to her court all, both native and foreign, famed for their scholarship. The following year, the prince was married to Margaret, daughter of Maximilian, Emperor of Germany, afterward the celebrated governess of the Netherlands, and at the same time her brother, the Archduke Philip, to the Princess Juana; but sadly the eye turns from the page which records the festivities celebrated on the occasion of these ill-fated unions, for dismal reverses are at hand. Indeed, from this time to its close, the life of the queen presents an almost constant succession of domestic distresses, only varied by a few brilliant triumphs; her many private virtues sullied, also, by more than one public fault. By her unwearied encouragement and protection of Christopher Columbus, she added a new world to her dominions. But she signed an edict for the expulsion of the Jews, which was

carried out with merciless severity; the creatures of luxury dying by the wayside; the hand of the Christian restrained who would have extended a cup of cold water to the sufferer; mothers and their new-born infants perishing from the pangs of hunger. True, they were permitted to sell their property, but this mercy was in reality a mockery, for, the time being limited, we are told, "a house was given for an ass, and a vineyard for a piece of cloth." Her Christian subjects were forbidden, under severe penalties, from giving shelter or assistance to the Jews, who had made a last effort to avert the blow, by offering to the queen thirty thousand ducats for the expenses of the late war, and the sovereigns were hesitating whether to accept their tempting bribe, when the chief inquisitor, abruptly entering the apartment, drew a crucifix from his bosom, saying, "Judas Iscariot sold the Saviour for thirty pieces of silver; your Highnesses are now selling him for thirty thousand. Behold him here; take him and barter him as you will;" and the insane fanatic threw the symbol on the table, and withdrew. Who need tell that mercy fled away, and fanaticism obtained the victory?

From the commencement of their reign, Ferdinand and Isabel had shown an earnest solicitude for the encouragement of commerce and nautical science, as is evinced by a variety of regulations which, however imperfect, from the misconception of the true principles of trade in that day, are suf-

ficiently indicative of the dispositions of the government. Under them, and indeed under their predecessors as far back as Henry the Third, a considerable traffic had been carried on with the western coast of Africa, from which gold dust and slaves were imported into the city of Seville. The annalist of that city notices the repeated interference of Isabel in behalf of these unfortunate beings, by ordinances tending to secure them a more equal protection of the laws, or opening such social indulgences as might mitigate the hardships of their condition. A misunderstanding gradually arose between the subjects of Castile and Portugal, in relation to their respective rights of discovery and commerce on the African coast, which promised a fruitful source of collision between the two crowns; but which was happily adjusted by an article in the treaty of 1479, that terminated the war of the succession. By this it was settled that the right of traffic and of discovery on the western coast of Africa should be exclusively reserved to the Portuguese, who in their turn should resign all claims on the Canaries to the crown of Castile. The Spaniards, thus excluded from further progress to the south, seemed to have no other opening left for naval adventure than the hitherto untraveled regions of the great western ocean. Fortunately, at this juncture, an individual appeared among them, in the person of Christopher Columbus, endowed with capacity for stimulating them to this heroic enterprise, and conducting it to a glorious issue.

Some of the most striking features of that great enterprise we shall here bring out. Using for that purpose, in a somewhat condensed form, the graphic narrative of Mr. Prescott, the painstaking and impartial historian of this notable reign.

Columbus was a native of Genoa, of humble parentage, though perhaps honorable descent. He was instructed in his early youth at Pavia, where he acquired a strong relish for the mathematical sciences, in which he subsequently excelled. At the age of fourteen, he engaged in a seafaring life, which he followed with little intermission till 1470.

Filled with lofty anticipations of achieving a discovery which would settle a question of such moment, so long involved in obscurity, Columbus submitted the theory on which he had founded his belief in the existence of a western route, to King John the Second, of Portugal. Here he was doomed to encounter for the first time the embarrassments and mortifications which so often obstruct the conceptions of genius, too sublime for the age in which they are formed. After a long and fruitless negotiation, and a dishonorable attempt on the part of the Portuguese to avail themselves clandestinely, of his information, he quitted Lisbon in disgust, determined to submit his proposals to the Spanish sovereigns, relying on their reputed character for wisdom and enterprise.

The period of his arrival in Spain being the latter part of 1484, would seem to have been the most unpropitious possible to his design. The

nation was then in the heat of the Moorish war, and the sovereigns were unintermittingly engaged, as we have seen, in prosecuting their campaigns, or in active preparation for them. The large expenditure incident to this, exhausted all their resources; and indeed the engrossing character of this domestic conquest left them little leisure for indulging in dreams of distant and doubtful discovery.

Ferdinand and Isabel, desirous of obtaining the opinion of the most competent judges on the merits of Columbus's theory, referred him to a council. selected by Talavera, from the most eminent scholars of the kingdom, chiefly ecclesiastics, whose profession embodied most of the science of that day. Such was the apathy exhibited by this learned con clave, and so numerous the impediments suggested by dullness, prejudice, or skepticism, that years glided away before it came to a decision. During this time, Columbus appears to have remained in attendance on the court, bearing arms occasionally in the campaigns, and experiencing from the sovereigns an unusual degree of deference and personal attention; an evidence of which is afforded in the disbursements repeatedly made by the royal order for his private expenses, and in the instructions issued to the municipalities of the different towns in Andalusia, to supply him gratuitously with lodging and other personal accommodations.

At length, however, Columbus, wearied out by this painful procrastination, pressed the court for a definite answer to his propositions; when he was informed that the council of Salamanca pronounced his scheme to be "vain, impracticable, and resting on grounds too weak to merit the support of the government." Many in the council, however, were too enlightened to acquiesce in this sentence of the majority; and the authority of these individuals had undoubtedly great weight with the sovereigns, who softened the verdict of the junto by an assurance to Columbus, that, "although they were too much occupied at present to embark in his undertaking, yet, at the conclusion of the war, they should find both time and inclination to treat with him." Such was the ineffectual result of Columbus's long and painful solicitation; and, far from receiving the qualified assurance of the sovereigns in mitigation of their refusal, he seems to have considered it as peremptory and final. In great dejection of mind, therefore, but without further delay, he quitted the court, and bent his way to the south, with the apparently almost desperate intent of seeking out some other patron to his undertaking.

Without wasting time in further solicitation, Columbus prepared, with a heavy heart, to bid adieu to Spain (1491), and carry his proposals to the king of France, from whom he had received a letter of encouragement while detained in Andalusia.

His progress, however, was arrested at the convent of La Rabida, which he visited previous to his departure, by his friend the guardian, who pre-

vailed on him to postpone his journey till another effort had been made to move the Spanish court in his favor. For this purpose the worthy ecclesiastic undertook an expedition in person to the newlyerected city of Santa Fé, where the sovereigns lay encamped before Granada. Juan Perez had formerly been confessor of Isabel, and was held in great consideration by her for his excellent qualities. On arriving at the camp he was readily admitted to an audience, when he pressed the suit of Columbus with all the earnestness and reasoning of which he was capable. The friar's eloquence was supported by that of several eminent persons whom Columbus, during his long residence in the country, had interested in his project, and who viewed with sincere regret the prospect of its abandonment. Their representations, combined with the opportune season of the application, occurring at the moment when the approaching ter mination of the Moorish war allowed room for interest in other objects, wrought so favorable a change in the dispositions of the sovereigns, that they consented to resume the negotiation with Columbus. An invitation was accordingly sent to him to repair to Santa Fe, and a considerable sum provided for his suitable equipment, and his expenses on the road.

Columbus, who lost no time in availing himself of this welcome intelligence, arrived at the camp in season to witness the surrender of Granada, when every heart, swelling with exultation at the

triumphant termination of the war, was naturally disposed to enter with greater confidence on a new career of adventure. At his interview with the king and queen, he once more exhibited the arguments on which his hypothesis was founded. then endeavored to stimulate the cupidity of his audience, by picturing the realms of Mangi and Cathay, which he confidently expected to reach by this western route, in all the barbaric splendors which had been shed over them by the lively fancy of Marco Polo and other travelers of the middle ages; and he concluded with appealing to a higher principle, by holding out the prospect of extending the empire of the Cross over nations of benighted heathen, while he proposed to devote the profits of his enterprise to the recovery of the Holy Sepul-This last ebullition, which might well have passed for fanaticism in a later day, and given a visionary tinge to his whole project, was not quite so preposterous in an age in which the spirit of the crusades might be said still to linger, and the romance of religion had not yet been dispelled by sober reason. The more temperate suggestion of the diffusion of the gospel was well suited to affect Isabel, in whose heart the principle of devotion was deeply seated, and who, in all her undertakings, seems to have been far less sensible to the vulgar impulses of avarice or ambition, than to any argument connected, however remotely, with the interests of religion.

Amidst all these propitious demonstrations to-

ward Columbus, an obstacle unexpectedly arose in the nature of his demands, which stipulated for himself and heirs the title and authority of admiral and viceroy over all lands discovered by him, with one-tenth of the profits. This was deemed wholly inadmissible. Ferdinand, who had looked with cold distrust on the expedition from the first, was supported by the remonstrances of Talavera, the new archbishop of Granada, who declared that "such demands savored of the highest degree of arrogance, and would be unbecoming in their Highnesses to grant to a needy foreign adventurer." Columbus, however, steadily resisted every attempt to induce him to modify his propositions. On this ground the conferences were abruptly broken off, and he once more turned his back upon the Spanish court, resolved rather to forego his splendid anticipations of discovery at the very moment when the career so long sought was thrown open to him, than surrender one of the honorable distinctions due to his services. This last act is, perhaps, the most remarkable exhibition in his whole life, of that proud, unyielding spirit which sustained him through so many years of trial, and enabled him at length to achieve his great enterprise, in the face of every obstacle which man and nature had opposed to it.

The misunderstanding was not suffered to be of long duration. Columbus's friends, and especially Louis de St. Angel, remonstrated with the queen on these proceedings in the most earnest manner.

He frankly told her that Columbus's demands, if high, were at least contingent on success, when they would be well deserved; that, if he failed, he required nothing. He expatiated on his qualifications for the undertaking, so signal as to insure in all probability the patronage of some other monarch, who would reap the fruits of his discoveries: and he ventured to remind the queen that her present policy was not in accordance with the magnanimous spirit which had hitherto made her the ready patron of great and heroic enterprise. Far from being displeased, Isabel was moved by his honest eloquence. She contemplated the proposals of Columbus in their true light; and, refusing to hearken any longer to the suggestions of cold and timid counselors, she gave way to the natural impulses of her own noble and generous heart. "I will assume the undertaking," said she, "for my crown of Castile, and am ready to pawn my jewels to defray the expenses of it, if the funds in the treasury shall be found inadequate." The treasury had been reduced to the lowest ebb by the late war; but the receiver, St. Angel, advanced the sums required from the Aragonese revenues deposited in his hands. Aragon, however, was not considered as adventuring in the expedition, the charges and emoluments of which were reserved exclusively for Castile.

Columbus, who was overtaken by the royal messenger at a few leagues' distance only from Granada, experienced the most courteous reception on his

return to Santa Fé, where a definitive arrangement was concluded with the Spanish sovereigns, April 17th, 1492.

No sooner were the arrangements completed, than Isabel prepared with her characteristic promptness to forward the expedition by the most efficient measures; and on the morning of the 3d of August, 1492, the intrepid navigator, bidding adieu to the Old World, launched forth on that unfathomed waste of waters where no sail had ever been spread before.

While on a review of the circumstances, we are led more and more to admire the constancy and unconquerable spirit which carried Columbus victorious through all the difficulties of his undertaking, we must remember, in justice to Isabel, that, although tardily, she did in fact furnish the resources essential to its execution; that she undertook the enterprise when it had been explicitly declined by other powers, and when, probably, none other of that age would have been found to countenance it; and that, after once plighting her faith to Columbus, she became his steady friend, shieldmg him against the calumnies of his enemies, reposing in him the most generous confidence, and serving him in the most acceptable manner, by supplying ample resources for the prosecution of his glorious discoveries.

Passing over the well-known incidents of this memorable voyage, we may remark in passing, the singular fact, that Columbus sailed from Spain on a

Friday, discovered land on a Friday, and re-entered the port of Palos on a Friday. These curious coincidences should have sufficed, one might think, to dispel, especially with American mariners, the superstitious dread, still so prevalent, of commencing a voyage on that ominous day. Let us glance at the scene of the discoverer's return.

Great was the agitation in the little community of Palos, as they beheld the well-known vessel of the admiral re-entering their harbor. Their desponding imaginations had long since consigned him to a watery grave; for, in addition to the preternatural horrors which hung over the voyage, they had experienced the most stormy and disastrous winter within the recollection of the oldest mariners. Most of them had relatives or friends on board. They througed immediately to the shore, to assure themselves with their own eyes of the truth of their return. When they beheld their faces once more, and saw them accompanied by the numerous evidences which they brought back of the success of the expedition, they burst forth in acclamations of joy and gratulation. They awaited the landing of Columbus, when the whole population of the place accompanied him and his crew to the principal church, where solemn thanksgivings were offered up for their return; while every bell in the village sent forth a joyous peal in honor of the glorious event. The admiral was too desirous of presenting himself before the sovereigns, to protract his stay long at Palos. He took with him on his journey

specimens of the multifarious products of the newlydiscovered regions. He was accompanied by several of the native islanders, arrayed in their simple barbaric costume, and decorated, as he passed through the principal cities, with collars, bracelets, and other ornaments of gold, rudely fashioned; he exhibited also considerable quantities of the same metal in dust, or in crude masses, numerous vegetable exotics possessed of aromatic or medicinal virtue, and several kinds of quadrupeds unknown in Europe, and birds whose varieties of gaudy plumage gave a brilliant effect to the pageant. The admiral's progress through the country was everywhere impeded by the multitudes thronging forth to gaze at the extraordinary spectacle, and the more extraordinary man, who, in the emphatic language of that time, which has now lost its force from its familiarity, first revealed the existence of a "New World." As he passed through the busy, populous city of Seville, every window, balcony, and housetop, which could afford a glimpse of him, is described to have been crowded with spectators. It was the middle of April before Columbus reached Barcelona. The nobility and cavaliers in attendance on the court, together with the authorities of the city, came to the gates to receive him, and escorted him to the royal presence. Ferdinand and Isabel were seated, with their son, Prince John, under a superb canopy of state, awaiting his arrival. On his approach they rose from their seats, and, extending their hands to him to salute, caused him

to be seated before them. These were unprecedented marks of condescension to a person of Columbus's rank, in the haughty and ceremonious court of Castile. It was, indeed, the proudest moment in the life of Columbus. He had fully established the truth of his long-contested theory, in the face of argument, sophistry, sneer, skepticism, and contempt. He had achieved this, not by chance, but by calculation, supported through the most adverse circumstances by consummate conduct. The honors paid him, which had hitherto been reserved only for rank, or fortune, or military success, purchased by the blood and tears of thousands, were, in his case, an homage to intellectual power, successfully exerted in behalf of the noblest interest of humanity.

After a brief interval, the sovereigns requested from Columbus a recital of his adventures. His manner was sedate and dignified, but warmed by the glow of natural enthusiasm. He enumerated the several islands which he had visited, expatiated on the temperate character of the climate, and the capacity of the soil for every variety of agricultural production, appealing to the samples imported by him as evidence of their natural fruitfulness. He dwelt more at large on the precious metals to be found in these islands; which he inferred less from the specimens actually obtained, than from the uniform testimony of the natives to their abundance in the unexplored regions of the interior. Lastly, he pointed out the wide scope afforded to Christian

zeal in the illumination of a race of men, whose minds, far from being wedded to any system of idolatry, were prepared, by their extreme simplicity, for the reception of pure and uncorrupted doctrine. The last consideration touched Isabel's heart most sensibly; and the whole audience, kindled with various emotions by the speaker's eloquence, filled up the perspective with the gorgeous coloring of their own fancies, as ambition, or avarice, or devotional feeling predominated in their bosoms. When Columbus ceased, the king and queen, together with all present, prostrated themselves on their knees in grateful thanksgivings, while the solemn strains of the Te Deum were poured forth by the choir of the royal chapel, as in commemoration of some glorious victory.

It would be beside our present purpose here to enlarge upon the progress of discovery; the trials of the enthusiastic sailor on his second, third, and fourth voyages; the misconduct of the colonists; the complaints against Columbus; and the ignominious treatment which he received at the hands of the royal commissioner Bobadilla, before that vain and foolish man could be withdrawn from an office which he had disgraced. Suffice it to say, that amidst all his trials and misfortunes the illustrious discoverer was always comforted by the sympathy of his royal mistress. He relied, and not in vain, on the good faith and kindness of Isabel; for, as an ancient Castilian writer remarks: "She had ever favored him beyond the king her hus-

band, protecting his interests, and showing him especial kindness and goodwill."

In connection with the grand episode in the world's history, let it not be forgotten that Isabel's other measures generally were characterized by that practical good sense, without which the most brilliant parts may work more to the woe than to the weal of mankind. Though engaged all her life in reforms, she had none of the failings so common in reformers. Her plans, though vast, were never visionary. The best proof of this is, that she lived to see the most of them realized.

She was quick to discern objects of real utility. She saw the importance of the new discovery of printing, and liberally patronized it from the first moment it appeared. She had none of the exclusive local prejudices too common with her countrymen. She drew talent from the most remote quarters to her dominions by munificent rewards. ported foreign artisans for her manufactures; foreign engineers and officers for the discipline of her army; and foreign scholars to imbue her martial subjects with more cultivated tastes. She consulted the useful in all her subordinate regulations; in her sumptuary laws, for instance, directed against the fashionable extravagances of dress, and the ruinous ostentation so much affected by the Castilians in their weddings and funerals. Lastly, she showed the same perspicacity in the selection of her agents; well knowing that the best measures become bad in incompetent hands.

In the beginning of 1495, Isabel lost her chief counsellor and great favorite, the Cardinal Men doza, whom she visited on his death-bed, undertaking the office of his executrix, and at whose suggestion she named as his successor Francisco Ximenes—afterward so famous—a humble friar of the order of St. Francis, who had been for some time the queen's confessor; to whom we are indebted for the great monastic reforms introduced into Spain, the queen herself aiding in the work by entering the different cloisters, and, while employed with her needle and distaff, by the force of her example and her exhortations proving to the idle and dissipated nuns the beneficial effects of a well-spent life. Cardinal Ximenes was a man of pure and ascetic life, a stern, unbending disposition, unbounded fanaticism and perseverance, unscrupulous in the use of means, but untinged by worldly considerations. It was under Isabel's sanction that this man undid in a few months the beneficent work that seven years of peace and a rule of matchless wisdom and integrity had effected in the conquered kingdom of Granada, himself directing that terrible engine, the Inquisition, and forcing on an insurrection which was not put down till, at least in name, not a Moor was to be found in the kingdom. Christian blood also flowed in torrents; amongst others fell the brave Aguilar, the fifth lord of his illustrious race who had met death in the field fighting against the Moors.

We must say a single word as to the beneficent

sway of the two eminent men whose labors were thus overthrown. The Count of Tendilla, the military commander, was the very soul of honor; Talavera, the archbishop, was conspicuous for his Christian virtues. They went hand in hand in every good work. Talavera's maxim was, that the Moors were yet but babes, and must be fed on milk. Though already an old man, he studied Arabic, and translated portions of the Scriptures, to facilitate his work with the infidels, but was very wary in baptizing converts. He spent nearly his entire revenues in public works and alms. In times of scarcity, he several times sold his furniture, and his plate was twice bought back by the Count Tendilla, the aged man declaring he would sell it a hundred times to relieve the wants of the people. At another time, he gave away his only mule, saying, "He could not afford to keep her while the poor were hungering." Two hundred and fifty persons fed daily at his table. But we quit the subject, having given only a tithe of the glories and benefits which were now, alas! brought to naught. He saw the destruction of the people whom he loved as his own soul, but dare not stretch forth a hand to succor them. Soon, however, he was not, for God took him. Isabel, soon after these events, published a decree for the expulsion of all the adult Moors from Castile and Leon, and parents were thus torn from their children, unless when in despair they embraced the alternative of baptism. It was for such services as

these that the Pope bestowed on Isabel the title of Catholic!

We have now little else to record than a long, sad list of domestic losses and trials. Six months after his marriage, and before the fêtes were concluded, Prince Juan, who had never been strong, was cut down by fever, in a few days' illness. her anguish the queen found strength to say, "The Lord hath given and the Lord hath taken away. blessed be his name!" The whole nation mourned the loss, and the court wore sackcloth as mourning, instead of the white serge formerly used. prince's favorite hound, Brutus, followed the corpse to the tomb, and there lay down and died. Hopes were entertained of an heir, but these, too, were blasted by the birth of a still-born child. succession now devolved on the queen's eldest daughter, Isabel, who had at this time married the King of Portugal, cousin and successor of her first husband; but in eighteen months she died in giving birth to a son, a frail little being, who in his second year sank into the grave, as if unable to sustain the triple diadem which hung suspended over his head. From the shock of these successive blows, the queen never thoroughly recovered. For some time, indeed, after the death of her idolized Isabel, she had remained seriously ill. It was with sadness she now saw that her fair inheritance must descend to her daughter Juana, who already showed symptoms of that weakness of intellect, which ended in the total loss of reason. In 1500 this unfortunate

princess had given birth to a son, afterward the renowned Emperor Charles V., and in the following year Philip and Juana arrived in Spain, and were sworn heirs to the kingdom. Whatever comfort the queen might have had in the society of her daughter, was embittered by her daily-increasing alienation of mind, and by the sight of Philip's open indifference and disrespect toward his wife, who doated on him. Deaf to all arguments, he soon left her, and returned to the Netherlands, and we do not remember reading of any thing more affecting than the inconsolable condition of the unhappy Juana, whose whole soul was centred in her cold, careless husband. She spent her weary days mute and motionless, her eyes fixed on the ground, and not even the birth of her second son, Ferdinand, afterward emperor, had the power of rousing her or assuaging her grief. At length, having received an invitation from her husband, she, in the dreary month of November, and in the queen's absence, went forth on foot, without making the slightest preparation, evidently with the vague intention of joining her husband. Remonstrance being vain, her attendants closed the castle gates, which so infuriated the princess, that, vowing vengeance, she refused to return to her apartments, and remained uncovered all night at the gates. This went on for some days, all she would concede being to take refuge during the night in a wretched outbuilding used as a kitchen, but there she was again at the gates from the dawn of day to its close; and when the queen returned, as fast as her own growing weakness would permit, it needed all her influence to persuade the wretched princess to re-enter the castle. Behold, revolve, and learn, ere you turn away from the sight of this daughter of a hundred kings, the heir of two mighty kingdoms, standing at the closed portal, a poor, shivering maniac, bereft of all, and strong in nothing save love, that undying love, at once woman's greatest glory and her deepest misfortune.

Isabel, now seeing how vain was all opposition, soon suffered her daughter to depart: but grief and fatigue told fatally on her own broken health, and the news of a disgraceful scene that had occurred between Philip and Juana, in which, in a fit of jealousy, she personally assaulted the fair object of it, and caused the beautiful locks which had excited his admiration to be shorn, threw the unhappy queen into a violent fever, which she never entirely threw off. The deepest gloom overspread the kingdom. Prayers, processions, and pilgrimages were made for their queen, while an earthquake and tremendous hurricane were to the superstitious portents of coming evil. There she lay, at Medina del Campo, "her whole system pervaded by a consuming fever," while to every Spaniard it seemed as if the nation itself were about to pass away with her who was its greatest glory. Amidst pain, mental and physical, Isabel retained her dauntless energy, and from her couch directed the affairs of her kingdom, which had lately been threatened

with a French invasion. She received and conversed with distinguished foreigners, amongst others the celebrated Prospero Colonna, who said, "he had come to see the woman who, from her couch, governed the world." Isabel died November 26, 1504, in the fifty-fourth year of her age. Her last moments were uncheered by the presence of any of her family. In her will were many wise provisions, and much tender mention of Ferdinand, who seems, by his many infidelities and selfish coldness, to have ill requited her constant regard. She desired to be buried with the utmost simplicity, and in her favorite city of Granada. The funeral procession was assailed by such storms, that three weeks elapsed ere it reached its destination. The swollen mountain torrents tore up the roads; bridges were carried away, and plains submerged. Horses and mules, and more than one of their riders perished. During the whole time, the sad cavalcade saw neither sun nor stars. length dust to dust, and, in the monastery of St. Isabel, within the glorious Alhambra, lay side by side the conqueror and the conquered. Her remains were afterward removed, and placed beside those of Ferdinand, who survived her twelve years, in the mausoleum of the cathedral church of Granada.

In the downward progress of things in Spain, some of the most ill-advised measures of her administration have found favor, and been perpetuated, while the more salutary have been forgotten.

This may lead to a misconception of her real merits. In order to estimate these, we must listen to the voice of her contemporaries, the eye-witnesses of the condition in which she found the state, and in which she left it. We shall then see but one judgment formed of her, whether by foreigners or natives. The French and Italian writers equally join in celebrating the triumphant glories of her reign, and her magnanimity, wisdom, and purity of character. Her own subjects extol her as "the most brilliant exemplar of every virtue," and mourn over the day of her death as "the last of the prosperity and happiness of their country." While those who had nearer access to her person are unbounded in their admiration of those amiable qualities, whose full power is revealed only in the unrestrained intimacies of domestic life. The judgment of posterity has ratified the sentence of her own age. The most enlightened Spaniards of the present day, by no means insensible to the errors of her government, but more capable of appreciating its merits than those of a less-instructed age, bear honorable testimony to her deserts; and, while they pass over the bloated magnificence of succeeding monarchs, who arrest the popular eye, dwell with enthusiasm on Isabel's character, as the most truly great in their line of princes.

THE EARNEST CHRISTIAN.

MRS. ELIZABETH ROWE.

The tyrannic measures which Charles II. was induced to adopt against the nonconformists, consigned to the jail of Ilchester, in Somersetshire, Walter Singer, a gentleman of good family, and a dissenting minister, but neither a native nor an inhabitant of the place where he was imprisoned. Mrs. Elizabeth Portness, a pious lady of Ilchester, visited those persons who suffered for conscience sake; an acquaintance thus began, which ended in marriage when Mr. Singer was released. They had three daughters, two of whom died young. After the death of his wife, Mr. Singer removed from Ilchester to Frome, in the same county, where he had an estate.

Mr. Singer was firm in his own principles, but tolerant to those of others. He was on terms of friendship with Lord Weymouth, and was frequently visited by Bishop Kenn. He brought up his children in his own spirit of charity, and the whole life of his daughter Elizabeth revealed the pure and gentle influence of such teaching. She was the eldest of his three children, and the only one who lived to an advanced age: of her two sisters, she lost one in childhood; the other, who had a passion for study, and especially for medicine, in which she made considerable proficiency, reached her twentieth year, and died.

Elizabeth was born in 1674. She early displayed a great fondness for books, and a taste for poetry and painting, remarkable in one of her years. She was scarcely twelve when she began to write verses; at a still earlier age, she made attempts in drawing, and squeezed out the juices of herbs to serve her instead of colors. Mr. Singer procured her a master; and though she never attained any extraordinary proficiency in this delightful art, it was to her a source of constant pleasure during the whole of her long life.

Poetry was, however, the favorite amusement of Elizabeth Singer; for she does not appear to have ever considered it in any other light. She wrote verses with great facility, but seldom corrected her compositions; to which she attached little value. Poetry was to her an elegant and harmonious expression of thought and feeling; but she did not seek, and she certainly did not reach, that ideal beauty which is at once the delight and despair of art. Her temper was, however, essentially artistic, warm, and overflowing with life. Her conversation is represented as extremely captivating; she made many friends, and kept them all.

At the time when her poetic efforts were con-

fined to the circle of home, some verses which she wrote drew the attention of the Weymouth family. She was not then twenty; but this incident was the origin of a long and pleasant friendship. The Honorable Mr. Thynne, son of Lord Weymouth, undertook to teach her the Italian language, in which she made rapid progress. In 1696, being then twenty-two, she published, at the request of her friends, various poems, to which she prefixed the poetical name of Philomela. A paraphrase of the thirty-eighth chapter of Job, written at the suggestion of Bishop Kenn, procured her some reputation.

Literary success changed nothing in her calm and domestic life; the friendship of the polite and the great, found and left her in her quiet home. The happiness which she thus enjoyed was deep, though peaceful. She loved her father with all the tenderness and reverence due to his virtues; an extract from a letter shows her feelings: "I have ease and plenty to the extent of my wishes, and can form desires of nothing but what my father's indulgence would procure; and I ask nothing of heaven but the good old man's life. The perfect sanctity of his life, and the benevolence of his temper make him a refuge to all in distress, to the widow and fatherless; the people load him with blessings and prayers when he goes abroad, which he never does but to reconcile his neighbors, or to right the injured and oppressed; the rest of his hours are entirely devoted to his private devotions, and to books, which are his perpetual entertainment." This excellent man, to whose example his daughter was, no doubt, deeply indebted, died in 1719, in sentiments of great piety. A friend, who witnessed his last hours, observed that he settled his affairs, and took leave of the world, with as much freedom and composure as if he had been setting out on a journey. His great care was to see that the widows and orphans with whose concerns he had been intrusted, might not be injured after his death. His cheerfulness and sweetness of temper never forsook him; but he sometimes felt his pulse, complained that it was still so regular, and smiled with a Christian's triumph at every sign and symptom of approaching death.

His only surviving daughter was already a widow when this event took place. Her charming countenance, agreeable conversation, and gentle temper, had early secured her a sufficient number of admirers; amongst the rest, Prior, the poet, who answered one of her pastorals in a very tender strain, and wished, it is said, to marry her; but she would not go beyond friendship with him. The young and learned Thomas Rowe was the preferred suitor. They were married in 1710; Elizabeth Singer being then thirty-six, her husband but twentythree. Time, which had not taken from her the simplicity and purity of youth, had left her its freshness and comely aspect; without being a perfect beauty, she was extremely attractive. She had hair of a fine auburn hue; eyes of a deep grey, in-

clining to blue, and full of fire, per complexion was exquisitely pure; her voice soft and harmonious. The passion which her husband folt for her was both ardent and sincere, her gertleness, her compliance with his wishes, the many virtues which he daily witnessed in her life, endeared her to him; and marriage only increased his affection. They had been united about five years, when a fatal consumption, partly brought on by intense study, carried him off, in the twenty-eighth year of his age. He died, as he had wished to die, in the arms of his wife. She had attended on him during his illness with devoted affection; and though she survived him many years, she could not, a short time before her own death, hear his name mentioned without shedding fresh tears at the loss it recalled.

It was only to please her husband that Mrs. Rowe had ever lived, even for a time, in London. After his death she indulged her passion for solitude, by residing almost entirely at Frome; where, like her father, she devoted her days to piety, good deeds, and books. She gave little time to dress, none to play or pleasure; her leisure was devoted to literary works of a moral character, and to labors of charity. She was constantly engaged in making garments for the poor; she did so not only for the natives of the lower Palatinate, when the war drove them from their country, but also for whosoever around her needed such aid. She visited the sick, and instructed poor children; or caused them to be instructed at her expense. She never went out

without being provided with coins of different value, to give away to objects of charity. The first sum of money which she received from a publisher was bestowed on a family in distress, and she once sold a piece of plate for a similar purpose.

She carried her indifference in money matters to an excess; there was no life she hated so much as the sordid and ungenerous love of gold, and none of which she was less guilty. She let her estates beneath their real value, and would not even allow unwilling tenants to be threatened with the seizure of their goods. But another trait of her character seems to us to paint her in a still more amiable light. Mrs. Rowe did not confine her charity to the miserable; she thought that "it was one of the greatest benefits that could be done to mankind, to free them from the cares and anxieties that attend a narrow fortune;" and she accordingly made large presents to persons who were not in the extremity of want. There are few, we believe, who are unable to feel the pleasure which attends the relief of great misery; but only the most delicate minds, and the most generous hearts, can experience the peculiar gratification which Mrs. Rowe found in relieving, not mere physical distress, but also those many painful cares which are the torment of poverty, as distinguished from want.

The solitude in which Mrs. Rowe lived did not separate her from many valued friends. Her name occurs frequently in the pleasant letters addressed by the Countess of Hartford to Dr. Isaac Watts;

and when this eminent man edited her "Devout Exercises of the Heart," it was to the countess that he dedicated them. All the poetical ardor which characterized Mrs. Rowe's turn of mind appears in this work; once widely popular, and still read by those who are not tempted to smile at the mysticism of a pure and pious heart. Tenderness and enthusiasm are essential to the religion of woman: that of man is more properly belief; hers is love. We will make no extracts from the Devout Exercises, but we will transcribe from Mrs. Rowe's secret effusions a page which needs no comment.

"I consecrate half of my yearly income to charitable uses; and though by this, according to human appearances, I have reduced myself to some necessity, I cast all my care on that gracious God to whom I am devoted, and to whose truth I subscribe with my hand. I attest his faithfulness, and bring in my testimony to the veracity of his word; I set to my seal that God is true; and O, by the God of truth, I swear to perform this, and beyond this All that I have, beyond the bare convenience and necessity of life, shall surely be the Lord's; and O grant me sufficiency, that I may abound in every good work! O let me be the messenger of consolation to the poor! Here I am, Lord; send me. Let me have the honor to administer to the necessities of my brethren. I am, indeed, unworthy to wipe the feet of the least of the servants of my Lord, much more unworthy of this glorious commission; and yet, O send me, for thy goodness is free. Send whom thou wilt on embassies to kings and rulers of the earth, but let me be a servant to the servants of my Lord. Let me administer to the afflicted members of my exalted and glorious Redeemer. Let this be my lot, and I give the glories of the world to the wind."

This solemn vow, which, as Mrs. Rowe herself expressed it, in another part of her manuscripts, "was not made in an hour of fear and distress, but in the joy and gratitude of her soul," was religiously fulfilled, even when it exposed her to much personal inconvenience. To the end of her life, the poor shared with her in those blessings which she held from the bounty of God.

In 1736, her health began to fail. She prepared herself for death in that cheerful spirit with which she had lived. There seemed, however, no immediate cause for fear. After spending an evening in friendly conversation, she went up to her room; where, shortly afterward, her servant found her in the agonies of death. She was, according to her request, quietly buried by the side of her father, in their place of worship at Frome. Like him, she was lamented by all those who had known her, and by none more than the poor. Amongst her papers were found several letters addressed to valued friends. They express, in ardent and confident language, the belief that, like the spirit, the affections are immortal. To the end, the religion of Elizabeth Rowe remained a religion of love. To love God and his creatures had been her delight on earth, and she hoped to do both in heaven. As she fervently expresses it, "That benignity, that divine charity, which just warms the soul in these cold regions, will shine with new lustre, and burn with an eternal ardor in the happy seats of peace and love."

THE STAR OF AUSTRIA.

MARIA THERESA,

ARCHDUCHESS of Austria, Queen of Hungary and Bohemia, and Empress of Germany, born in 1717, was the eldest daughter of Charles VI. of Austria, Emperor of Germany. In 1724, Charles, by his will, known as the Pragmatic Sanction, regulated the order of succession in the house of Austria, declaring that in default of male issue, his eldest daughter should be heiress of all the Austrian dominions, and her children after her. The Pragmatic Sanction was guaranteed by the diet of the empire, and by all the German princes, and by several powers of Europe, but not by the Bourbons. In 1736, Maria Theresa married Francis of Lorraine, who, in 1737, became Grand-duke of Tuscany; and in 1739, Francis, with his consort, repaired to Florence.

Upon the death of Charles VI., in 1740, the ruling powers of Prussia, Bavaria, Saxony, France, Spain, and Sardinia, agreed to dismember the Austrian monarchy, to portions of which each laid

claim. Maria Theresa, however, went immediately to Vienna, and took possession of Austria, Bohemia, and her other German states; she then repaired to Presburg, took the oaths to the constitution of Hungary, and was solemnly proclaimed queen of that kingdom in 1741. Frederic of Prussia offered the young queen his friendship on condition of her giving up to him Silesia, which she resolutely refused, and he then invaded that province. Elector of Bavaria, assisted by the French, also invaded Austria, and pushed his troops as far as Vienna. Maria Theresa took refuge in Presburg, where she convoked the Hungarian diet; and appearing in the midst of them with her infant son in her arms, she made a heart-stirring appeal to their loyalty. The Hungarian nobles, drawing their swords, unanimously exclaimed, "Moriamur pro Rege nostro, Maria Theresa!" "We will die for our queen, Maria Theresa." They raised an army and drove the French and Bavarians out of the hereditary states. What would have been their reflections could those brave loyal Hungarians have foreseen that, in little more than a century, a descendant of this idolized queen would trample on their rights, overthrow their constitution, massacre the nobles and patriots, and ravage and lay waste their beautiful land! Well would it be for men to keep always in mind the warning of the royal Psalmist, "Put not your trust in princes."

In the mean time, Charles Albert, Elector of Bavaria, was chosen Emperor of Germany, by the diet assembled at Frankfort, under the name of Charles VII.

Frederic of Prussia soon made peace with Maria Theresa, who was obliged to surrender Silesia to him. In 1745, Charles VII. died, and Francis, Maria Theresa's husband, was elected emperor. In 1748, the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle terminated the war of the Austrian succession, and Maria Theresa was left in possession of all her hereditary dominions, except Silesia. In 1756, began the Seven Years' war between France, Austria, and Russia, on one side, and Prussia on the other. It ended in 1763, leaving Austria and Prussia with the same boundaries as before. In 1765, Maria Theresa lost her husband, for whom she wore mourning till her death. Her son Joseph was elected emperor. She however retained the administration of the government.

The only act of her political life with which she can be reproached is her participation in the first partition of Poland; and this she did very unwillingly, only when she was told that Russia and Prussia would not regard her disapproval, and that her refusal would endanger her own dominions.

The improvements Maria Theresa made in her dominions were many and important. She abolished torture, also the rural and personal services the peasants of Bohemia owed to their feudal superiors. She founded or enlarged in different parts of her extensive dominions several academies for the improvement of the arts and sciences; insti-

tuted numerous seminaries for the education of all ranks of the people; reformed the public schools, and ordered prizes to be distributed among the students who made the greatest progress in learning, or were distinguished for propriety of behavior, or purity of morals. She established prizes for those who excelled in different branches of manufacture, in geometry, mining, smelting metals, and even spinning. She particularly turned her attention to agriculture, which, on a medal struck by her order, was entitled the "Art which nourishes all other arts;" and founded a society of agriculture at Milan, with bounties to the peasants who obtained the best crops. She took away the pernicious rights which the convents and churches enjoyed of affording sanctuary to all criminals without distinction, and in many other ways evinced her regard for the welfare of the people. Although she was a pious and sincere Roman Catholic, not a blind devotee, but could discriminate between the temporal and spiritual jurisdiction. She put a check on the power of the Inquisition, which was finally abolished during the reign of her sons. She possessed the strong affection of her Belgian subjects; and never was Lombardy so prosperous or tranquil as under her reign. The population increased from 900,000 to 1,130,000. During her forty years' reign she showed an undeviating love of justice, truth, and clemency; and her whole conduct was characterized by a regard for propriety and self-respect.

Maria Theresa was, in her youth, exceedingly beautiful; and she retained the majesty, grace, and elegance of queenly attractiveness to the close of her life. She was sincere in her affection for her husband, and never marred the power of her loveliness by artifice or coquetry. She used her gifts and graces not for the gratification of her own vanity, to win lovers, but as a wise sovereign to gain over refractory subjects; and she succeeded: thus showing how potent is the moral strength with which woman is endowed. This queen has been censured for what was styled "neglect of her children."

Maria Theresa was the mother of sixteen children, all born within twenty years. There is every reason to suppose that her naturally warm affection, and her strong sense, would have rendered her, in a private station, an admirable, an exemplary parent; and it was not her fault, but rather her misfortune, that she was placed in a situation where the most sacred duties and feelings of her sex became in some measure secondary. While her numerous family were in their infancy, the empress was constantly and exclusively occupied in the public duties and cares of her high station; the affairs of government demanded almost every moment of her time. The court physician, Von Swietar, waited on her each morning at her levee, and brought her a minute report of the health of the princes and princesses. If one of them was indisposed, the mother, laying aside all other cares, immediately hastened to their apartment. They all spoke and wrote Italian with elegance and facility. Her children were brought up with extreme simplicity. They were not allowed to indulge in personal pride or caprice; their benevolent feelings were cultivated both by precept and example. They were sedulously instructed in the "Lives of the Saints," and all the tedious forms of unmeaning devotion, in which, according to the sincere conviction of their mother, all true piety consisted. A high sense of family pride, an unbounded devotion to the house of Austria, and to their mother, the empress, as the head of that house, was early impressed upon their minds, and became a ruling passion, as well as a principle of conduct with all of them.

We have only to glance back upon the history of the last fifty years to see the result of this mode of education. We find that the children of Maria Theresa, transplanted into different countries of Europe, carried with them their national and family prejudices; that some of them, in later years, supplied the defects of their early education, and became remarkable for talent and for virtue; that all of them, even those who were least distinguished and estimable, displayed occasionally both goodness of heart and elevation of character; and that their filial devotion to their mother, and what they considered her interests, was carried to an excess, which in one or two instances proved fatal to themselves. Thus it is apparent that her mater-

nal duties were not neglected: had this been the case, she could never have acquired such unbounded influence over her children.

Maria Theresa had long been accustomed to look death in the face; and when the hour of trial came, her resignation, her fortitude, and her humble trust in heaven, never failed her. Her agonies during the last ten days of her life were terrible, but never drew from her a single expression of complaint or impatience. She was only appreheusive that her reason and her physical strength might fail her together. She was once heard to say, "God grant that these sufferings may soon terminate, for otherwise, I know not if I can much longer endure them."

After receiving the last sacraments, she summoned all her family to her presence, and solemnly recommended them to the care of the Emperor Joseph, her eldest son. "My son," said she, "as you are the heir to all my worldly possessions, I cannot dispose of them; but my children are still, as they have ever been, my own. I bequeath them to you; be to them a father. I shall die contented if you promise to take that office upon you." She then turned to her son Maximilian and her daughters, blessed them individually, in the tenderest terms, and exhorted them to obey and honor their elder brother as their father and sovereign. After repeated fits of agony and suffocation, endured, to the last, with the same invariable serenity and patience, death at length released her, and she expired

on the 29th of November, 1780, in her sixty-fourth year. She was undoubtedly the greatest and best ruler who ever swayed the imperial sceptre of Austria; while, as a woman, she was one of the most amiable and exemplary of those in high station who lived in the eighteenth century.

THE PASTOR'S HELPMATE.

MADELEINE SALOME OBERLIN,

DISTINGUISHED for her intelligence, piety, and the perfect unison of soul which she enjoyed with her husband, the good and great John Frederic Oberlin, was born at Strasburg, in France. Her father, M. Witter, a min of property, who had married a relative of the Oberlin family, gave his daughter an excellent education. John James Oberlin was the pastor of Waldbach, a small village in the Ban de la Roche, or Valley of Stones, a lonely, sterile place, in the north-eastern part of France. Here he devoted himself to the duties of his holy office, doing good to all around him. Under his care and instruction, the poor, ignorant peasantry became pious, industrious, and happy. In all his actions he followed what he believed to be a divine influence, or the leadings of Providence; and his courtship and marriage were guided by his religious feelings. Oberlin's sister resided with him at Waldbach, and managed his house. Madeleine Witter came to visit Sophia Oberlin. Miss Witter was amiable, and her mind had been highly

cultivated; but she was fond of fashion and display. Twice had Frederic Oberlin declined to marry young ladies who had been commended to him, because he had felt an inward admonition hat neither of these was for him. But now when Madeleine came before him, the impression was different. Two days prior to her intended departure, a voice seemed to whisper distinctly, "Take her for thy partner!" "It is impossible," thought he; "our dispositions do not agree." Still the secret voice whispered, "Take her for thy partner!" He slept little that night, and in his morning prayer, he carnestly entreated God to give him a sign whether this event was in accordance with the divine will; solemnly declaring that if Madeleine acceded to the proposition with great readiness, he should consider the voice he had heard as a leading of Providence.

He found his cousin in the garden, and immediately began the conversation by saying, "You are about to leave us, my dear friend. I have received an intimation that you are destined to be the partner of my life. Before you go will you give me your candid opinion whether you can resolve upon this step?"

With blushing frankness, Madeleine placed her hand within his; and then he knew that she would be his wife.

They were married on the 6th of July, 1768. Miss Witter had been accustomed to protest that she would not marry a clergyman; but she was

devotedly attached to her excellent husband, and cordially assisted in all his plans. No dissatisfaction at her humble lot, no complaints of the arduous duties belonging to their peculiar situation, marred their mutual happiness. They were far removed from the vain excitements and tinsel splendor of the world; they were surrounded by the rude, illiterate peasantry; and every step in improvement was contested by ignorance and prejudice; but they were near each other, and both were near to God.

The following prayer, written soon after their union, shows what spirit pervaded their peaceful dwelling:—

PRAYER OF OBERLIN AND HIS WIFE FOR THE BLESS-ING AND GRACE OF GOD.

"Holy Spirit! descend into our hearts; assist us to pray with fervor from our inmost souls. Permit thy children, O gracious Father, to present themselves before thee, in order to ask of thee what is necessary for them. May we love each other only in thee, and in our Saviour Jesus Christ, as being members of his body. Enable us at all times to look solely to thee, to walk before thee, and to be united together in thee; that thus we may grow daily in the spiritual life.

"Grant that we may be faithful in the exercise of our duties, that we may stimulate each other therein, warning each other of our faults, and seek ng together for pardon in the blood of Jesus Christ, When we pray together (and may we pray much and frequently), be thou, O Lord Jesus, with us; kindle our fervor, O Heavenly Father, and grant us, for the sake of Jesus Christ, whatever thy Holy Spirit shall teach us to ask.

"Seeing that in this life thou hast placed the members of our household under our authority, give us wisdom and strength to guide them in a manner conformable to thy will. May we always set them a good example, following that of Abraham, who commanded his children and his household after him, to keep the way of the Lord, in doing what is right. If thou givest us children, and preservest them to us, O grant us grace to bring them up to thy service, to teach them early to know, to fear, and to love thee, and to pray to that God who has made a covenant with them, that, conformably to the engagement which will be undertaken for them at their baptism, they may remain faithful from the cradle to the grave. O Heavenly Father, may we inculcate thy word, according to thy will, all our lives, with gentleness, love and patience, both at their rising up and lying down, at home and abroad, and under all circumstances; and do thou render it meet for the children to whom thou hast given life only as a means of coming to thee.

"And when we go together to the Holy Supper, O ever give us renewed grace, renewed strength, and renewed courage, for continuing to walk in the

path to heaven; and, as we can only approach thy table four times in the year, grant that in faith we may much more frequently be there, yes, every day and every hour; that we may always keep death in view, and always be prepared for it; and if we may be permitted to solicit it of thee, O grant that we may not long be separated from each other, but that the death of the one may be speedily, and very speedily, followed by that of the other.

"Hear, O gracious Father, in the name of Jesus Christ, thy well-beloved son. And, O merciful Redeemer, may we both love thee with ardent devotion, always walking and holding communion with thee, not placing our confidence in our own righteousness and in our own works, but only in thy blood, and in thy merits. Be with us; preserve us faithful; and grant, Lord Jesus, that we may soon see thee. Holy Spirit, dwell always in our hearts; teach us to lift our thoughts continually to our gracious Father; impart to us thy strength, or thy consolation, as our wants may be And to thee, to the Father, and to the Son, be praise, honor, and glory, for ever and ever. Amen."

For sixteen years Mrs. Oberlin was a beloved friend and useful assistant to her husband. In their tastes and pursuits, in their opinions and feelings, they became entirely one. She managed his household discreetly, educated their children judiciously, and entered into all his benevolent plans with earnestness and prudence.

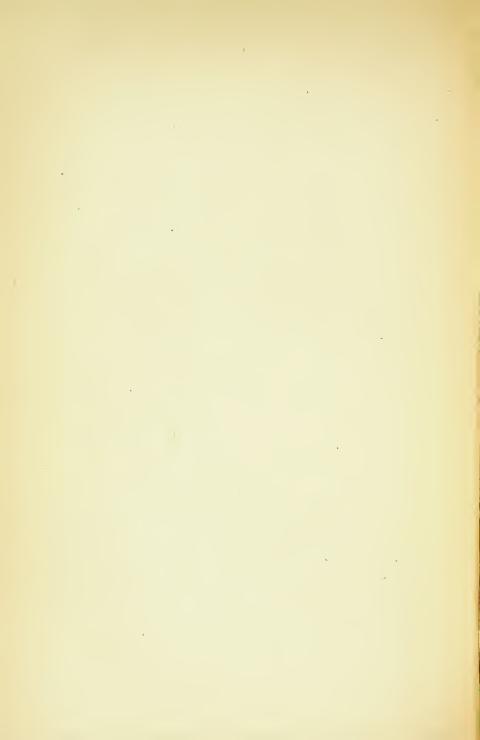
She died suddenly, in January, 1784, a few weeks after the birth of her ninth and last child. Her death was deeply mourned in the Ban de la Roche, for her assistance and sympathy had always been freely offered to the poor and the afflicted.

Oberlin survived his wife forty-two years; but never separated himself from her memory. He devoted several hours every day to thoughts of her; and held, as he thought, communion with her soul. Thus holy and eternal may be the true love of husband and wife.



MADELEINE OBERLIN VISITING THE SICK.

"She was devotedly attached to her excellent husband, and cordially assisted in all his plans. Her death was deeply mourned in the Ban de la Roche, for her assistance and sympathy had always been freely offered to the Door and afflicted."—Page 198.



THE CHILDREN'S FAVORITE.

ANNA LETITIA BARBAULD.

To whom the cause of rational education is much indebted, was the eldest child, and only daughter, of the Rev. John Aiken, D.D. She was born on the 20th of June, 1743, at Kibworth Harcourt, in Leicestershire, England, where her father was at that time master of a boys' school. From her childhood she manifested great quickness of intellect, and her education was conducted with much care by her parents. In 1773, she was induced to publish a volume of her poems, and within the year four editions of the work were called for. In the same year she published, in conjunction with her brother, Dr. Aiken, a volume called "Miscellaneous Pieces in Prose." In 1774, Miss Aiken married the Rev. Rochemont Barbauld, a dissenting minister, descended from a family of French Protestants. He had charge, at that time, of a congregation at Palgrave, in Suffolk, where he also opened a boarding-school for boys, the success of which is, in a great measure, to be attributed to Mrs. Barbauld's exertions. She also took several very young boys as her own entire charge, among whom were Lord Denman, afterward Chief Justice of England, and Sir William Gell. It was for these boys that she composed her "Hymns in Prose for Children." In 1775, she published a volume entitled, "Devotional Pieces, compiled from the Psalms of David," with "Thoughts on the Devotional Taste, and on Sects and Establishments;" and also her "Early Lessons," which still stands unrivaled among children's books.

In 1786, after a tour on the continent, Mr. and Mrs. Barbauld established themselves at Hampstead, and there several tracts proceeded from the pen of our authoress on the topics of the day, in all which she espoused the principles of the Whigs. She also assisted her father in preparing a series of tales for children, entitled "Evenings at Home," and she wrote critical essays on Akenside and Collins, prefixed to editions of their works. In 1802, Mr. Barbauld became pastor of the congregation (formerly Dr. Price's) at Newington Green, also in the vicinity of London; and, quitting Hampstead, they took up their abode in the village of Stoke Newington. In 1803, Mrs. Barbauld compiled a selection of essays from the "Spectator," "Tatler," and "Guardian," to which she prefixed a preliminary essay; and, in the following year, she edited the correspondence of Richardson and wrote an interesting and elegant life of the povelist. Her husband died in 1808, and Mrs. Bar auld has recorded her feelings on this melanchory event in a

poetical dirge to his memory, and also in her poem of "Eighteen Hundred and Eleven." Seeking relief in literary occupation, she also edited a collection of the British novelists, published in 1810, with an introductory essay, and biographical and critical notices. After a gradual decay, this accomplished and excellent woman died on the 9th of March, 1825. Some of the lyrical pieces of Mrs. Barbauld are flowing and harmonious, and her "Ode to Spring" is a happy imitation of Collins. She wrote also several poems in blank verse, characterized by a serious tenderness and elevation of "Her earliest pieces," says her niece, thought. Miss Lucy Aiken, "as well as her more recent ones, exhibit, in their imagery and allusions, the fruits of extensive and varied reading. In youth, the power of her imagination was counterbalanced by the activity of her intellect, which exercised itself in rapid but not unprofitable excursions over almost every field of knowledge. In age, when this activity abated, imagination appeared to exert over her an undiminished sway." Charles James Fox is said to have been a great admirer of Mrs. Barbauld's songs; but they are by no means the best of her compositions, being generally artificial, and unimpassioned in their character.

Her works show great powers of mind, an ardent love of civil and religious liberty, and that genuine and practical piety which ever distinguished her character.

In many a bosom has Mrs. Barbauld, "by deep,

strong, and permanent association, laid a foundation for practical devotion" in after life. In her highly-poetical language, only inferior to that of Holy Writ, when "the winter is over and gone, and buds come out on the trees, and the crimson blossoms of the peach and the nectarine are seen, and the green leaves sprout," what heart can be so insensible as not to join in the grand chorus of nature, and "on every hill, and in every green field, to offer the sacrifice of thanksgiving and the incense of praise!"

With each revolving year, the simple lessons of infancy are recalled to our minds, when we watch the beautiful succession of nature, and think, "How doth every plant know its season to put forth? They are marshaled in order; each one knoweth his place, and standeth up in his own rank."

"The snowdrop and the primrose make haste to lift their heads above the ground. When the spring cometh they say, here we are! The carnation waiteth for the full strength of the year; and the hardy laurustinus cheereth the winter months."

Who can observe all this, and not exclaim with her, "Every field is like an open book; every painted flower hath a lesson written on its leaves.

"Every murmuring brook hath a tongue; a voice is in every whispering wind.

"They all speak of him who made them; they all tell us he is very good."

Such sentiments, instilled into the hearts of children, have power, with the blessing of God, to pre-

serve the moral feelings pure and holy; and also to keep the love of nature and the memories of early life among the sweetest pleasures of mature life.

In a memoir written by Miss Lucy Aiken, the niece of Mrs. Barbauld, and kindred in genius as well as in blood, we find this beautiful and just description of the subject of our sketch:

"To claim for Mrs. Barbauld the praise of purity and elevation of mind may well appear superfluous. Her education and connections, the course of her life, the whole tenor of her writings, bear abundant testimony to this part of her character. It is a higher, or at least a rarer commendation to add, that no one ever better loved 'a sister's praise,' even that of such sisters as might have been peculiarly regarded in the light of rivals. She was acquainted with almost all the principal female writers of her time; and there was not one of the number whom she failed frequently to mention in terms of admiration, esteem, or affection, whether in conversation, in letters to her friends, or in print. humbler aspirants in the career of letters, who often applied to her for advice or assistance, she was invariably courteous, and in many instances essentially serviceable. The sight of youth and beauty was peculiarly gratifying to her fancy and her feelings; and children and young persons, especially females, were accordingly large sharers in her benevolence: she loved their society, and would often invite them to pass weeks or months in her

house, when she spared no pains to amuse and instruct them; and she seldom failed, after they had quitted her, to recall herself from time to time to their recollection, by affectionate and playful letters, or welcome presents.

"In the conjugal relation her conduct was guided by the highest principles of love and duty. As a sister, the uninterrupted flow of her affection, manifested by numberless tokens of love—not alone to her brother, but to every member of his family will ever be recalled by them with emotions of tenderness, respect, and gratitude. She passed through a long life without having dropped, it is said, a single friend."

Since the decease of Mrs. Barbauld, her productions have been collected, published in three volumes, and circulated widely both in England and the United States. Some of the prose articles are of extraordinary merit: the one which we here insert has rarely been excelled for originality of thought and vigor of expression. Its sentiments will never become obsolete, nor its truths lose their value.

ON EDUCATION.

The other day I paid a visit to a gentleman with whom, though greatly my superior in fortune, I have long been in habits of an easy intimacy. He rose in the world by honorable industry, and married rather late in life, a lady to whom he had been long attached, and in whom centered the wealth

of several expiring families. Their earnest wish for children was not immediately gratified. At length they were made happy by a son, who, from the moment he was born, engrossed all their care and attention. My friend received me in his library, where I found him busied in turning over books of education, of which he had collected all that were worthy of notice, from Xenophon to Locke, and from Locke to Catharine Macauley. As he knows I have been engaged in the business of instruction, he did me the honor to consult me on the subject of his researches, hoping, he said, that, out of all the systems before him, we should be able to form a plan equally complete and comprehensive; it being the determination of both himself and his lady to choose the best that could be had, and to spare neither pains nor expense in making their child all that was great and good. I gave him my thoughts with the utmost freedom, and after I returned home, threw upon paper the observations which had occurred to me.

The first thing to be considered, with respect to education, is the object of it. This appears to me to have been generally misunderstood. Education, in its largest sense, is a thing of great scope and extent. It includes the whole process by which a human being is formed to be what he is, in habits, principles, and cultivation of every kind. But of this, a very small part is in the power even of the parent himself; a smaller still can be directed by purchased tuition of any kind. You engage for

your child masters and tutors at large salaries; and you do well, for they are competent to instruct him; they will give him the means, at least, of acquiring science and accomplishments; but in the business of education, properly so called, they can do little for you. Do you ask, then, what will educate your son? Your example will educate him; your conversation with your friends; the business he sees you transact; the likings and dislikings you express; these will educate him;—the society you live in will educate him; your domestics will educate him; above all, your rank and situation in life, your house, your table, your pleas ure-grounds, your hounds and your stables will educate him. It is not in your power to withdraw him from the continual influence of these things, except you were to withdraw yourself from them also. You speak of beginning the education of your son. The moment he was able to form an idea his education was already begun; the education of circumstances—insensible education—which, like insensible perspiration, is of more constant and powerful effect, and of infinitely more consequence to the habit, than that which is more direct and apparent. This education goes on at every instant of time; it goes on like time; you can neither stop it nor turn its course. What these have a tendency to make your child, that he will be. Maxims and documents are good precisely till they are tried, and no longer; they will teach him to talk, and nothing more. The circumstances in which your

son is placed will be even more prevalent than your example; and you have no right to expect him to become what you yourself are, but by the same means. You, that have toiled during youth, to set your son upon higher ground, and to enable him o begin where you left off, do not expect that son to be what you were—diligent, modest, active, simple in his tastes, fertile in resources. You have put him under quite a different master. Poverty educated you; wealth will educate him. You cannot suppose the result will be the same. You must not even expect that he will be what you now are; for though relaxed perhaps from the severity of your frugal habits, you still derive advantage from having formed them; and, in your heart, you like plain dinners, and early hours, and old friends, whenever your fortune will permit you to enjoy them. But it will not be so with your son: his tastes will be formed by your present situation, and in no degree by your former one. But I take great care, you will say, to counteract these tendencies, and to bring him up in hardy and simple manners; I know their value, and am resolved that he shall acquire no other. Yes, you make him hardy; that is to say, you take a counting-house in a good air, and make him run, well clothed and carefully attended, for, it may be, an hour in a clear frosty winter's day upon your graveled terrace; or perhaps you take the puny shivering infant from his warm bed, and dip him in an icy-cold bath, and you think you have done great matters.

And so you have; you have done all you can. But you were suffered to run abroad half the day on a bleak heath, in weather fit and unfit, wading barefoot through dirty ponds, sometimes losing your way benighted, scrambling over hedges, climbing trees, in perils every hour both of life and limb. Your life was of very little consequence to any one; even your parents, encumbered with a numerous family, had little time to indulge the softnesses of affection, or the solicitude of anxiety; and to every one else it was of no consequence at all. It is not possible for you, it would not even be right for you, in your present situation, to pay no more attention to your child than was paid to you. In these mimic experiments of education, there is always something which distinguishes them from reality; some weak part left unfortified, for the arrows of misfortune to find their way into. Achilles was a young nobleman, dios Achilleus, and therefore, though he had Chiron for his tutor, there was one foot left undipped. You may throw by Rousseau; your parents practised without having read it; you may read, but imperious circumstances forbid you the practice of it.

You are sensible of the advantages of simplicity of diet; and you make a point of restricting that of your child to the plainest food, for you are resolved that he shall not be nice. But this plain food is of the choicest quality, prepared by your own cook; his fruit is ripened from your walls; his cloth, his glasses, all the accompaniments of the

table, are such as are only met with in families of opulence; the very servants who attend him are neat, well dressed, and have a certain air of fashion. You may call this simplicity; but I say he will be nice—for it is a kind of simplicity which only wealth can attain to, and which will subject him to be disgusted at all common tables. Besides, he will from time to time partake of those delicacies which your table abounds with; you yourself will give him of them occasionally; you would be unkind if you did not: your servants, if good natured, will do the same. Do you think you can keep the full stream of luxury running by his lips, and he not taste of it? Vain imagination!

I would not be understood to inveigh against wealth, or against the enjoyments of it; they are real enjoyments, and allied to many elegances in manners and in taste; I only wish to prevent unprofitable pains and inconsistent expectations.

You are sensible of the benefit of early rising; and you may, if you please, make it a point that your daughter shall retire with her governess, and your son with his tutor, at the hour when you are preparing to see company. But their sleep, in the first place, will not be so sweet and undisturbed amidst the rattle of carriages, and the glare of tapers glancing through the rooms, as that of the village child in his quiet cottage, protected by silence and darkness; and moreover, you may depend upon it, that as the coercive power of education is laid aside, they will in a few months slide

into the habitudes of the rest of the family, whose hours are determined by their company and situation in life. You have, however, done good, as far as it goes; it is something gained, to defer pernicious habits, if we cannot prevent them.

There is nothing which has so little share in education as direct precept. To be convinced of this, we need only reflect that there is no one point we labor more to establish with children, than that of their speaking truth; and there is not any in which we succeed worse. And why? Because children readily see we have an interest in it. Their speaking truth is used by us as an engine of government-"Tell me, my dear child, when you have broken any thing, and I will not be angry with you." "Thank you for nothing," says the child; "if I prevent you from finding it out, I am sure you will not be angry:" and nine times out of ten he can prevent it. He knows that, in the common intercourses of life, you tell a thousand falsehoods. But these are necessary lies on important occasions.

Your child is the best judge how much occasion he has to tell a lie: he may have as great occasion for it as you have to conceal a bad piece of news from a sick friend, or to hide your vexation from an unwelcome visitor. That authority which extends its claims over every action, and even every thought, which insists upon an answer to every interrogation, however indiscreet or oppressive to the feelings, will, in young or old, produce falsehood;

or, if in some few instances the deeply-imbibed fear of future and unknown punishment should restrain from direct falsehood, it will produce a habit of dissimulation, which is still worse. The child, the slave, or the subject, who, on proper occasions, may not say, "I do not choose to tell," will certainly, by the circumstances in which you place him, be driven to have recourse to deceit, even should he not be countenanced by your example.

I do not mean to assert that sentiments inculcated in education have no influence;—they have much, though not the most: but it is the sentiments we let drop occasionally, the conversation they overhear when playing unnoticed in a corner of the room, which has an effect upon children; and not what is addressed directly to them in the tone of exhortation. If you would know precisely the effect these set discourses have upon your child, be pleased to reflect upon that which a discourse from the pulpit, which you have reason to think merely professional, has upon you. Children have almost an intuitive discernment between the maxims you bring forward for their use, and those by which you direct your own conduct. Be as cunning as you will, they are always more cunning than you. Every child knows whom his father and mother love and see with pleasure, and whom they dislike; for whom they think themselves obliged to set out their best plate and china; whom they think it an honor to visit, and upon whom they confer honor by admitting them to their com

pany. "Respect nothing so much as virtue," says Eugenio to his son; "virtue and talents are the only grounds of distinction." The child presently has occasion to inquire why his father pulls off his hat to some people and not to others; he is told, that outward respect must be proportioned to different stations in life. This is a little difficult of comprehension: however, by dint of explanation, he gets over it tolerably well. But he sees his father's house in the bustle and hurry of preparation; common business laid aside, everybody in movement, an unusual anxiety to please and to shine. Nobody is at leisure to receive his caresses or attend to his questions; his lessons are interrupted, his hours deranged. At length a guest arrives: it is my Lord —, whom he has heard you speak of twenty times as one of the most worthless characters upon earth. Your child, Eugenio, has received a lesson of education. Resume, if you will, your systems of morality on the morrow, you will in vain attempt to eradicate it. "You expect company, mamma: must I be dressed to-day?" "No, it is only good Mrs. Such-a-one." Your child has received a lesson of education, one which he well understands, and will long remember. You have sent your child to a public school; but to secure his morals against the vice which you too justly apprehend abounds there, you have given him a private tutor, a man of strict morals and religion. He may help him to prepare his tasks; but do you imagine it will be in his power to form his

mind? His school-fellows, the allowance you give him, the manners of the age and of the place, will do that; and not the lectures which he is obliged to hear. If these are different from what you yourself experienced, you must not be surprised to see him gradually recede from the principles, civil and religious, which you hold, and break off from your connections, and adopt manners different from your own. This is remarkably exemplified amongst those of the Dissenters who have risen to wealth and consequence. I believe it would be difficult to find an instance of families, who for three generations have kept their carriage and continued Dissenters.

Education, it is often observed, is an expensive thing. It is so; but the paying for lessons is the smallest part of the cost. If you would go to the price of having your son a worthy man, you must be so yourself; your friends, your servants, your company must be all of that stamp. Suppose this to be the case, much is done: but there will remain circumstances which perhaps you cannot alter, that will still have their effect. Do you wish him to love simplicity? Would you be content to lay down your coach, to drop your title? Where is the parent who would do this to educate his son? You carry him to the workshops of artisans, and show him different machines and fabrics, to awaken his ingenuity. The necessity of getting his bread would awaken it much more effectually. The single circumstance of having a fortune to get, or a fortune

to spend, will probably operate more strongly upon his mind, not only than your precepts, but even than your example. You wish your child to be modest and unassuming; you are so, perhaps, yourself—and you pay liberally a preceptor for giving him lessons of humility. You do not perceive, that the very circumstance of having a man of letters and accomplishments retained about his person, for his sole advantage, tends more forcibly to inspire him with an idea of self-consequence than all the lessons he can give him to repress it. "Why do not you look sad, you rascal?" says the undertaker to his man in the play of 'The Funeral;' "I give you I know not how much money for looking sad, and the more I give you, the gladder I think you are." So will it be with the wealthy heir. The lectures that are given him on condescension and affability, only prove to him upon how much higher ground he stands than those about him; and the very pains that are taken with his moral. character will make him proud, by showing him how much he is the object of attention. You cannot help these things. Your servants, out of respect to you, will bear with his petulance; your company, out of respect to you, will forbear to check his impatience. And you yourself, if he is clever, will repeat his observations.

In the exploded doctrine of sympathies, you are directed, if you have cut your finger, to let that alone, and put your plaster upon the knife. This is very bad doctrine, I must confess, in philosophy;

but very good in morals. Is a man luxurious, self-indulgent? do not apply your physic of the soul to him, but cure his fortune. Is he haughty? cure his rank, his title. Is he vulgar? cure his company. Is he diffident or mean-spirited? cure his poverty, give him consequence—but these prescriptions go far beyond the family recipes of education.

What then is the result? In the first place, that we should contract our ideas of education, and expect no more from it than it is able to perform. It can give instruction. There will always be an essential difference between a human being cultivated and uncultivated. Education can provide proper instructors in the various arts and sciences, and portion out to the best advantage those precious hours of youth which never will return. It can likewise give, in a great degree, personal habits; and even if these should afterward give way under the influence of contrary circumstances, your child will feel the good effects of them, for the later and the less will he go into what is wrong. Let us also be assured that the business of education, properly so called, is not transferable. You may engage masters to instruct your child in this or the other accomplishment, but you must educate him yourself. You not only ought to do it, but you must do it, whether you intend it or no. As education is a thing necessary for all; for the poor and for the rich, for the illiterate as well as for the learned; Providence has not made it dependent upon systems uncertain, operose, and difficult of investigation. It is not necessary, with Rousseau or Madame Genlis, to devote to the education of one child the talents and the time of a number of grown men; to surround him with an artificial world; and to counteract, by maxims, the natural tendencies of the situation he is placed in in society. Every one has time to educate his child: the poor man educates him while working in his cottage—the man of business, while employed in his counting-house.

Do we see a father who is diligent in his profession, domestic in his habits, whose house is the resort of well-informed intelligent people—a mother whose time is usefully filled, whose attention to her duties secures esteem, and whose amiable manners attract affection? Do not be solicitous, respectable couple, about the moral education of your offspring; do not be uneasy because you cannot surround them with the apparatus of books and systems; or fancy that you must retire from the world to devote yourselves to their improvement. In your world they are brought up much better than they could be under any plan of factitious education which you could provide for them; they will imbibe affection from your caresses; taste from your conversation; urbanity from the commerce of your society; and mutual love from your example. Do not regret that you are not rich enough to provide tutors and governors to watch his steps with sedulous and servile anxiety, and furnish him with max

uns it is morally impossible he should act upon when grown up. Do not you see how seldom this over-culture produces its effect, and how many shining and excellent characters start up every day from the bosom of obscurity with scarcely any care at all?

Are children then to be neglected? Surely not; but having given them the instruction and accomplishments which their situation in life requires, let us reject superfluous solicitude, and trust that their characters will form themselves from the spontaneous influence of good examples, and circumstances which impel them to useful action.

But the education of your house, important as it is, is only a part of a more comprehensive system. Providence takes your child where you leave him. Providence continues his education upon a larger scale, and by a process which includes means far more efficacious. Has your son entered the world at eighteen, opinionated, haughty, rash, inclined to dissipation? Do not despair; he may yet be cured of these faults, if it please Heaven. There are remedies which you could not persuade yourself to use, if they were in your power, and which are specific in cases of this kind. How often do we see the presumptuous, giddy youth changed into . the wise counselor, the considerate, steady friend! how often the thoughtless, gay girl into the sober wife, the affectionate mother! Faded beauty, humbled self-consequence, disappointed ambition, loss of fortune—this is the rough physic provided by

Providence to meliorate the temper, to correct the offensive petulances of youth, and bring out all the energies of the finished character. Afflictions soften the proud; difficulties push forward the ingenious; successful industry gives consequence and credit, and develops a thousand latent good qualities. There is no malady of the mind so inveterate, which this education of events is not calculated to cure if life were long enough; and shall we not hope that He, in whose hand are all the remedial processes of nature, will renew the discipline in another state, and finish the imperfect man?

States are educated as individuals—by circumstances; the prophet may cry aloud, and spare not; the philosopher may descant on morals; eloquence may exhaust itself in invective against the vices of the age; these vices will certainly follow certain states of poverty or riches, ignorance or high civilization. But what these gentle alternatives fail of doing may be accomplished by an unsuccessful war, a loss of trade, or any of those great calamities by which it pleases Providence to speak to a nation in such language as will be heard. If, as a nation, we would be cured of pride, it must be by mortification; if of luxury, by a national bankruptcy, perhaps; if of injustice, or the spirit of domination, by a loss of national consequence. In comparison of these strong remedies, a fast, or a sermon, are prescriptions of very little efficacy.

A short extract from another excellent Essay we

will here introduce, for its good sense, and striking application to the present times:—

ON INCONSISTENCY IN OUR EXPECTATIONS.

"But is it not some reproach upon the economy of Providence that such a one, who is a mean, dirty fellow, should have amassed wealth enough to buy half a nation?" Not in the least. He made himself a mean dirty fellow for that very end. He has paid his health, his conscience, his liberty for it; and will you envy him his bargain? Will you hang your head and blush in his presence, because he outshines you in equipage and show? Lift up your brow with a noble confidence, and say to yourself, I have not these things, it is true; but it is because I have not sought, because I have not desired them; it is because I possess something better. I have chosen my lot. I am content and satisfied.

You are a modest man—you love quiet and independence, and have a delicacy and reserve in your temper which renders it impossible for you to elbow your way in the world, and be the herald of your own merits. Be content then with a modest retirement, with the esteem of your intimate friends, with the praises of a blameless heart, and a delicate, ingenuous spirit; but resign the splendid distinctions of the world to those who can better scramble for them.

The man whose tender sensibility of cons ience

and strict regard to the rules of morality make him scrupulous and fearful of offending, is often heard to complain of the disadvantages he lies under in every path of honor and profit. "Could I but get over some nice points, and conform to the practice and opinion of those about me, I might stand as fair a chance as others for dignities and prefer ment." And why can you not? What hinders you from discarding this troublesome scrupulosity of yours, which stands so grievously in your way? If it be a small thing to enjoy a healthful mind, sound at the very core, that does not shrink from the keenest inspection; inward freedom from remorse and perturbation; unsullied whiteness and simplicity of manners; a genuine integrity—

"Pure in the last recesses of the mind;"

if you think these advantages an inadequate recompense for what you resign, dismiss your scruples this instant, and be a slave-merchant, a parasite, or —what you please—

"If these be motives weak, break off betimes;"

and as you have not spirit to assert the dignity of virtue, be wise enough not to forego the emoluments of vice.

I much admire the spirit of the ancient philosophers, in that they never attempted, as our moralists often do, to lower the tone of philosophy, and make it consistent with all the indulgences of indolence and sensuality. They never thought of

having the bulk of mankind for their disciples; but kept themselves as distinct as possible from a worldly life. They plainly told men what sacrifices were required, and what advantages they were which might be expected:—

"Si virtus hoc una potest dare, fortis omisses
Hoc age deliciis"

If you would be a philosopher, these are the terms. You must do thus and thus; there is no other way. If not, go and be one of the vulgar.

There is no one quality gives so much dignity to a character as consistency of conduct. Even if a man's pursuits be wrong and unjustifiable, yet if they are prosecuted with steadiness and vigor, we cannot withhold our admiration. The most characteristic mark of a great mind is to choose some one important object, and pursue it through life. It was this made Cæsar a great man. His object was ambition; he pursued it steadily, and was always ready to sacrifice to it every interfering passion or inclination.

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There is a different air and complexion in characters as well as in faces, though perhaps equally beautiful; and the excellences of one cannot be transferred to the other. Thus, if one man possesses a stoical apathy of soul, acts independent of the opinion of the world, and fulfils every duty with mathematical exactness, you must not expect that man to be greatly influenced by the weakness

of pity, or the partialities of friendship; you must not be offended that he does not fly to meet you after a short absence; or require from him the convivial spirit and honest effusions of a warm, open, susceptible heart. If another is remarkable for a lively active zeal, inflexible integrity, a strong indignation against vice, and freedom in reproving it, he will probably have some little bluntness in his address not altogether suitable to polished life; he will want the winning arts of conversation; he will disgust by a kind of haughtiness and negligence in his manner, and often hurt the delicacy of his acquaintance with harsh and disagreeable truths.

We do not consider the poetry of Mrs. Barbauld equal to her prose writings; but there is a benignity, mingled with vivacity, in some of her poetical productions which make them always pleasant, as the face of a cheerful friend.

WASHING-DAY.

The Muses are turn'd gossips; they have lost
The buskin'd step, and clear high-sounding phrase,
Language of gods. Come then, domestic Muse,
In slipshod measure loosely prattling on
Of farm or orchard, pleasant curds and cream,
Or drowning flies, or shoe lost in the mire
By little whimpering boy, with rueful face;
Come, Muse, and sing the dreaded Washing-Day.
Ye who beneath the yoke of wedlock bend,
With bowed soul, full well ye ken the day
Which week, smooth sliding after week, brings on

Too soon ;-for to that day nor peace belongs Nor comfort; -ere the first gray streak of dawn. The red-armed washers come and chase repose. Nor pleasant smile, nor quaint device of mirth, E'er visited that day; the very cat, From the wet kitchen scared and reeking hearth Visits the parlor—an unwonted guest. The silent breakfast-meal is soon dispatch'd; Uninterrupted, save by anxious looks Cast at the lowering sky, if sky should lower. From that last evil, O preserve us, heavens! For should the skies pour down, adieu to all Remains of quiet; then expect to hear Of sad disasters—dirt and gravel stains Hard to efface, and loaded lines at once Snapped short—and linen-horse by dog thrown down, And all the petty miseries of life. Saints have been calm while stretched upon the rack, And Guatimozin smiled on burning coals; But never yet did housewife notable Greet with a smile a rainy washing-day. -But grant the welkin fair, require not thou Who call'st thyself perchance the master there, Or study swept or nicely dusted coat, Or usual 'tendance; -ask not, indiscreet, Thy stockings mended, though the yawning rents Gape wide as Erebus; nor hope to find Some snug recess impervious; shouldst thou try The 'customed garden walks, thine eye shall rue The budding fragrance of thy tender shrubs, Myrtle or rose, all crushed beneath the weight Of coarse check'd apron-with impatient hand Twitched off when showers impend; or crossing lines Shall mar thy musings, as the wet cold sheet Flaps in thy face abrupt. Woe to the friend Whose evil stars have urged him forth to claim On such a day the hospitable rites! Looks, blank at best, and stinted courtesy Shall he receive. Vainly he feeds his hopes With dinner of roast chicken, savory pie,

Or tart, or pudding; -pudding he nor tart That day shall eat; nor, though the husband try, Mending what can't be helped, to kindle mirth From cheer deficient, shall his consort's brow Clear up propitious ;-the unlucky guest . In silence dines, and early slinks away. I well remember, when a child, the awe This day struck into me; for then the maids, I scarce knew why; look'd cross, and drove me from them, Nor soft caress could I obtain, nor hope Usual indulgences; jelly or creams, Relic of costly suppers, and set by For me their petted one; or butter'd toast, When butter was forbid; or thrilling tale Of ghost, or witch, or murder-so I went And shelter'd me beside the parlor fire; There my dear grandmother, eldest of forms. Tended the little ones, and watched from harm, Anxiously fond, though oft her spectacles With elfin cunning hid, and oft the pins Drawn from her ravell'd stocking, might have sour'd One less indulgent .-At intervals my mother's voice was heard, Urging dispatch; briskly the work went on. All hands employ'd to wash, to rinse, to ring. To fold, and starch, and clap, and iron, and plait. Then would I sit me down, and ponder much Why washings were. Sometimes through hollow bowl Of pipe amused we blew, and sent aloft The floatting bubbles; little dreaming then To see, Mougolfier, thy silken ball Ride buoyant through the clouds-so near approach The sports of children and the toils of men. Earth, air, and sky, and ocean, hath its bubbles. And verse is one of them—this most of all.

PAINTED FLOWERS.

Flowers to the fair; to you these flowers I bring. And strive to greet you with an earlier spring, Flowers, sweet and gay, and delicate like you, Emblems of innocence and beauty too. With flowers the Graces bind their yellow hair, And flowery wreaths consenting lovers wear. Flowers, the sole luxury which Nature knew, In Eden's pure and guiltless garden grew. To loftier forms are rougher tasks assign'd; The sheltering oak resists the stormy wind, The tougher yew repels invading foes, And the tall pine for future navies grows; But this soft family, to cares unknown, Were born for pleasure and delight alone: Gay without toil, and lovely without art, They spring to cheer the sense, and glad the heart, Nor blush, my fair, to own you copy these, Your best, your sweetest empire is-to please.

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THE DEVOTED PATRIOT.

REBECCA MOTTE,

DAUGHTER of Robert Brewton, an English gentle. man, who had emigrated to South Carolina, was born in 1738, in Charleston. When about twenty, she married Mr. Jacob Motte, who died soon after the commencement of the revolutionary war. Captain McPherson, of the British army, who was in command of the garrison at Fort Motte, had taken possession of the large new house of Mrs. Motte, and fortified it, so that it was almost impregnable. Mrs. Motte herself had been obliged to remove to an old farm-house in the vicinity. In order to dislodge the garrison before succors could arrive, Generals Marion and Lee, who were commanding the American forces there, could devise no means but burning the mansion. This they were very reluctant to do, but Mrs. Motte willingly assented to the proposal, and presented, herself, a bow and ts apparatus, which had been imported from India, and was prepared to carry combustible matter. We will conclude this scene from the eloquent de

scription of Mrs. Ellet, to whose admirable work* we are indebted for the interesting materials for this sketch.

"Every thing was now prepared for the concluding scene. The lines were manned, and an additional force stationed at the battery, to meet a desperate assault, if such should be made. The American entrenchments being within arrow-shot, McPherson was once more summoned, and again more confidently—for help was at hand—asserted his determination to resist to the last.

"The scorching rays of the noon-day sun had prepared the shingle roof for the conflagration. The return of the flag was immediately followed by the shooting of the arrows, to which balls of blazing rosin and brimstone were attached. Simms tells us the bow was put into the hands of Nathan Savage, a private in Marion's brigade. The first struck, and set fire; also the second and third, in different quarters of the roof. McPherson immediately ordered men to repair to the loft of the house, and check the flames by knocking off the shingles; but they were soon driven down by the fire of the six-pounder; and no other effort to stop the burning being practicable, the commandant hung out the white flag, and surrendered the garrison at discretion.

"If ever a situation in real life afforded a fit subject for poetry, by filling the mind with a sense of

^{* &}quot;Women of the American Revolution."

moral grandeur, it was that of Mrs. Motte contemplating the spectacle of her home in flames, and rejoicing in the triumph secured to her countrymen—the benefit to her native land, by her surrender of her own interest to the public service. I have stood upon the spot, and felt that it was indeed classic ground, and consecrated by memories which should thrill the heart of every American. But the beauty of such memories would be marred by the least attempt at ornament; and the simple narrative of that memorable occurrence has more effect to stir the feelings than could a tale artistically framed and glowing with the richest hues of imagination.

"After the captors had taken possession, McPherson and his officers accompanied them to Mrs. Motte's dwelling, where they sat down together to a sumptuous dinner. Again, in the softened picture, our heroine is the principal figure. showed herself prepared, not only to give up her splendid mansion to ensure victory to the American arms, but to do her part toward soothing the agitation of the conflict just ended. Her dignified, courteous, and affable deportment adorned the hospitality of her table; she did the honors with that unaffected politeness which wins esteem as well as admiration; and by her conversation, marked with ease, vivacity, and good sense, and the engaging kindness of her manners, endeavored to obliterate the recollection of the loss she had been called upon to sustain, and at the same time to remove from the minds of the prisoners the sense of their misfortunes."

Another portion of her history is important, as illustrating her high sense of honor, her energy, and patient, self-denying perseverance. Her husband, in consequence of the difficulties and distresses growing out of our war for independence, became embarrassed in his business; and after his death, and termination of the war, it was found impossible to satisfy these claims.

"The widow, however, considered the honor of her deceased husband involved in the responsibilities he had assumed. She determined to devotethe remainder of her life to the honorable task of paying the debts. Her friends and connections, whose acquaintance with her affairs gave weight to their judgment, warned her of the apparent hopelessness of such an effort. But, steadfast in the principles that governed all her conduct, she persevered. Living in an humble dwelling, and relinquishing many of her habitual comforts, she devoted herself with such zeal, untiring industry, and indomitable resolution, to the attainment of her object, that her success triumphed over every difficulty, and exceeded the expectations of all who had discouraged her. She not only paid her husband's debts to the full, but secured for her chifdren and descendants a handsome and unencumbered estate. Such an example of perseverance under adverse circumstances, for the accomplishment of a high and noble purpose, exhibits in yet

brighter colors the heroism that shone in her country's days of peril!"

Mrs. Motte died in 1815, at her plantation on the Santee.

THE ESTIMABLE GOVERNESS.

SUZANNE CURCHOD, MADAME NECKER,

Was descended, on the maternal side, from an ancient family in Provence, who had taken refuge in Switzerland on the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. She was born at Grassy, her father, M. Curchod, being the evangelical minister in that little village. He was a very learned man, and trained his daughter with great care, even giving her the severe and classical education usually bestowed only on men. The young Suzanne Curchod was renowned throughout the whole province for her wit, beauty, and intellectual attainments.

Gibbon, the future historian, but then an unknown youth studying in Lausanne, met Mademoiselle Curchod, fell in love with her, and succeeded in rendering his attachment acceptable to both the object of his affections and her parents. When he returned, however, to England, his father indignantly refused to hear of the proposed marriage between him and the Swiss minister's portionless daughter. Gibbon yielded to parental authority, and philosophically forgot his learned mistress.

After her father's death, which left her wholly unrovided for, Suzanne Curchod retired with her mother to Geneva. She there earned a precarious subsistence by teaching persons of her own sex. When her mother died, a lady named Madame de Vermenoux induced Mademoiselle Curchod to come to Paris, in order to teach Latin to her son. was in this lady's house that she met Necker. was then in the employment of Théllusson, the banker, and occasionally visited Madame de Vermenoux. Struck with the noble character and grave beauty of the young governess, Necker cultivated her acquaintance, and ultimately made her his wife. Mutual poverty had delayed their marriage for several years; but it was not long ere Necker rose from his obscurity. Madame Necker had an ardent love of honorable distinction, which she imparted to her husband, and which greatly served to quicken his efforts: his high talents in financial matters were at length recognized: he became a wealthy and respected man. after her marriage, Madame Necker expressed the desire of devoting herself to literature. Her husband, however, delicately hinted to her that he should regret seeing her adopt such a course. This sufficed to induce her to relinquish her intention: she loved him so entirely, that, without effort or repining, she could make his least wish her law.

As Necker rose in the world, Madame Necker's influence increased; but it never was an individual power, like that of Madame du Deffand, or of the

Maréchale de Luxembourg. Over her husband she always possessed great influence. Her virtues and noble character had inspired him with a feeling akin to veneration. He was not wholly guided by her counsels, but he respected her opinions as those of a high-minded being, whom all the surrounding folly and corruption could not draw down from her sphere of holy purity. If Madame Necker was loved and esteemed by her husband, she may be said to have almost idolized him; and her passionate attachment probably increased the feelings of vanity and self-importance of which Necker has often been accused. This exclusive devotedness caused some wonder amongst the friends of the minister and his wife; for seldom had these skeptical philosophers witnessed a conjugal union so strict and uncompromising, and yet so touching in its very severity.

When Necker became, in 1776, Director-General of the Finances, his wife resolved that the influence her husband's official position gave her should not be employed in procuring unmerited favors for flatterers or parasites. She placed before herself the far more noble object of alleviating misfortune, and pointing out to her reforming husband some of the innumerable abuses which then existed in every department of the state. One of her first attempts was to overthrow the lottery. She pressed the point on Necker's attention; but though he shared her convictions, he had not the power of destroying this great evil: he did, however, all he

could to moderate its excesses. The prisons and hospitals of Paris greatly occupied the attention of Madame Necker during the five years of her husband's power. Her devotedness to the cause of humanity was admirable, and shone with double lustre amidst the heartless selfishness of the surrounding world. She once happened to learn that a certain Count of Lautrec had been imprisoned in a dungeon of the fortress of Ham for twenty-eight years! and that the unhappy captive now scarcely seemed to belong to human kind. A feeling of deep compassion seized her heart. To liberate a state prisoner was more than her influence could command, but she resolved to lighten, if possible, his load of misery. She set out for Ham, and succeeded in obtaining a sight of M. de Lautrec. She found a miserable-looking man, lying listlessly on the straw of his dungeon, scarcely clothed with a few tattered rags, and surrounded by rats and reptiles. Madame Necker soothed his fixed and sullen despair with promises of speedy relief; nor did she depart until she had kept her word, and seen M. de Lautrec removed to an abode where, if still a prisoner, he might at least spend in peace the few days left him by the tyranny of his oppressors.

Acts of individual benevolence were not, however, the only object of the minister's wife. Notwithstanding the munificence of her private charities, she aimed none the less to effect general good. Considerable ameliorations were introduced by her in the condition of the hospitals of Paris.

She entered, with unwearied patience, into the most minute details of their actual administration. and with admirable ingenuity, rectified errors or suggested improvements. Her aim was to effect a greater amount of good with the same capital which she now saw grossly squandered and misapplied. The reforms which she thus introduced were both important and severe. She sacrificed almost the whole of her time to this praiseworthy task, and ultimately devoted a considerable sum to found the hospital which still bears her name. Beyond this, Madame Necker sought to exercise no power over her husband, or through his means. She loved him far too truly and too well to aim at an influence which might have degraded him in the eyes of the world. Necker was, however, proud of his noble-hearted wife, and never hesitated to confess how much he was indebted to her advice. When he retired from office, in 1781, and published his famous "Compte Rendu," he seized this opportunity of paying a high and heartfelt homage to the virtues of his wife. "Whilst retracing," he observes at the conclusion of his work, "a portion of the charitable tasks prescribed by your majesty, let me be permitted, sire, to allude, without naming her, to a person gifted with singular virtues, and who has materially assisted me in accomplishing the designs of your majesty. Although her name was never uttered to you, in all the vanities of high office, it is right, sire, that you should be aware that it is known and frequently

invoked in the most obscure asylums of suffering humanity. It is no doubt most fortunate for a minister of finances to find, in the companion of his life, the assistance he needs for so many details of beneficence and charity, which might otherwise prove too much for the strength and attention. Carried away by the tumults of general affairs—often obliged to sacrifice the feelings of the private man to the duties of the citizen—he may well esteem himself happy, when the complaints of poverty and misery can be confided to an enlightened person who shares the sentiment of his duties."

If Madame Necker has not left so remarkable a name as many women of her time; if her contemporaries, justly, perhaps, found her too cold and formal; yet she shines at least in that dark age, a noble example of woman's virtues—devoted love, truth, and purity. She died in 1794, calm and resigned throughout the most acute sufferings; her piety sustained her. The literary works she left are chiefly connected with her charities, or were called forth by the events around her. Among these works are the following:—"Hasty Interments," "Memorial on the Establishment of Hospitals," "Reflections on divorce," and her "Miscellanies." Her only child was the celebrated Madame de Staël.

THE PATIENT ASTRONOMER.

CAROLINE LUCRETIA HERSCHEL,

Sister, and for a long time assistant, of the celebrated astronomer, Sir William Herschel, was born at Hanover on the 16th of March, 1750. She is herself distinguished for her astronomical researches, and particularly for the construction of a selenographical globe, giving in relief the surface of the moon. But it was for her brother, Sir William Herschel, that the activity of her mind was awakened. From the first commencement of his astronomical pursuits, her attendance on both his daily labors and nightly watches was put in requisition; and was found so useful, that on his removal to Datchet, and subsequently to Slough—he being then occupied with his reviews of the heavens and other researches—she performed the whole of the arduous and important duties of his astronomical assistant, not only reading the clocks, and noting down all the observations from dictation as an amanuensis, but subsequently executing the whole of the extensive and laborious numerical calculations necessary to render them available to science,

as well as a multitude of others relative to the various objects of theoretical and experimental inquiry in which, during his long and active career, he at any time engaged. For the performance of these duties, his majesty, King George III., was pleased to place her in the receipt of a salary sufficient for her singularly moderate wants and retired habits.

Arduous, however, as these occupations must appear, especially when it is considered that her brother's observations were always carried on (circumstances permitting) till daybreak, without regard to season, and indeed chiefly in the winter, they proved insufficient to exhaust her activity. In their intervals she found time for both actual astronomical observations of her own, and for the execution of more than one work of great extent and utility.

The observations here alluded to were made with a small Newtonian sweeper, constructed for her by her brother; with which, whenever his occasional absence, or any interruption to the regular course of his observations permitted, she searched the heavens for comets, and that so effectively as on no less than eight several occasions to be rewarded by their discovery. On five of these occasions (recorded in the pages of the "Philosophical Transactions" of London) her claim to the *first* discovery is admitted. These sweeps, moreover, proved productive of the detection of several remarkable nebulæ and clusters of stars previously unobserved,

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among which may be specially mentioned the superb Nebula, No. 1, Class V., of Sir William Herschel's catalogues—an object bearing much resemblance to the celebrated nebula in Andromeda, discovered by Simeon Inarius.

The astronomical works which she found leisure to complete were 1st. "A Catalogue of 561 Stars observed by Flamsteed," but which having escaped the notice of those who framed the "British Catalogue" from that astronomer's observations, are not therein inserted. 2. "A General Index of Reference to every Observation of every Star inserted in the British Catalogue." These works were published together in one volume by the Royal Society; and to their utility in subsequent researches Mr. Baily, in his "Life of Flamsteed," bears ample testimony. She further completed the reduction and arrangement as a "Zone Catalogue" of all the nebulæ and clusters of stars observed by her brother in his sweeps; a work for which she was honored with the Gold Medal of the Astronomical Society of London, in 1828; which society also conferred on her the unusual distinction of electing her an honorary member.

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On her brother's death, in 1822, she returned to Hanover, which she never again quitted, passing the last twenty-six years of her life in repose—enjoying the society and cherished by the regard of her remaining relatives and friends—gratified by the occasional visits of eminent astronomers—and honored with many marks of favor and distinction

on the part of the King of Hanover, the crown prince, and his amiable and illustrious consort.

Until within a very short period of her death, her health continued uninterrupted, her faculties perfect, and her memory (especially of the scenes and circumstances of former days) remarkably clear and distinct. Her end was tranquil and free from suffering—a simple cessation of life.

The writer of this very interesting memoir has, however, omitted to state, that besides being an Honorary Member of the Royal Astronomical Society, Miss Herschel was also similarly honored by the Royal Irish Academy.

The following just and eloquent tribute to the merits of Miss Herschel is from Dr. Nichol's "Views of the Architecture of the Heavens:"

"The astronomer (Sir William Herschel), during these engrossing nights, was constantly assisted in his labors by a devoted maiden sister, who braved with him the inclemency of the weather—who heroically shared his privations that she might participate in his delights—whose pen, we are told, committed to paper his notes of observations as they issued from his lips. 'She it was,' says the best of authorities, 'who, having passed the nights near the telescope, took the rough manuscripts to her cottage at the dawn of day, and produced a fair copy of the night's work on the ensuing morning; she it was who planned the labor of each succeeding night, who reduced every observation, made every calculation, and kept everything in



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systematic order,' she it was-Miss Caroline Herschel-who helped our astronomer to gather an imperishable rame. This venerable lady has in one respect been more fortunate than her brother; she has lived to reap the full harvest of their joint glory. Some years ago, the gold medal of our Astronomical Society was transmitted to her to her native Hanover, whither she removed after Sir William's death; and the same learned society has recently inscribed her name upon its roll; but she has been rewarded by yet more, by what she will value beyond all earthly pleasures; she has lived to see her favorite nephew, him who grew up under her eye unto an astronomer, gather around him the highest hopes of scientific Europe, and prove himself fully equal to tread in the footsteps of his father."

In 1847, she celebrated the ninety-seventh anniversary of her birth, when the King of Hanover sent to compliment her, the Prince and Princess Royal visited her; and the latter presented her with a magnificent arm-chair embroidered by her self; and the King of Prussia sent her the gold medal awarded for the Extension of the Sciences.

Miss Herschel died at the opening of the following year, January 9th, 1848, crowned with the glory which woman's genius may gain, working in the way Divine Providence appointed her—as the helper of man.

THE QUIET REFORMER

HANNAH MORE.

In estimating the merits of distinguished in dividuals, our opinion must obviously be modified by a knowledge of the external influences to which they were subjected. According as the tendency of these is to counteract or to forward their aims, a greater or less tenacity of purpose is demanded. And looking at the whole of a life, this is a quality that has more to do with greatness than may at first strike us; for greatness depends not so much upon the possession of brilliant talents, as upon steadiness and perseverance in pursuing a laudable object. A most obstinate struggle with circumstances has to be kept up by such as would rise to eminence from the humbler walks of life; but a contest on a more extended scale has to be encountered by whosoever aspires to be a reformer, as in this case the obstacles result from the condition of a nation or of society. They are also of a complex nature; the reformer has first to disentangle his own mind from the shackles of custom and prejudice, and next undertake the same task for others.

Hannah More was a reformer; we conceive one who did so much, by example, and purse, and pen, toward purifying the morality and advancing the cause of religion in England, to be well worthy of such a title, and all the greatness it implies. It is true she had the primary advantage of a sound and religious education, and was thus placed so as to have a Pisgah-like view of existing defects; but next to the difficulty of divesting our minds of the warpings of habit and popular opinion, is that of preventing ourselves from being caught in their meshes.

Of the state of religious knowledge, even amongst the higher classes, in the days of Hannah More, we may have a pretty accurate idea, from the anecdote related in connection with Sir Joshua Reynolds' "Samuel." When this celebrated painting was finished, numerous visitors flocked to his studio to see it, and amongst them were several who proposed the intelligent question, "Who was Samuel?" The manners and morality of the period were quite in agreement with this; and though it is by no means denied that there were many fine exceptions, it was then the fashion to be irreligious and immoral. Hannah More, when little above twenty years of age, was taken from the comparatively quiet coteries of Bristol, and plunged into the whirl of the gay world of London; the caresses and blandishments of the witty, the great, and the learned, were heaped upon her, but her keen, instinctive sense of right was in no degree blunted, and the endeavors of the world to win her to its side only served to draw forth the more unequivo-cal declaration of her principles. These principles, like the course of every great mind, deepened and widened with progressing years. We find her whose first essay was penned with the design of fostering a purer morality, gradually increasing her efforts for the same praiseworthy end, and by and by retiring from the vortex of fashionable life, to devote herself to the study of the Scriptures, and the composition of works bearing more immediately on the subject of religion.

Besides her literary reputation, Mrs. Hannah More was eminent for her piety and philanthropy; so much so, that, although she had not obtained celebrity by her writings, her memory would have been deservedly cherished as a Christian and philanthropist. She was ever prompt to originate or help forward philanthropic movements; she wrote for them-books for the drawing-rooms of the great, and tracts and ballads that insinuated themselves into the workshops of the town, and the cottages of the country; and she established schools for bestowing the blessings of education and a knowledge of the truths of the gospel on the poor. She was considerate and liberal to that class during her lifetime, and at her death, the sums bequeathed by her to religious and charitable institutions were on the most munificent scale. But perhaps the truest and most touching proof of her generosity and kindness to the poor, was that given on the

day of her funeral, when each, with some semblance of mourning, they came crowding from village and hamlet to pay a last tribute to their benefactress, and give "all they had to give—a tear."

In reading the life of this celebrated person, we cannot fail to be struck with the large amount of good that she effected; and yet she was but a "lone woman;" and, in addition to the disadvantages pertaining to her sex, Mrs. Hannah More was at all times delicate in health, and subject to very frequent illness. In consequence of this, she was deeply impressed with the evil of procrastination, and has recorded in her diary how necessary she felt it to be to prosecute her work assiduously during her intervals of freedom from sickness. This goes to prove that greatness, in general, as well as success, arises less from the possession of great talents, or from favorable circumstances, than the selection of a proper aim, and the resolution to follow it unswervingly. There are multitudes of examples in the world, of a stern and successful resistance of circumstances more overwhelming than any we are likely to encounter, that may serve for encouraging and inciting us to emulation. We are disposed to lay too much stress on the force of circumstances, forgetting that we are to some extent the originators of them. Then we consider this a capital excuse for our indolence; it is this that is keeping us inactive; we are waiting for an opening, instead of making an opening. As

for a favorable opportunity, it is vain for us to plead the want of them; we must not be too scrupulous, but seize the best that happens to come within our reach.

Hannah More was the youngest of five sisters, and was born at Stapleton, in Gloucestershire, in the year 1745. Her father having lost his money by the unfavorable termination of a lawsuit, lived here in a secluded manner. He was the son of the former master of an endowed school in the neighborhood, who, not being encumbered with a superabundance of pupils, had plenty of leisure to "rear the tender thought" of his son. He, in his turn, "kept the ball moving," as Franklin says of kindness, and devoted his time to the education of his daughters; and as he brought a highly creditable amount of talents and learning to the task, and had good materials to work upon, it is not surprising that he was very successful. This was particularly the case with Hannah, who was a somewhat precocious child, and her aptness in the acquisition of the first principles of geometry, and the rudiments of Latin, must have delighted the old man, and transformed the labor of instruction into a pleasant relaxation. The bias of her tastes very early displayed itself: one of her childish amusements was riding on a chair, accompanied by the announcement that "she was going to London to see booksellers and bishops." It was a darling object of her ambition to attain to the possession of a whole quire of paper, and when some friend gratified her

wish, it was speedily filled with letters to maginary personages.

The talents of the whole family were so much above the average that they soon attracted attention, and under the auspices of Dr. Stonehouse and others, the Misses More established a day-school in Bristol: this shortly after gave place to a boarding-school, which long maintained the character of being one of the best and most flourishing in that part of England. To this school Hannah was removed when twelve years of age, and eagerly availed herself of the means of extending her knowledge now placed within her reach. She acquired a perfect and idiomatical knowledge of the French. and afterward of the Italian and Spanish languages.

Even at this early period her conversational powers were so fascinating that Dr. Woodward, an eminent scholar, when attending her in his medical capacity, under their influence on one occasion so far forgot the object of his visit, that he was proceeding down stairs, when, suddenly recollecting himself, he returned to the room, exclaiming, "Bless me! I forgot to ask the girl how she is."

In the year 1762, she gave her first literary composition to the world, in the shape of a pastoral drama, entitled, "The Search after Happiness." Having met with the approval of Garrick, Dr. Stonehouse, and other persons of literary taste, it was issued from the Bristol press, and its popularity was so great, that in a few months it passed through three editions. The poem, as the authoress

informs us, had for its object "an earnest wish to furnish a substitute for the very improper custom, which then prevailed, of allowing plays, and these not always of the purest kind, to be acted by young ladies in boarding-schools."

About this time a proposal of marriage was made to her by a landed proprietor in the neighborhood; and though Mr. Turner was many years her senior, his offer was accepted, and she resigned her share in the management of the boardingschool. Owing to various circumstances, however, the engagement was broken off, and although the gentleman soon after sought to renew it, the lady would not give her consent. Her feelings had undeniably been trifled with, and she made a resolution to eschew all such overtures in future. It is but due to Mr. Turner to state that he settled an annuity on her, and bequeathed her at his death the sum of one thousand pounds. Perhaps, if we knew it, the lives of many of the tea-bibbing, scandal-mongering class, denominated "old maids," contain a little episode of such a vexation, and such a determination; and perhaps the secret of their railing at the world in general is that "there is a cross in their hearts."

When in her twenty-second year, Hannah More paid her visit to London, and returned the following year, to reside for a short time with the Garricks, at their beautiful retreat at Hampton. Here she became acquainted with Johnson, Burke, Reynolds, and others of the élite of the literary world.

The great moralist in particular had a most affectionate regard for her, terming her "Child," "Little Fool," "Love," and "Dearest." One of her sisters, in writing home, gives the following interesting account of a conversation between herself and Johnson. "After much critical discourse, he turns round to me, and with one of his most amiable looks, which must be seen to form the least idea of it, he says, 'I have heard that you are engaged in the useful and honorable employment of teaching young ladies;' upon which, with all the same ease, familiarity, and confidence as we should have done, had only our own Dr. Stonehouse been present, we entered upon the history of our birth, parentage, and education, showing how we were born with more desires than guineas, and how, as years increased, our appetites increased also, the cupboard at home being too small to gratify them; and how, with a bottle of water, a bed, and a blanket, we set out to seek our fortunes; and how we found a great house with nothing in it; and how it was like to remain so, till looking into our knowledge-box, we happened to find a little larning, a good thing when land is gone, or rather when there is none; and so, at last, by giving a little of this little larning to those who had less, we got a good store of gold in return, but how! alas! we wanted the wit to keep it. 'I love you both,' cried the inamorato; 'I love you all five. I never was at Bristol—I will come on purpose to see you. What! five women live happily together!

I will come and see you. I have spent a happy evening—I am glad I came. God for ever bless you; you live to shame duchesses.' He took his leave with so much warmth and tenderness, we were quite affected at his manner." In what an amiable light does the great moralist appear in such an anecdote as this; and Madame D'Arblay, another of his pets, has many similar in her gossiping diary; and with all his faults, can we help loving him still?

In the midst of the adulation which was now lavished on the youthful authoress, it is most gratifying to find her writing thus to one of her sisters: "For my own part, the more I see of the honored, famed, and great, the more I see of the littleness, the unsatisfactoriness of all created good, and that no earthly pleasure can fill up the wants of the immortal principle within." After her return to Bristol, she produced two short poems-"The Bleeding Rock," and "Sir Eldred of the Bower;" the latter a moral tale in two parts, in the ballad style. A handsome sum was paid for these pieces by Mr. Caddell, and their success was so great, that a thousand copies were sold in a fortnight. She now plumed her wing for a higher flight, and the direction which it took was no doubt influenced by her intimacy with the Garricks, as well as the success of her pastoral drama. "The Inflexible Captive," a regular piece in five acts, appeared in 1774, and on its performance in the theatre at Bath was favorably received. It is founded on the well.

known classical story of Regulus, the Roman ambassador to Carthage, and displays considerable power. There are many fine passages, and the interest is sustained throughout.

Within the three following years, the two tragedies of "Percy" and the "Fatal Falsehood" were produced; the former was deservedly the most popular of Miss More's dramatic works. It greatly exceeds "The Inflexible Captive" in point of dramatic interest; the various characters are brought out with much clearness and precision; and that of Elwina is a particularly fine sketch.

In the year 1780, Miss Hannah More paid another visit to London, during which she resided at the house of the amiable and accomplished widow of Dean Delany, and had the privilege of enlarging the number of her literary acquaintances, which, in addition to many distinguished prelates, now included the names of Walpole, Jenyns, Pepys, Mrs. Boscawen, Mrs. Chapone, and Mrs. Carter. About this time she published a small volume in prose, entitled "Essays for Young Ladies," now very scarce, and a volume of "Sacred Dramas." These dramas were greatly esteemed, and a specimen of a translation of one of them into the Cingalese language, was presented to the authoress, written on a Palmyra leaf, and enclosed in a beautifully-painted wooden case. Nor was this the only instance of her works being read in countries where one would little expect them to have found their way, for a Russian princess, who had procured some of her

short tracts, translated them into Russ, and wrote a complimentary letter to the authoress.

We have hitherto traced the career of Hannah More merely as a popular authoress, who was gradually gaining favor in the eyes of the public; but the time was now come when the results of her careful education in the truths of the Christian religion, and the influence which those principles possess over every well-constituted mind, were to be more broadly manifested. The death of her friend Garrick severed the strongest link between her and the dramatic world, and the sense of the hollowness of worldly enjoyments pressed upon her mind with ever-increasing force. She had all along retained her native simplicity of character, and the adulation that was lavished on her had left as little trace as water on the plumage of a bird: she had never suffered herself to be intoxicated by the pleasures of the world; and what a testimony it is to their unsatisfactoriness, that they palled upon the taste of one who had enjoyed those of the most refined description, and always with a due regard to moderation. The cast of her mind was eminently practical; this was evidenced as early as the time that her juvenile pastoral, "The Search after Happiness," was produced, for, as we have stated, it sprang from a nobler wish than a youthful love of notoriety. Even the three most ambitious effusions of her dramatic muse were not written as mere passports Her own reading, and the society in which she mingled at that period, gave her thoughts

a strong bent toward the stage; but she viewed it not only as an entertainment, but as a powerful lever of the heart, and one which she hoped to enlist on the side of virtue. Her plays were written under that impression, though in after years she abandoned the hope of metamorphosing the theatre into a school of virtue, and became convinced that "this utopian good could not be produced, until not only the stage itself had undergone a complete purification, but until the audience was purified also."

In conformity with her desire of withdrawing more from the world, Hannah More, in 1786, purchased a neat cottage in the neighborhood of Bristol, called Cowslip Green. Naught of ascetism, however, entered into her ideas of retirement; she who had tasted wisely and temperately of the pleasures of society, partook in equal moderation of the sweets of seclusion. Her annual visits to her friend, Mrs. Garrick, in London, were still continued, and from time to time she indulged in intercourse with the most eminent literary characters of the day.

Theology had even in early life been one of her favorite studies, and she gladly embraced the opportunity now afforded her of prosecuting it with greater vigor. Two years after her retreat to Cowslip Green, she published a small tract, entitled, "Thoughts on the Manners of the Great," followed in the same year by a poem on "Slavery."

About ten miles distant from the residence of

Miss Hannah More and her sisters, lay the village of Chedder. It is picturesquely situated at the" mouth of a narrow ravine in the Mendip Hills: close to the town, fantastically-shaped cliffs of lime-stone shoot abruptly upward, to the height of several hundreds of feet; and those who penetrate into the gorge, which extends for nearly three miles, are rewarded by a display of the grandest rocky scenery in all "merry England." The country around is rich pasture-land; and the dairies have long been celebrated for their cheese, which in the days of Camden was so good and so great, that it required more than one man to hoist a cheese on to the table. But it was not the gardenlike fertility of the country, nor the romantic beauty of the village, that drew toward it the notice of Hannah More. The rural population of this fine district were in a state of terrible demoralization, which will be best described by the following extract from a letter of Miss More to her friend Wilberforce: "We found more than two thousand people in the parish, almost all very poor; no gentry; a dozen wealthy farmers, hard, brutal, and ignorant. We saw but one Bible in all the parish, and that was used to prop a flower-pot. No clergyman had resided in it for forty years. One rode over, three miles from Wells, to preach once on a Sunday, but no weekly duty was done, or sick persons visited; and children were often buried without any funeral service. Eight persons in the

morning, and twenty in the afternoon, was a good congregation." But,

"For man's neglect, she loved it more."

A wide field was extended on which to exert her energies, and nobly she and her two sisters labored in the performance of their self-appointed work.

The influence which the French Revolution exercised on the lower classes in this country induced her to publish a tract, entitled "Village Politics, in a Dialogue between two Mechanics." The sale and circulation of this little work were astonishing, and led her, in 1795, to commence a regular series, which was issued monthly from Bath, under the name of the "Cheap Repository Tracts." During the same year, which was one of horror and commotion abroad, and anxiety and scarcity at home, her purse and hand were no less readily opened to relieve the one, than her pen had been used to counteract the influence of the other. At her hospitable door the poor were supplied with soup and food, and every means in her power were taken to assist them, and mitigate their sufferings. Nor was her liberality restricted to her own countrymen, for the sum of £240, the proceeds of a publication, "Remarks on a Production of M. Dupont, a French Atheist," was devoted to the relief of the French emigrant clergy, who flocked in considerable numbers to our shores.

In the year 1799, Hannah More (who now assumed the title of Mrs.) wrote her "Strictures on

the Modern System of Female Education." From some of the opinions advanced in this work, and from the opposition to her schools reviving in a quarter where it might least have been expected, Mrs. More was subjected to a series of calumniations and persecutions that would have been trying to a person of ordinary sensibility, and must have been severely so to a woman who was desirous of living as much in retirement as was compatible with the schemes of usefulness she sought to carry out.

Mrs. More, in 1802, changed her residence from Cowslip Green to Barley Wood—beautiful Barley Wood—familiar to every one as a household name. To this charming retreat, where she dwelt for more than twenty years, crowds of the wisest, greatest, and best congregated to visit her. It was proposed at this period to commit to her the superintendence of the education of the Princess Charlotte of This scheme was not carried into effect, but it probably led to the publication, in 1805, of two volumes, "Hints towards Forming the Character of a Young Princess." This work, which was anonymous, procured the author the flattering compliment of several letters from the heads of the church, beginning and ending with "Sir." It was dedicated to Dr. John Fisher, bishop of Exeter, then tutor to her Royal Highness, and he brought it under the notice of her Majesty, who signified her gracious approval of it. A few years afterward, the novel of "Cœlebs in Search of a Wife"

came out, in two volumes, and, like its predecessor, without the author's name. "The discerning public," however, were not slow in attributing it to its proper source. This novel achieved a wide popularity.

We have already mentioned that theology and scriptural subjects possessed great attractions in the estimation of Mrs. More, and she now gave to the world some of the fruits of her studies. She printed, in 1811, a very excellent treatise, entitled, "Practical Piety; or, the Influence of the Religion of the Heart on the Conduct of Life;" and the succeeding year, a work on "Christian Morals." In the preface to the last, she tendered her thanks to the public for their long-continued patronage, apologized for another appearance as an authoress, and bade them adieu in that capacity. We know not what Joshua Geddes, or those of his sect, would have said to the "taking back her word," which followed thereupon; but the public in general had reason to esteem it a fortunate circumstance, and surely such sensible people as the Society of Friends would be of the same opinion. It was indeed one of her grandest literary performances that she gave to the world in 1815, under the title of "An Essay on the Character and Writings of St. Paul." The design of this work was to delineate the alluring features of the Christian life, as they were displayed in the conduct of the apostle, "for a pattern to them which should hereafter believe." In the year 1819, she printed another work, "Moral

Sketches of Prevailing Opinions and Manners, Foreign and Domestic, with Reflections on Prayer," forming a sequel to her "Practical Piety," and "Christian Morals." The sale of this publication also was extensive and speedy, though it was for the most part merely a collection of sketches from real life, which had formerly made their appearance in the pages of the "Christian Observer."

We cannot resist the temptation of transcribing here a portion of a letter which gives a most graphic picture of the occupant of Barley Wood at this period of her life:—

"I was much struck by the air of affectionate kindness with which the old lady welcomed me to Barley Wood; there was something of courtliness about it, at the same time the courtliness of the vieille cour which one reads of, but so seldom meets. Her dress was of light green Venetian silk; a yellow, richly embroidered crape shawl enveloped her shoulders; and a pretty net cap, tied under her chin with white satin ribbon, completed the costume. Her figure is singularly petite; but to have any idea of the expression of her countenance, you must imagine the small withered face of a woman in her eighty-seventh year; and imagine also (shaded, but not obscured, by long and perfectly white eyelashes) eyes dark, brilliant, flashing, and penetrating; sparkling from object to object with all the fire and energy of youth, and smiling welcome on all around.

"When I first entered the room, Lady S-

and her family were there; they soon prepared to depart; but the youngest boy, a fine little fellow of six, looked anxiously in Mrs. More's face after she had kissed him, and his mamma said, 'You will not forget Mrs. Hannah, my dear?' He shook his head. 'Do not forget me, my dear child,' said the kind old lady, assuming a playful manner; 'but they say your sex is naturally capricious. There, I will give you another kiss; keep it for my sake, and when you are a man, remember Hannah More.'—'I will,' he replied, 'remember that you loved children.' It was a beautiful compliment."

Mrs. More was now doomed to experience the sorrowful compensation that must be paid for a life prolonged to the verge of fourscore and ten years. Of the five talented Mores—the five women who, to Dr. Johnson's amazement, lived happily together—Hannah was the sole representative; her sister Sarah having died in 1817, and her favorite Patty, two years later. And beside those members of her own family, there were many losses to be bewailed of those friends with whom, in other years, she had "taken sweet counsel together." As she herself remarked to a visitor, "Johnson, Burke, Garrick, Reynolds, Porteous—all—all the associates of my youth are gone."

"Yet when as one by one sweet sounds
And wandering lights departed,
She wore no less a loving face,
Although so broken hearted."

Her own health was decidedly failing, but, though she had become so infirm as to be unable to leave her room, her mind had lost none of its accustomed vigor, and, in 1822, she occupied herself during an illness with preparing for the press a small volume on Prayer. With this work she laid aside for ever the powerful pen that had been wielded so well to "defend the right;" but there still lingered for a season, the eloquence of the lips and of the life. And eloquent indeed those must have been to all who heard and saw her, standing as she was "in the shadow of coming death;" and inconceivably "sublime and sublimating" must have been the shadow that coming events cast before it, over her who had left behind a long vista of years spent in glorifying God, and doing good to man.

In consequence of the disgraceful conduct of her servants, which was accidentally discovered by a visitor, Mrs. More considered it advisable to leave her much-loved haunt of Barley Wood, and take up her abode at Clifton, whither she removed in 1825. Mrs. Hannah More lived in Clifton for several years after this event, honored, respected, and beloved by all about her; as how could they choose but love one who was "cheerful as the day," and had such depths of tenderness in her dark eyes, or else her portrait sadly belies her? But her long and useful life was drawing to a close. She became more and more subject to catarrhal attacks, and, during the winter months of 1832, had occasional

paroxysms of delirium. The account of her last illness is thus given by an eye-witness: "During this illness of ten months, the time was passed in a series of alternations between restlessness and composure, long sleeps and long wakefulness, with occasional great excitements, elevated and sunken spirits. At length nature seemed to shrink from further conflict, and the time of her deliverance drew near. On Friday, the 6th of September, 1833, we offered up the morning family devotion by her bedside; she was silent, and apparently attentive, with her hands devoutly lifted up. From eight in the evening of this day till nearly nine, I sat watching her. Her face was smooth and glowing; there was an unusual brightness in its expression. At about ten, the symptoms of speedy departure could not be doubted. She fell into a dozing sleep, and slight convulsions succeeded, which seemed to be attended with no pain. Contrary to expectation, she survived the night. She continued till ten minutes after one, when I saw the last gentle breath escape, and one more was added to that multitude which no man can number, who sing the praises of God and of the Lamb for ever and ever."

Her remains were interred on the 13th of September, beside those of her sisters, in the churchyard of Wrington, not far from the grave of Locke. It was her own wish that her funeral should be private, and that, instead of money being expended in useless show, suits of mourning should be given

to fifteen old men, whom she nominated. The bells of all the churches were tolled as the cortége passed through Bristol, and a short distance from Wrington the whole of the gentlemen of the neighbourhood joined the procession. But perhaps the most affecting part of all the pageant was the lines of weeping villagers formed on each side of the road, every one in the nearest approximation to mourning that poverty would allow.

THE SCULPTOR'S ASSISTANT.

ANN FLAXMAN,

WIFE of John Flaxman, the celebrated sculptor deserves a place among distinguished women, for the admirable manner in which she devoted herself to sustain her husband's genius, and aid him in his arduous career.

Her maiden name was Denman: she married John Flaxman when he was about twenty-seven years old, and she twenty-two. They had been for some time mutually attached to each other; but he was poor in purse, and though on the road to fame. had no one but this chosen partner of his life who sympathized in his success. She was amiable and accomplished, had a taste for art and literature, was skilful in French and Italian, and, like her husband, had acquired some knowledge of the Greek. But what was better than all, she was an enthusiastic admirer of his genius-she cheered and encouraged him in his moments of despondencyregulated modestly and prudently his domestic economy-arranged his drawings-managed now and then his correspondence, and acted in all particulars so that it seemed as if the church, in performing a marriage, had accomplished a miracle, and blended them really into one flesh and one blood. That tranquility of mind, so essential to those who live by thought, was of his household; and the sculptor, happy in the company of one who had taste and enthusiasm, soon renewed with double zeal the studies which courtship and matrimony had for a time interrupted. He had never doubted that in the company of her whom he loved he should be able to work with an intenser spirit; but of another opinion was Sir Joshua Reynolds. "So, Flaxman," said the President, one day as he chanced to meet him, "I am told you are married; if so, sir, I tell you you are ruined for an artist." Flaxman went home, sat down beside his wife, took her hand, and said, with a smile, "I am ruined for an artist." "John," said she, "how has this happened, and who has done it?" "It happened," said he, "in the church, and Ann Denman has done it: I met Sir Joshua Reynolds just now, and he said marriage had ruined me in my profession."

For a moment a cloud hung on Flaxman's brow; but this worthy couple understood each other too well, to have their happiness seriously marred by the unguarded and peevish remark of a wealthy old bachelor. They were proud, determined people, who asked no one's advice, who shared their domestic secrets with none of their neighbors, and hved as if they were unconscious that they were in



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the midst of a luxurious city. "Ann," said the sculptor, "I have long thought that I could rise to distinction in art without studying in Italy, but these words of Reynolds have determined me. I shall go to Rome as soon as my affairs are fit to be left; and to show him that wedlock is for a man's good rather than his harm, you shall accompany me. If I remain here, I shall be accused of ignorance concerning those noble works of art which are to the sight of a sculptor what learning is to a man of genius, and you will lie under the charge of detaining me." In this resolution Mrs. Flaxman fully concurred. They resolved to prepare themselves in silence for the journey, to inform no one of their intentions, and to set, meantime, a still stricter watch over their expenditure. No assistance was proffered by the Academy, nor was any asked; and five years elapsed from the day of the memorable speech of the president, before Flaxman, by incessant study and labor, had accumulated the means of departing for Italy. They went together; and in all his subsequent labors and triumphs, the wife was his good angel.

For thirty-eight years Flaxman lived wedded—his health was generally good, his spirits ever equal; and his wife, to whom his fame was happiness, had been always at his side. She was a most cheerful, intelligent woman; a collector, too, of drawings and sketches, and an admirer of Stothard, of whose designs and prints she had amassed more than a thousand. Her husband paid her the double

respect due to affection and talent; and when any difficulty in composition occurred, he would say, with a smile, "Ask Mrs. Flaxman, she is my dictionary." She maintained the simplicity and dignity of her husband, and refused all presents of paintings, or drawings, or books, unless some reciprocal interchange were made. It is almost needless to say that Flaxman loved such a woman very tenderly. The hour of their separation approached—she fell ill, and died in the year 1820; and from the time of this bereavement, something like a lethargy came over his spirit, although he, as his biographer remarks, was "surrounded with the applause of the world." He survived his wife six years.

Sharely

THE POET'S COMPANION.

MRS. WORDSWORTH.

[FROM A SERMON PEEACHED IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY ON THE SUNDAY
AFTER HER DEATH.]

"There be some standing here that shall not taste of death."

MATT. XVI. 92

Let us not imagine that these words are applicable merely to eminent saints and martyrs. They are realized every day and every hour, in the peaceful dissolution of all who depart hence in the true faith and fear of God.

Far be from us, my brethren, the spirit of irreverent curiosity, which pries into the sanctities of private death-beds, and reveals their secrets to the world. But when Almighty God takes to himself the spirits of just men and holy women, and when their mortal remains are consigned to the peaceful chambers of the tomb, in the hope of a glorious resurrection, then Christian piety loves to linger at their graves, and to ponder on the lessons of wis dom which may be learnt from their examples. Bear with me, therefore, my beloved brethren, in making here a passing allusion to one who de-

parted this life in the bygone week, full of years and good works, and whose body now rests in peace by the side of a mountain stream, in a quiet country churchyard.

Let me be permitted to invite you to meditate for a few moments by the side of that grave. It is not the grave of a soldier, illustrious for heroic deeds, it is not the grave of a statesman, distinguished by political wisdom and brilliant eloquence; it is not the grave of any of the noble or great of this world; but it is the grave of an aged widow, who lived in retirement in a beautiful spot, in a fair region of our own land; and it is not for any personal purpose, but for the sake of the public lessons of religious wisdom which may thence be derived, that you are now invited to pause for a moment there.

She was the wife of an English poet, who appeared before the world at the close of the last century—one whose poems were at first received with cold indifference or disdainful scorn, except by some few prophetic spirits who acknowledged their value and augured their fame—one who, nothing daunted by harsh judgments and rash censures, not cast down by despondency, not irritated by obloquy, not brooding in sullen moodiness over his own ill-requited labors—but, conscious of the secret breathings of poetic inspiration stirring within him, toiled on calmly and quietly, devoting the intellectual gifts he had received from God to the glory of the great Giver, and to the welfare of human

kind, in interpreting to the world the beautiful magnificence of nature, and in throwing a veil of graceful delicacy over the common concerns of daily life, and in elevating and purifying the thoughts by high and holy aspirations, and in enlisting the sympathies and affections of mankind in whatever is good and great, noble and lovely—especially when it is found in the life of the lowly-minded, the meek, the simple, and the poor.

He labored year after year, and he did not labor in vain. He scaled the hill of fame, and won his way to glory. The author of the "Lyrical Ballads" and of the "Excursion," the late Poet Laureate of England—for of him we now speak—received in his old age from the royal hand the noblest meed of praise that could be conferred by it on poetic genius; he was greeted by academic applause; the fame which he had earned in England was echoed across the Atlantic, with a voice of cordial assent, from every part of America; and at length, after his death, his memory was honored by a monument erected by public contributions, in this sacred Minster, in this mausoleum of national genius, amid the trophies of national glory.

And what now is our moral? what is our religious inference from these facts? How were they brought to pass? Where, let us ask, under God, was a mainspring of the comfort which cheered him in days of difficulty and of chilling neglect? Whence was the genial light which gleamed over his path?

It was—as he himself has declared in his published writings-it was in his marriage union. It was in his conjugal partnership with a holy and virtuous woman, whose price is above rubies. It was in his wedded life, in holy fellowship with one who was richly endued with "the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which (as the Apostle testifies) is in the sight of God of great price." (1 Pet. iii. 3.) This it was which gave consolation and joy to his hours of care and sadness, and ministered strength and courage for his noble intellectual work. This it was which conduced to impart a holy fragrance and a healthful tone to his writings, and made them more instrumental in the diffusion of public and permanent good in this and other lands.

Blessed consummation! leaving a beautiful example of the salutary influence exercised by woman's love, by woman's faith, by woman's quietness, meekness, gentleness, holiness, over men of vigorous minds, endued with great intellectual gifts, and stirred by strong emotions, such as are generally found in those who are endued with poetic genius, and are fired with fervid imaginations. The influence of holy womanhood on such minds as these is like that of a spiritual gravitation. It is like that elemental influence of attraction, never seen, but always felt, which acts upon the heavenly bodies themselves, and controls those planetary luminaries, traveling in their rapid course, and keeps them in their proper spheres, and makes

them ministers of light, of health, and joy to the world.

Here let woman see her privileges, here let her recognize her powers. Her might is in meekness. "In quietness shall be your strength." (Isa. xxx. 15.) It resides in the hidden springs of the heart, in holy instincts, and delicate reserve, and modest reverence, and tender sensibilities.

THE CHRISTIAN HEROINL

HARRIET NEWELL,

THE first American heroine of the missionary enterprise, was born at Haverhill, Massachusetts, October 10th, 1793. Her maiden name was Atwood. In 1806, while at school at Bradford, she became deeply impressed with the importance of religion; and, at the age of sixteen, she joined the church. On the 9th of February, 1812, Harriet Atwood married the Rev. Samuel Newell, missionary to the Burman empire; and in the same month, Mr. and Mrs. Newell embarked with their friends, Mr. and Mrs. Judson, for India. On the arrival of the missionaries at Calcutta, they were ordered to leave by the East India company; and accordingly Mr. and Mrs. Newell embarked for the Isle of Three weeks before reaching the island she became the mother of a child, which died in five days. On the 30th of November, seven weeks and four days after her confinement, Mrs. Harriet Newell, at the age of twenty, expired, far from her home and friends. She was one of the first females who ever went from this country as a missionary.

and she was the first who died a martyr to the cause of missions. That there is a time, even in the season of youth and the flush of hope, when it is "better to die than to live," even to attain our wish for this world, Harriet Newell is an example. Her most earnest wish was to do good for the cause of Christ, and be of service in teaching his gospel to the heathen. Her early death has, apparently, done this, better and more effectually, than the longest life and most arduous labors of any one of the noble band of American women who have gone forth on this errand of love and hope. In the language of a recent writer on this subject, "Heroines of the Missionary Enterprise," Harriet Newell was the great proto-martyr of American missions. She fell, wounded by death, in the very vestibule of the sacred cause. Her memory belongs, not to the body of men who sent her forth, not to the denomination to whose creed she had subscribed, but to the church, to the cause of missions. With the torch of truth in her hand, she led the way down into a valley of darkness, through which many have followed. Her work was short, her toil soon ended; but she fell, cheering by her dying words and her high example, the missionaries of all coming time. She was the first, but not the only martyr. Heathen lands are dotted over with the graves of fallen Christians; missionary women sleep on almost every shore, and the bones of some are whitening in the fathomless depths of the ocean.

Never will the influence of the devoted woman whose life and death are here portrayed, be estimated properly, until the light of an eternal day shall shine on all the actions of men. We are to measure her glory, not by what she suffered, for others have suffered more than she did. But we must remember that she went out when the missionary enterprise was in its infancy—when even the best of men looked upon it with suspicion. The tide of opposition she dared to stem, and with no example, no predecessor from American shores, she went out to rend the veil of darkness which gathered over all the nations of the East.

Things have changed since then. Our missionaries go forth with the approval of all the good; and the odium which once attended such a life is swept away. It is to some extent a popular thing to be a missionary, although the work is still one of hardship and suffering. It is this fact which gathers such a splendor around the name of Harriet Newell, and invests her short eventful life with such a charm. She went when no foot had trodden out the path, and was the first American missionary ever called to an eternal reward. While she slumbers in her grave, her name is mentioned with affection by a missionary church. And thus it should be. She has set us a glorious example; she has set an example to the church in every land and age, and her name will be mingled with the loved ones who are falling year by year; and if, when the glad millennium comes, and the earth is converted to God, some crowns brighter than others shall be seen amid the throng of the ransomed, one of those crowns will be found upon the head of Harriet Newell."

"History is busy with us," said Marie Antoinette; and the hope that her heroic endurance of ignominy and suffering would be recorded, and ensure the pity and admiration of a future age, doubtless nerved her to sustain the dignity of a queen throughout the deep tragedy of her fate.

The noblest heroism of a woman is never thus self-conscious. The greatest souls, those who elevate humanity and leave a track of light—"as stars go down"—when passing away from earth, never look back for the brightness. A woman with such a soul is absorbed in her love for others, and in her duty toward God. She does what she can, feeling constantly how small is the mite she gives; and the worth which it is afterward discovered to bear would, probably, astonish the giver far more than it does the world.

Harriet Newell died at the early age of twenty, leaving a journal and a few letters, the record of her religious feelings and the events of her short missionary life. These fragments have been published, making a little book. Such is her contribution to literature; yet this small work has been and is now of more importance to the intellectual progress of the world than all the works of Madame de Staël. The writings of Harriet Newell, translated into several tongues, and published in many

editions, have reached the heart of society, and assisted to build up the throne of woman's power, even the moral influence of her sex over men; and their intellect can never reach its highest elevation but through the medium of moral cultivation.

THE MISSIONARY'S WIFE.

SARAH LANMAN SMITH,

Was born in Norwich, Connecticut, June 18, 1802. Her father was Jabez Huntington, Esq. Her biographer, Rev. Edward W. Hooker, says of her early years, after describing her sufferings from ill health during childhood, and also from the severity of a school-mistress, which circumstances, added to the death of her mother, had the effect to bring out great decision and sometimes wilfulness of character:

"But with these things in childhood, showing that she was a subject of that native depravity in which all the human race are 'guilty before God,' she exhibited, as she was advancing in the years of youth, many of the virtues which are useful and lovely; and probably went as far in those excellences of natural character on which many endeavor to build their hope of salvation, as almost any unconverted persons do; carrying with her, however, the clear and often disturbing conviction, that the best virtues which she practised were not holiness, nor any evidence of fitness for heaven.

"She was exceedingly attached to her friends. Her father was almost her idol. The affection for her mother, who was so early removed by death, she transferred with exemplary tenderness, to her step-mother; and it is believed the instances are rare in which the parties are uniformly happier in each other, in that relation, than were Mrs. Huntington and this daughter. Her warmth and tenderness of affection as a sister were also peculiar and exemplary. Her childhood and youth were marked with great delicacy of mind and manners; diligence, promptitude, and efficiency in her undertakings; love of system and fondness for study, improvement, and the acquirement of useful knowledge, joined with a great desire to answer the wishes and expectations of her friends. Dutifulness and respect for her parents and grandparents; reverence for her superiors generally; readiness to receive advice or admonition; a just appreciation of the good influence of others, and a spirit of cautiousness respecting whatever might be injurious to her own character, were also prominent traits in her habits. Disinterestedness and self-denial for the benefit of others were conspicuous. Long before she became a subject of divine grace, she took an interest in various objects of benevolence, particularly Sabbath-schools; and exhibited that spirit of enterprise, patience, and perseverance, in aiding the efforts of others, which constituted so prominent an excellence in her character in the later years of her life. Self-government economy

in the use of her time and pocket-money; tastefulness in dress, without extravagance; and a careful and conscientious consideration of her father's resources, also were observable in her early habits. These traits are not mentioned because they are not found in many other young persons, but because they appeared in her in an uncommon degree."

The virtues and graces of character enumerated do not, it is true, constitute the holiness of a Christian-that is, the especial gift of the Holy Spirit, to sanctify the heart; but they do show a state of feeling naturally inclined to the moralities of life, to which sin, acted out, would have been at "enmity." Her "moral sense" was refined and enlightened; she only needed the breath of divine grace to turn her heart to God; all her ways were in harmony with his laws; while converted men have, usually, the whole inner course of their lives to alter, or at least to put off the "old man with his deeds;" which is the struggle of a carnal nature women do not often have to undergo. Mrs. Smith is a true and lovely illustration of the noblest type of feminine nature. She commenced her office as teacher in a Sunday-school, at the age of fourteen, before she was a convert to Jesus; that is, before she had yielded her will to the convictions of her reason and the promptings of her best feelings, and determined to live the life of duty, and seek her own happiness in doing good to others. This

change took place when she was about eighteen years old; from that time all was harmony in her soul; she had found the true light, and she followed it till she entered heaven. In 1833, Miss Huntington was married to the Rev. Eli Smith, of the American mission at Beyroot, Syria; and she went to that remote region as the "help meet" for a humble missionary. She was singularly fitted for this important station, having been a voluntary missionary to the miserable remnant of a tribe of the Mohegan Indians; she had thus tested her powers and strengthened her love for this arduous work in the cause of doing good. Her letters to her father and friends, while reflecting on this important step of a foreign mission, will be intensely interesting to those who regard this consecration of woman to her office of moral teacher as among the most efficient causes of the success of the Gospel. The literary merits of her writings are of a high order; we venture to say, that, compared with the "Journals" and "Letters" of the most eminent men in the missionary station, those of Mrs. Smith will not be found inferior in merits of any kind. Her intellect had been cultivated; she could, therefore, bring her reasoning powers, as well as her moral and religious sentiments, to bear on any subject discussed; the following is proof in point. The powerful competition which the missionary cause held in Miss Huntington's affections, with her home and all its pleasant circumstances.

may be learned from two or three sentences in one of her letters written a few months before she left her country. "To make and receive visits, exchange friendly salutations, attend to one's wardrobe, cultivate a garden, read good and entertaining books, and even attend religious meetings for one's own enjoyment; all this does not satisfy me. I want to be where every arrangement will have unreserved and constant reference to eternity. On missionary ground I expect to find new and unlooked for trials and hindrances; still it is my choice to be there. And so far from looking upon it as a difficult task to sacrifice my home and country, I feel as if I should 'flee as a bird to her mountain.'"

Such are the helpers Christian men may summon to their aid, whenever they will provide for the education of woman and give her the office of teacher, for which God designed her.

Mrs. Smith accompanied her husband to Beyroot, and was indeed his "help" and good angel. She studied Arabic; established a school for girls; exerted her moral and Christian influence with great effect on the mixed population of Moslems, Syrians, Jews; visiting and instructing the mothers as well as the children; working with all her heart and soul, mind and might; and the time of her service soon expired. She died September 30th, 1836, aged thirty-four; a little over three years from the time she left her own dear land. She died at Boojah, near Smyrna; and in the burial

ground of the latter her precious dust reposes, beneath a monument which does honor to America, by showing the heroic and holy character of her missionary daughters.

THE LABORER IN THE VINEYARD.

LADY WARWICK.

The Right Honorable Mary, Countess of Warwick, was celebrated alike for her piety and accomplishments. She was born in November, in the year 1624, and died April 12th, 1677, aged 53. Her life extended over those years of the eventful seventeenth century which saw the splendor, the fall, and the restoration of the Stuart dynasty.

Lady Warwick's maiden name was Mary Boyle. She was the daughter of that Mr. Richard Boyle, born 1566, who, from the position of a private gentleman, rose by his merits to be the first, or great Earl of Cork. She had seven brothers and seven sisters, several of whom became illustrious; especially the Honorable Robert Boyle, who attained so much eminence as a Christian philosopher.

Lady Warwick had only two children, a daughter, who died young, and that promising young nobleman, Lord Rich, who died in 1664.

Her life affords us a conspicuous proof that there existed among the nobility and gentry of her period some persons of devoted piety who do not make

much figure in our historical annals, as they purposely kept themselves as free as possible from the numerous political perturbations of the times in which they lived.

Her "Diary" furnishes a vivid and graphic picture—not only of her ladyship's character, but of the actual every-day life of her contemporaries; and also alludes to many events of the time which have been too little noticed by other writers. It affords us a peep behind the curtain at the secret history of the leading persons of the age, which is alike interesting and improving to reflective readers.

On the whole, Lady Warwick stands before us as an eminently devout and excellent character. Her life and writings present to our fellow-countrywomen—especially those in the higher classes—a noble picture of the true piety, dignity, and grace which the daughters, wives, and mothers of England should seek to cultivate and to display.

The most important biographical notice of her that has yet appeared is in a work of her friend and pastor, Dr. Anthony Walker. It bears this singular title: "The Virtuous Woman Found, her Loss Bewailed, and Character Exemplified, in a Sermon preached at Felsted, in Essex, April 30th, 1678, at the funeral of that most excellent lady the Right Honorable and eminently religious and charitable Mary, Countess Dowager of Warwick, the most illustrious pattern of sincere piety and solid goodness this age hath produced: with so large

additions, as may be styled, The Life of that Noble Lady. To which are annexed, some of her Ladyship's Pious and Useful Meditations: by Anthony Walker, D.D., and rector of Fyfield, in the same county."

The first edition of this work was printed for Nathaniel Ranew, St. Paul's Churchyard, A. D. 1678, and another A. D. 1687, and it is from this graphic memoir, written with so much of the oldworld warmth, fulness, and directness, that the following picture of Lady Warwick's grave but winning character is taken.

God made use of two more remote means of her conversion—afflictions and retirement.

Like the wise man in the Gospel, Matt. vii. 24, she dug deep to lay her foundation on a rock. She made a strict scrutiny into the state of her soul, and weighed the reasons of her choice on the balance of the sanctuary. And, with the other builder of the Gospel, sat down and considered with herself what it might cost to finish her spiritual edifice, and whether she were furnished to defray that charge. And also whether the grounds of her hope were firm, and such as would not abuse and shame her, and her evidences for heaven such as would bear the test and Scripture would approve.

An account of this self-examination she drew up at large, with her own hand, judiciously, soberly, modestly, humbly.

Having thus put her hand to the plough, she

looked not back, but minded religion as her business indeed, and never gave suspicion of trifling in so serious a work.

Therefore, for her practice of it, it was her great design to walk worthy of God in all well pleasing, to adorn her professed subjection to the gospel by a conversation becoming it, and to show forth his virtues and praises who had called her to his marvelous light.

She was circumspectly careful to abstain from all appearance of evil. In all doubtful cases, it was her rule to take the surest side. Though, therefore, none were further from censuring others, or usurping judgment over their liberties, yet for herself she would never allow herself the addition of artificial handsomeness. She used neither paint nor patch, and was pleased with the saying of one of her spiritual friends, upon reading the book which apologizes for it: "O Lord, I thank thee that thou gavest me not wit enough to write such a book, unless withal thou hadst given me grace enough not to write it." Neither would she play at any games; because, beside many other inconveniences, she judged them great wasters of precious time, of which she was always very thrifty. And though she was known to be a woman of good understanding, yet there were three things that were too hard for her, and she would confess she could not comprehend them:

1. How those who professed to believe an eternal state, and its dependence upon the short inch

of time, could complain of time lying as a dead commodity on their hand, which they were troubled how to drive away

- 2. How Christians, who would seem devout at church, could laugh at others for being serious out of it, and burlesque the very Bible, and turn religion into ridicule.
- 3. How knowing men could take care of souls, and seldom come amongst them, and never look after them.

And though, in the fore-named particulars, she was content only to give example of forbearance; yet from the playhouse, since the stage hath taken so great liberty, she would openly dehort her friends with the greatest earnestness.

She very many years since began to keep a diary; and consulted two, whom she used to call her soul-friends—and ever esteemed such her best friends—concerning the best manner of performing This "diary" she used at first to write every evening; but finding that inconvenient, by reason of her lord's long illness, which gave her many inevitable diversions and interruptions at that season, she changed the time into the quiet, silent morning, always rising early. And therein, amongst other things, she recorded the daily frame of her own heart toward God, his signal providences to herself and sometimes toward others, his gracious manifestations to her soul, returns of prayer, temptations resisted or prevailing; or whatever might be useful for caution or encouragement, and afford

her matter of thankfulness or humiliation. By this means she arrived at such experience that she could conclude (at least make strong conjectures) of the events of things she spread before the Lord in prayer, by the frame of her own heart in the performance of it, as I could instance in particulars if it were convenient.

She used to call prayer, "heart's-ease;" as she often found it; and though her modesty was such, and she was so far from a vain affected ostentation of her gifts, that I cannot name one person with whom she prayed, yet can I say she was as mighty and fervent in prayer as constant and abundant in it: for she sometimes, using her voice, hath been overheard; and her own lord, knowing her hours of prayer, once conveyed a grave minister into a secret place within hearing; who, if I should name him, I suppose would not be denied to be a competent judge, and who much admired her humble fervency; for she, praying, prayed; and when she used not an audible voice, her sighs and groans would echo from her closet at a good distance.

But if she exceeded herself in any thing as much as she excelled others in most things, it was in meditation: this was her master-piece. She usually walked two hours daily in the morning to meditate alone; in which divine art she was an accomplished mistress, both in set times and occasional. In the first, choosing some select subject, which she would press upon her heart with intensest thoughts till she had drawn out all its juice and nourishment;

and in the second, like a spiritual bee, she would suck honey from all occurrences, whole volumes of which she hath left behind her.

After this consecrating of the day with reading the Scriptures, prayer, and meditation, a short dressing-time, and ordering her domestic affairs, or reading some good book, she spent the remainder of the morning till chapel-prayers, from which she was never absent, and at which she was ever reverent and a devout example to her whole family.

She was a strict observer of the Lord's day, which is truly called the hedge and fence of religion; and though some please themselves to call this Judaizing, to excuse the liberties they indulge themselves, I am sure our church hath enjoined us all to cry to God for mercy for the breach of, and for the grace to incline our hearts to keep the fourth commandment, as well as any of the other nine. And it is not hard to observe that the streams of religion are deep or shallow according as those banks are kept up or neglected.

She was a very devout communicant, seldom omitting to prepare her soul with solemn fasting to renew her covenant with God. And in the act of receiving, I cannot think of her without reflecting on St. Stephen, when he saw the heavens opened and Jesus standing at God's right hand, and his face was as the face of an angel.

She was a very serious and attentive hearer of the word, and constantly after sermon recollected what she heard—sometimes by writing, always by thinking, and calling it to mind—that she might make it her own, and turn it into practice; not content to be a forgetful, fruitless hearer only, but a doer, that she might be blessed in her deed.

And such she was for the external performances of religion.

And though this was beautiful and lovely, yet her chief glory was within, in the hidden man of the heart, in that which is not corruptible, in that dress of graces which adorned her soul. This string was all of orient pearls, and evenly matched, not one ill-watered or of unequal size. There was not one dried or withered limb, one member wanting or defective in the new creature; she was complete in Christ, all of a piece.

She avowedly designed to represent religion as amiable and taking, and free from vulgar prejudice, as possibly she might; not so as might affright and scare men from it, but that it might allure them, and insinuate itself into their love and liking. To this end she was affable, familiar, pleasant, of a free and agreeable conversation, unaffected, not sour, reserved, morose, nor disposed to melancholy, which presents religion most disadvantageously. She was naturally of the sweetest temper in the world; and grace, inoculated into such a stock, thrives even luxuriantly. Whereas, some crabbed, peevish, sul len natures starve the best scion they are grafted with. And she made grace and nature both subservient to the good of others.

As we say of some neat, well-fashioned persons, "whatever they wear becomes them, and sits well," I must do her this right to testify I never saw religion become any person better. And it was hard not to approve and love a dress so decent and adorning.

She kept herself free and disinterested from all parties and factions, that none might suspect her of a design of making proselytes to any but to God.

She was neither of Paul, nor Apollos, nor Cephas, but only Christ. Her name was Christian, and her surname Catholic. She had a large and unconfined soul, not hemmed in or pounded up within the circle of any man's name or drawing; a latitudinarian in the true commendable sense; and whoever feared God and wrought righteousness was accepted of her.

She very inoffensively, regularly, devoutly, observed all the orders of the Church of England, in its Liturgy and public service, which she failed not to attend twice a day with exemplary reverence; yet was she very far from placing religion in ritual observances. And I may not deny that she would sometimes warm her heart (though never with strange fire) at private altars in her own chamber or closet.

She would perfume the company with good discourse, to prevent idle or worse communication, not abruptly, upbraidingly, or importunely, which is very nauseous and fulsome, and spoils a good

game by bad playing. But she was like a spiritual stove; you should feel the heat and not see the fire, and find yourself in other company amongst the same persons, and rather wonder than perceive how you came there. For she would drop a wise sentence or moral holy apothegm (with which she was admirably furnished, of her own making or collection) that suited with, at least was not far remote from what was talked of; and commending or improving that, she would wind about the whole discourse without offence, yea, with pleasure.

She kept a book of such wise pithy sayings, much valuing words which contained great use and worth in little compass.

I shall transcribe a few of many:

"The almost Christian is the unhappiest man; having religion enough to make the world hate him, and not enough to make God love him.

"God's servants should be as bold for him as the devil's are for him.

"What will make thee happy at any time will make thee happy at all times.

"O Lord, what I give thee doth not please thee, unless I give thee myself. So what thou givest me shall not satisfy me, unless thou give me thyself.

"O Lord, who givest grace to the humble, give me grace to be humble.

"He loves God too little, who loves anything with him, which he loves not for him.

- "The true measure of loving God is to love him without measure.
- "So speak of God as though men heard thee; so speak to men as knowing God hears thee.
- "Seneca said, he was better born than to be a slave to his body.
- "Luther said, Christ's cross is no letter; yet it taught him more than all the alphabet.
- "We should meditate of Christ's cross till we be fastened as close to him as he was to his cross.
- "By how much the more Christ made himself vile for us, by so much the more precious he should be to us.
- "We need every day blood for our hearts, as water for our hands.
 - "He only can satisfy us who satisfied for us.
- "He that takes up Christ's cross handsomely shall find it such a burden as wings to a bird, or sails to a ship.
- "It is a great honor to be almoner to the King of heaven.
 - "Who would not starve a lust to feed a saint?
- "To give is the greatest sensible delight; how indulgent, then, is God to annex future rewards to what is so much its own recompense!
 - "To be libeled for Christ is the best panegyric.
 - "Where affliction is heavy sin is light.
- "God chastises whom he loves, but he loves not to chastise.
- "Sin brought death into the world, and nothing but death will carry sin out of the world.

"If all men's troubles were brought into a common store, every one would carry back what he brought rather than stand to a share of an equal division.

"Though time be not lasting, what depends on it is everlasting.

"The best shield against slanderers is to live so that none may believe them.

"He that revenges an injury acts the part of an executioner. He that pardons it acts the part of a prince.

"Sanctified afflictions are spiritual promotions.

"Man is a pile of dust and puff of wind.

"Why are we so fond of that life which begins with a cry and ends with a groan?"

But I will not cloy you; knowing it is safest to rise with an appetite, even when we are entertained at a banquet.

It would require a volume to follow the biographer with his review of Lady Warwick, as a wife, as a friend, as a mother, a landlady, and the mistress of a great household—always affectionate, dignified, and charitable. The poor, the young children, and young scholars of promise were the objects of her special and unfailing care.

But methinks I hear it asked, says the worthy chaplain, "What! had she no spots, no scars, no real nor imputed blemishes? how could the live in such an age and not be corrupted, or at least traduced; neither scorched by the fire of infection, nor blackened by the smoke of revengeful detrac-

tion, for upbraiding the guilty by her innocence? This overdoing is undoing, if you make us believe she had no faults; we shall sooner believe you have no truth; and all that you have said hath more of romance and what you fancy than narrative of what she was or did."

I confess it is next to a miracle to consider both how divine grace enlarged her heart and established her goings, and restrained the tongues of others from reproach or showing dislike of that in her for which they deride and hate, not to say persecute others.

But since you are so inquisitive, and seem to deny me the just and civil freedom to draw a veil of silence over her imperfections, and your curiosity will be peeping under that sacred pall which should secure and shroud the worst of men from being pried into; and the vault and grave, that place of darkness and forgetfulness, which should bury all defects and render them invisible, must be ransacked: draw back the curtains, let in the light, survey its secret recesses; nor she, nor I in her behalf, fear the most piercing eagle-eye or scent. Not that I deny her to have been a sinner while I adore that grace that made her a saint.

But these two things I say and will adhere to.

First, that she was not notoriously defective in any grace or virtue.

Secondly, she was never stained with any scandalous deformity: another rare mercy; for though she did slip now and then, or stumble, if you will, she fell not, much less lay or wallowed to defile ner garments; which I testify not only from mine own observation but her own pen. She says, "After God had thus savingly (I hope) wrought upon me, I went on constantly, comfortably, in my Christian course, though I had many doubts and fears to contend with; and did truly obey that precept of working out my salvation with fear and trembling; yet God was pleased to carry me still onward; and though I too often broke my good resolutions, I never renounced them; and though I too often tripped in my journey to heaven, yet I never forsook my purpose of going thither."

I never heard her blamed for more than two faults by the most curious observers and inspectors of her disposition or behavior.

- 1. Excess of charity.
- 2. Defect of anger, or what was reducible to those two. Two goodly faults! But even these admit apology more easily than they need it.
- 1. What was reputed the culpable excess of her charity was her credulous easiness to believe most people good, or at least better than they were. I confess she did bend a little to this right-hand error; but if it were a bad effect, it proceeded from a good cause. For, as it is observed, that as they who are conscious to themselves of some great evils, scarce can esteem any less nocent* than themselves; so they that have clear and innocent

^{*} Noxious, injurious.

hearts are ready to judge the like of others. "Charity thinketh no evil," and she used this good opinion of others as an instrument to make them what she was so willing to signify she thought them. But though she would never despair of any men while she found them under the awe of God's authority and word—(for even those may receive some nourishment who eat against stomach, and the sieve under the pump may be cleansed, though it hold no water)—yet if she observed a person to scorn or deride the Scriptures, despise God's ordinances, and turn all that was sacred into ridicule, she used, as her phrase was, to set her mark upon that man. And I must further add, she was neither so often or so much mistaken in her judgment of persons as some supposed she was; they more misinterpreting her civility than she did the other's sanctity.

2. For her defect of anger.—This implies (if it be faulty) want of zeal against sin and sinners; and so it is an unjust charge; for though I confess she could not rage and storm, and discover her anger, as some persons do who verify the saying, "Anger is a kind of madness,"—for her sedate, composed, serene mind, and sweet and amicable disposition were scarcely forcible to what was so contrary to her nature; yet would she make deeper impressions of her displeasure for great faults, than those who appeared most curious; like a still soaking shower, which will wet more than a driving storm. And therefore it was observed, that if any

servants had been faulty, they had rather have passed the gauntlet thrice of their lord's most furious expressions than have once been sent for to their lady's closet, whose treatment was soft words, but hard arguments against their faults; and like that silent lightning, which, without the noise of thunder, melts the blade and singeth not the scabbard. Her reproofs were neither the frightful hissing, nor the venomed sting, but the penetrating oil of scorpions.

This little is enough to extenuate her almost commendable faults; and it is a great evidence of her goodness that these things were imputed as blemishes; for they who would not spare her in these little errors showed plainly that she was not chargeable with more or greater.

Never did bird take wing when disentangled from a net with greater cheerfulness, nor chirp out the pleasures of its unconfined freedom more merrily, than she did solace herself, when she had escaped the noise and crowd of affairs, which ruffled and turmoiled her quiet, and suspended the enjoyment of herself. And when her dearest sister was, in the beginning of the last winter, about to leave her, her last farewell she took was in these words: "Now I have done my drudgery (meaning her business), I will set to the renewing of my preparations for eternity; and she made it the repeated business of the last winter.

She on the Tuesday in Passion-week (March 26th, 1678) was taken with some indisposition, loss

of appetite, and an aguish distemper, and had four or five fits, which yet in that season were judged both by physicians and her friends more advantageous to her health than dangerous to her life. And in this state she continued freed from her fits, in her own apprehension and in our hopes, till Friday, the 12th of April, on which day she rose with good strength, and after sitting up some time, being laid upon her bed, discoursing cheerfully and piously, one of the last sentences she spake was this, turning back the curtain with her hand:

"Well, ladies, if I were one hour in heaven, I would not be again with you, as well as I love you."

Thus lived, thus died, this right honorable lady, this heroic woman, this blessed saint, this incomparable pattern of flaming zeal for the glory of God and burning charity for the good of men, in the actual exercise of prayer, according to her own desire. For there are many witnesses who have testified that they have often heard her say, that if she might choose the manner and circumstances of her death, she would die praying, by which desire she so often anticipated heaven.

THE GUARDIAN ANGEL.

LADY MACKINTOSH.

[This noble tribute to a devoted wife is given in the "Memoirs" of 8ir James Mackintosh, the "philosophical politician" and the humane and upright judge—one of the most able and estimable men ever intrusted with the administration of justice.]

Allow me, in justice to her memory, to tell you what she was, and what I owed her. I was guided in my choice only by the blind affection of my youth. I found an intelligent companion and a tender friend, a prudent monitress, the most faithful of wives, and a mother as tender as children ever had the misfortune to lose. I met a woman who, by the tender management of my weaknesses, gradually corrected the most pernicious of them. She became prudent from affection; and though of the most generous nature, she was taught economy and frugality by her love for me. During the most critical period of my life, she preserved order in my affairs, from the care of which she relieved me. She gently reclaimed me from dissipation; she propped my weak and irresolute nature; she urged my indolence to all the exertions that have been

useful or creditable to me; and she was perpetually at hand to admonish my heedlessness and improvidence. To her I owe whatever I am; to her whatever I shall be. In her solicitude for my interest, she never for a moment forgot my feelings or my character. Even in her occasional resentment, for which I but too often gave her cause (would to God I could recall those moments!) she had no sullenness or acrimony. Her feelings were warm and impetuous, but she was placable, tender, and constant. Such was she whom I have lost; and I have lost her when her excellent natural sense was rapidly improving, after eight years of struggle and distress had bound us fast together, and moulded our tempers to each other—when a knowledge of her worth had refined my youthful love into friendship, before age had deprived it of much of its original ardor—I lost her, alas! (the choice of my youth and the partner of my misfortunes) at a moment when I had the prospect of her sharing my better days.

The philosophy which I have learned only teaches me that virtue and friendship are the greatest of human blessings, and that their loss is irreparable. It aggravates my calamity, instead of consoling me under it. My wounded heart seeks another consolation. Governed by these feelings, which have mevery age and region of the world actuated the human mind, I seek relief, and find it, in the soothing hope and consolatory opinion that a Benevolent Wisdom inflicts the chastisement as well as bestows

Goodness will one day enlighten the darkness which surrounds our nature and hangs over our prospects; that this dreary and wretched life is not the whole of man; that an animal so sagacious and provident, and capable of such proficiency in science and virtue, is not like the beasts that perish; that there is a dwelling-place prepared for the spirits of the just, and that the ways of God will yet be vindicated to man. The sentiments of religion which were implanted in my mind in my early youth, and which were revived by the awful scenes which I have seen passing before my eyes in the world, are, I trust, deeply rooted in my heart by this great calamity.

THE END.

MOTHERS OF THE BIBLE

ВY

MRS. S. G ASHTON.

WITH AN INTRODUCTORY ESSAY,

BY

REV. A. L. STONE.

"ALL SCRIPTURE IS PROFITABLE."

NEW YORK:
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1876.



"THE HEART THAT

TE HAVE LAIN NEAR BEFORE OUR BIRTH 13 THE ONLY ONE THAT

CAN NEVER FORGET THAT IT HAS LOVED US."

T o

MY MOTHER,

AS A

LIGHT TOKEN OF THE ESTIMATION IN WHICH I HOLD HER
UNFORGETTING LOVE,

This Volume

IS GRATEFULLY INSCRIBED.



INTRODUCTION.

BY REV. A. L. STONE.

Two immediate objects seem to have influenced the author of the following pages, in preparing them for the press: one, to prompt her readers to a diligent and careful study of the Bible; the other, to quicken, in those who sustain the maternal relation, a sense of their responsibility, and to inspire them with a more prayerful devotion to their solemn trust. The book itself is the offspring of this double parentage,—the habit of the daily study of the Scriptures, and the pressure of a mother's duty. The richest recompense it can bring to the writer will be the knowledge that it has led other minds, trembling and fainting under that pressure, to seek light and guidance, strength and hope, in the teachings of the Holy Ghost.

The wealth of the Scripture fulness in respect to any commanding interest of life is, except to the earnest and laborious student, a mine of unknown riches. The careless reader, in lightly skimming the surface, may catch the sheen of here and there a gem, the glimmer of golden dust; but the rarer jewels of truth, the deep-chambered veining of the precious ore, are to such eyes hidden treasures. The thoughts of God, by which he would make us, the pupils of his tuition, wise unto salvation, are not in their clear but profound depths so easily fathomed. Shutting up all this lore of spiritual things in one volume, our divine Teacher has meant us to search and master that one book with a patience and thoroughness of

acquisition beyond those of all other scholarship. If this book were a systematic treatise upon the topics comprehended within its broad horizon, like a volume of theological essays, the demand for this steady and keen-eyed investigation were possibly not so urgent. But the truths it contains are scattered along its pages, in seeming disorder and disconnection. Here stands a sublime doctrine; next comes an impassioned song; next, a prophet's vision of the far future; then a page of history, or a chapter of biography, and then some earnest exhortation. The sweet voices of the bards, the seer's mystic utterances, the confused shouts of the warriors, fall upon our ear in the same wave of sound. The Saviour himself taught no body of divinity in philosophic form. He spake and wrought as occasion prompted. The scenes of his wanderings, the insulting question of some haughty scribe, the petition of some poor sufferer for healing, or the death of one he loved, were the texts upon which his lips distilled wisdom. So we look for one doctrine in Galilee, for another at the well of Sychar, and for another in the desert. Out of the utterances of four thousand years we have to gather up the sublime whole of revelation.

It is not strange, therefore, that we are commanded, by that word of intense significance, to SEARCH the Scriptures. This is, not to sit carelessly down, in the hurrying morning, and fling open a leaf anywhere, and glance the eye at speed along the lines of a short chapter, or the half of a long one. It is not to hang at late evening, with heavy eyelids, over a brief Psalm, satisfied that we have thus honored the word of God.

"Search," as the gold-hunter for the glittering scales he covets; as the shepherd of the fold for a lamb straying in the wilderness, as the woman of the parable for her lost piece of silver. We are to STUDY the Scriptures, portion by

portion, patiently, intently, with commentaries and Bible dictionaries, and cyclopedias, and whatsoever *helps* we can command; and, first of all, and most of all, with wrestling prayer for divine illumination, as scholars of the Spirit.

It will be one of the happiest influences of these sketches, as it has been their chief inspiration, if they awaken in any soul a new relish for the Book of books, and a fresh purpose to commune more intimately with its celestial voices.

And for none were such an influence more precious and blessed, than for one sustaining the tender relation, and charged with the solemn responsibility, of a mother. As the joy of maternity is hers; as she bears and nurtures the new life waking to a deathless being; as its first pulses of vitality and consciousness beat next to her heart, and beneath her eye; as none can come, in the tenderness and closeness of this natural tie, between her and her child; so the earliest, nearest, and most determinate forces that mould the character of that young aspirant for immortality, are those she wields. are shed silently as dews of night. Their author may be altogether unconscious, and purposeless in their administration. But none the less are they potent and controlling. The first sights those wondering eyes open upon, the first sounds that fall upon the ear, all the surroundings of the cradle and the nursery, leave images of themselves on that young brain never to be effaced, and shaping the first rudimental elements of character.

How many unwritten histories, one day to be published, keep within their hidden volumes the memorial of these infinitesimal and subtle influences that have the first access to the heart, and inweave themselves with its earliest sentiments and passions!

How needful that a relation, so linked with human destinies here and hereafter, should be instructed and furnished out of the Divine Manual.—that all which is warning and all which is consoling in the historic examples which it records of such a relation, should press with its hopes and fears the maternal heart! What other light shines so clear to guide?—what other wisdom can give safe responses when this momentous question exercises that heart? "For what end, and by what principles and methods, shall I train my child?"

To awaken this question with unthinking spirits; to enter with quick and large sympathies into the solicitudes of every Christian mother; to gather into one picture gallery, from the wide ranges and scattered sketches of inspiration, the portraitures of those in the elder ages who wrought blessing or cursing in this one relation; to lead all, who may gaze with interest upon the faint copies, to seek for themselves the presence of the originals, and so to help the sanctification of the homes of our land, is the mission on which this little volume is sent forth.

With what simple beauty and pathos, with what careful fidelity to sacred history, and with what diligence of investigation, the author has accomplished her task, we may confidently leave her readers to testify.

"HILLSIDE," ROXBURY.

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MOTHERS OF THE BIBLE.

THE BIBLE.

My Bible! my precious, blessed Bible! what were life without thee? Guide of my otherwise wandering feet, solace of all my cares! Only competent instructor of my ignorance—truest, safest counsellor in difficulty—most cheerful companion in hours of darkness! Rich treasure-house, in which are stored the thoughts of my God, his purposes of mercy toward a ruined world! Inexhaustible fountain of pure and sweet waters, from which I daily drink and am re freshed!

"With thee conversing I forget all time."
My dull, earthly spirit, quickened by the spirit
divine which illumines thy pages, rises invigorated and gladdened from every fresh communion

With thee, I witness, delighted, creating wonders. I see earth, robed in beauty, spring from chaos at the Almighty mandate, and listen to the song of the morning stars. I converse with the first parents of our race amid their Eden joys, and shed tears of pity over the bitter and dark reverse. With Noah and his liberated family I rejoice, as the long-absent sun lights the mountain-top, and from the sacred altar goes up the incense of gratitude to the God of winds and waves. I listen and admire while Abraham pleads, and Moses talks with God as a man talketh with his friend. For me the sweet psalmist of Israel pours forth rich strains of heavenly melody, and the prophet thunders the threatenings of Jehovah upon his backsliding people. I follow down the long track of ages with eager step, beholding on every side the wonders God hath wrought, and singing ever, as I go, "Praise ye the Lord! Praise him for his mighty acts! Happy is he that hath the God of Jacob for his help!" Folded and laid aside as a garment by his powerful hand, I see the fading glories of the old dispensation give place to simpler, but more delightful and significant ceremonies. Touched by his finger, I see Judea's pride, the joy of the whole earth, the city of her God, crumbling to dust; and on its ruins, built by Almighty power, there rises an edifice in comparison of which the former shall not be mentioned nor come into mind.

But, O, most precious of all the joys thou hast in store for those that love thee is the record of His life and death who is the believer's portion, whom having not seen he loves, his refuge and hiding-place, the source of joy unspeakable to his soul. Here, indeed, I am fed with living bread. Again and again, with new wonder and love, I study the history of my Redeemer's earthly sojourn. With intense and absorbing interest I ponder on his mysterious birth, his wonderful childhood, the cares and labors of his most sorrowful life, and the mighty agonies of his atoning death.

There is no theme interesting to man of which thou canst not speak. Blest book of God! Vain is it that I strive to show thy worth to me!

THE MOTHERS OF THE BIBLE.

WE propose, in the pages of this volume, to record the results of an earnest and diligent study of the Bible with reference to this particular topic, and to gather together, in as interesting a manner as we may, such instruction and encouragement as it will afford mothers in their important work.

Of all the mothers who have lived in our world, those who are mentioned in the Bible are the only ones of whom God has ever spoken. To millions upon millions he has given the care of children, and capabilities for their proper nurture. Many of them, doubtless, have been faithful mothers, whom he has blessed, whose prayers he has heard, whose children he has numbered among his jewels. But whether he has approved or censured we know not from his own mouth, and shall not know till the final day. Some have passed from earth; and some still live, but their record is not here. In the Bible, however, there

are the names of those concerning whom God has spoken. We do not know, until we give ourselves to the study, how many there are, nor how much is said of them. But, be it more or less, it will be deeply interesting and important. It will, perhaps, enable us to understand better how the heart of our heavenly Father is affected toward the mothers of the earth — with what feelings he regards them, as they toil on amid their cares and anxieties. It will bind us to him in new bonds. It will elevate our views. It will refine and purify our affections. It will make the relations we sustain appear more sacred and solemn in our eyes, as we shall see them taking hold on eternity. It will lead us to more earnest prayer — to more cheerful, hopeful efforts for the best welfare of our precious ones. It will endear to us the holy Scriptures, the invaluable communications of sovereign wisdom and love to us who are ignorant and erring. Let us cast aside the indifference which even Christians are prone to feel to this book of God, and come to the study of it as to a fresh fountain, and in the spirit of those who look eagerly for instruction to a wise and loved teacher

To breathe thus a while, from time to time, the pure atmosphere of God's presence, will give us new spiritual health and vigor. To become acquainted with his thoughts and opinions will greatly enrich our minds and hearts, and furnish us a more correct standard than we can possibly gain from the world, by which to measure all relations, and duties, and promised gain.

We offer our earnest prayer, that he who inspired and dictated this volume will enable us to gain from it all the instruction which he intended it should convey.

PERHAPS no character of earthly history, if we except only our Lord Jesus Christ, gathers about itself so much of interest, calls forth such deep and varying emotions, or affords such important instruction, as does that of our first mother, certainly in no other do we find such marked contrasts, such strange vicissitudes Hers was indeed a checkered life. It could hardly be compared, like ours, to an "April day;" the clouds were too black and portentous, the sunshine too brilliant. Not on her path shone "a little sun," nor dropped "a little rain." effulgence of heaven and the driving tempest were fitter types. To her lips was presented a draught of pure, unalloyed, and perfect happiness. For a few brief days she tasted bliss complete. But the sup from which she drank through lingering centuries contained dregs of bitterest woe. She listened, delighted, to the thrilling tones of nature's harp, touched by Almighty skill,

and tuned to nicest harmony; and on her ear grated the harsh and fearful discord, when the gurious strings were shattered by her own disobedient hand. To her it was given to look upon life in its perfection, when the earth yielded her luxuriant fruits spontaneously; when flowers of every hue and thornless roses blossomed about her path; when animals of various names, obedient to man, and gentle in disposition, gambolled and frisked at her side, and there was none to molest or make afraid. And she gazed also, in sorrowful amaze, at the bitter contrast, when the ground, cursed for man's sake, brought forth thorns and thistles, and universal war raged among the tribes of the forest. She alone, of all her daughters, enjoyed in its completeness, unmarred and entire, true conjugal bliss. Fairest of them all in person, and most excellent in character, she was most worthy of the love which she received from her husband, such love as no son of Adam has since been able to bestow. even on this domestic happiness she saw the blighting mildew fall, and her path of life thenceforth, even when trodden by her husband's side,

led often through dark, and wretched, and jarring scenes. Our mother Eve! How has her name ever summoned the most conflicting emotions and thoughts, — approval and censure, admiration and contempt, blessing and cursing! Around her poetry has thrown all its enchantments, portraying her beautiful and lovely beyond compare; and on her devoted head have the maledictions of a race been showered, as on the most sinful of The stern and truth-telling God's creation. oracles of God, neither charmed by poetry nor swayed by prejudice, present her to us, in one hour exalted, dignified, and holy, the fit companion of man in his best estate, worthy the society of angels, and even of God himself; in the next, fallen, weak and sinful, the victim of Satan's artful wiles, an object of pity to all holy beings, and the wretched subject of divine displeasure.

EVE AS A MOTHER.

We might follow the contrasts presented in Eve's history to any extent, or dwell upon the absorbing topics afforded by her state of primeval

innocence in Eden; for it is there we best love to contemplate her. But our design leads us elsewhere. We wish to study her character as a mother; to look upon her in relation to her own immediate family, and gather such lessons as we may from the "brief memorial" which the sacred writer has left on record concerning her. The picture is not a bright one. Guilt and fear have drawn the outline, and a violated law has hung the heavens with dark and threatening gloom. Yet it is not all dark. Despair has not been permitted to touch it with her death-dyed pencil. Hope shows here and there an opening in the clouds; and Faith, best messenger from God to sinful men, has hung it where celestial rays stream brightly upon it, and insensibly draw the gazer's thoughts upward to their source — to Him who in the midst of judgment still remembers mercy, and who would thus point erring creatures to a dwelling in his own abode of eternal light.

It is no longer Paradise, but an earthly home, upon which we look. It was, without doubt, a rude and simple habitation which Adam and Eve first tenanted. Perhaps it was provided, as was

their first clothing, by the immediate care of God However this may be, it served for shelter and repose, and was to them a home. From this spot Adam went daily forth to earn by the sweat of his brow their needed subsistence, leaving Eve to her lighter but not less necessary toil. Here, day after day, she pursued her avocations, and com muned with her own thoughts. Already had the dreaded curse commenced its work. Often sad and dispirited, weary, weak and suffering, filled with forebodings of the future, pressed by sore regret for the past, alarmed by unwonted distress in all her frame, she began to understand the meaning of those fearful words, "I will greatly multiply the sorrow of thy conception." Added to this, with her, doubtless, ever abode a deep feeling of sinfulness, a consciousness of innocence departed, a bitter remembrance of what she had been, and a humiliating sense of her altered character. The serenity of mind, the integrity of purpose, the purity of soul, were gone forever; and, worse than all, she knew, she felt, that her children would inherit, not her glory, but her sin and shame. Our deepest sympathies are

EVE.

then all was not darkness in her soul. The same voice that pronounced the curse had also promised deliverance from it, and that deliverance was to come to her as a mother. Expecting this, Eve probably looked forward to the birth of the first human child with such emotions as no mother has since experienced.

At length the day came. "She brought forth her first-born son." We can imagine something of the joy and gratitude which followed her anguish, as with her husband she gazed upon the helpless being. A mother's instincts taught her, all inexperienced and unaided as she was, to care for its wants and support its feebleness. How many exclamations of surprise and admiration and affection were bestowed on this first infant, we do not know. The theme of many an earnest conversation, an object of ever-increasing interest, we feel that his coming brought new happiness to the sad hearts of his parents, and was to them a proof that God, though justly displeased, was still their friend, even as in their sinless days. Only one expression from his mother's lips is recorded,

but that reveals a hidden world of thought: "I have gotten a man from the Lord." Poor Eve! how many experiences of hope deferred were yet to be her portion! How bitter was to be her disappointment now! The Lord had promised that her seed should bruise the serpent's head, and she verily thought this had been he.

Time passed on, and she was the mother of another son; and we infer from the sacred narrative, though no direct mention is made of them, that daughters also graced this first human home. Here we wish for more light. We long for some account of that family circle. We can hardly rest satisfied to know so little on a subject which interests us so deeply. We can, indeed, imagine them a bright and happy group, and picture to ourselves their probable circumstances. But we have a thousand questions to ask, and especially concerning their mother's daily instructions and care. Exhaustless themes we know she had on which to dwell, and we are persuaded that she lost no opportunity of impressing the lessons which she had learned by bitter experience. We seem to see their animated looks as she described

the beauty and glory of her Eden home; and the awe which would steal over their young faces, as with sorrowing heart she told them of the sin of their parents, and of Jehovah's displeasure, which banished them thence. We can deem that they were never weary of listening to the oft-told but ever-wonderful tale. We can understand, too, that Adam and Eve both regarded with intense anxiety the unfolding minds and hearts of their children. To any true mother the development of character in her child is a source of deepest solicitude. But how earnestly must Eve have watched from day to day the working of that deadly poison which her own folly had infused. What joy must have been hers when she saw a disposition to love and obey their Maker in any of her little flock! and we can well believe that, as she marked evil tempers and rebellious passions,

"Her smitten conscience felt as sharp a pain
As if she fell from innocence again."

Over these scenes of daily life — over her hopes and fears, her cares and sorrows — the veil

of oblivion has fallen. We ask in vain concerning them all. We shall never know, until we meet our first mother in heaven, what we would most wish to learn. Through long, long centuries her life was lengthened out. She saw her loved and gentle Abel all ghastly in death, murdered by him who at his birth was to her the promised of the Lord. She saw many sons and daughters around her, and their descendants for nearly a thousand years. She saw the earth filled with violence and wickedness, and beheld her own children debased by idolatry, and wilfully ignorant of the God whose presence she and her husband had so often welcomed as their chiefest joy, the crowning delight of Paradise. Bitter proofs of Satan's malignant influence she saw on every side, but it was not permitted her to hail the Deliverer, for whom she still, without doubt, continued to look until her eyes were dim, and her form was bowed with age.

But the evening came to her, which sooner or later comes to all. The shadows of death fell upon her, and in some spot of earth she has a grave. When, or where, or how she died, we are

not told, nor whether she departed in peace. But we receive the impression, we scarcely know how, perhaps from her exclamation at the birth of Cain, that she died in the faith of a Redeemer. We feel, as we have said, that he was her lifelong hope, and we expect to meet her in that higher and more delightful Paradise, whose joys have long since compensated her for the sorrows of earth.

We have but briefly and faintly shadowed forth some of the thoughts which suggest themselves as we study the history of Eve. One lesson we would gather, and our labor shall not then be vain. We would learn from her to estimate the true value of the favor of God. That favor she once enjoyed. In the eyes of the infinite Jehovah she was sinless and pure, and beneath his smile her days were passed. Bright days they were, of unmingled bliss. How wretched and heart-sick must she have been when the smile was withdrawn, and her disobedience had brought in its stead a frown of displeasure! We who have lived from our infancy in the cold atmosphere of a revolted world amid griefs, and pains, and

death, and who ever look upon second causes, can understand little of the connection which Eve saw between transgression and its consequences. To her, the approbation of God was only another name for all her joy in Eden, and his displeasure was the immediate source of every sorrow she endured. Let us endeavor ourselves to appreciate this truth more fully than we have ever done, and teach it in all its extent to our children. "His favor is life; his loving-kindness is better than life."

OTHER ANTEDILUVIAN MOTHERS.

IT may be deemed irrelevant to our subject. and perhaps useless, to dwell even for a moment on the antediluvian history of the world, or upon the period between the flood and the call of Abraham, since during that long period there is no history of the life of any mother, and scarcely is the name of one mentioned. Yet we know that the human race multiplied fast; that there were thousands of mothers then living; and we may possibly gather something of interest concerning them, if we study closely. Be this as it may, it is necessary that we gain some distinct and accurate knowledge of the condition and habits of men at that remote era, in order that we may more fully comprehend the character and mission of those mothers who will occupy our future attention.

The first mother mentioned after Eve is the wife of Cain. Little, indeed, is said of her; we

do not even know her name; but we learn enough to enlist for her our sympathies, and induce our She was the daughter of Adam and Eve, the sister of Cain and Abel. Many years of her life were probably passed in the pleasant companionship of parents and brothers and sisters, and in comparative happiness. But a dark and bitter day came — a wretched day. Abel, the gentle and beloved, is murdered; and Cain, the son, the husband, the brother, the most important member of the little circle, is guilty of his blood, and henceforth a fugitive and wanderer, cursed of God, and feared by all who once loved him. He goes forth from home and friends, but he goes not alone. By his side is found the wife of his youth, self-exiled for his sake. A happy wife she is not — that were impossible; but a faithful wife and true, since she leaves all that she holds dear besides, and clings to him. To the east of Eden they take their way, and commence their life anew in the land of Nod. But even upon Cain, the outcast and the murderer, there are shed the blessings and bounty of Heaven. In those far-distant days it could be said,

as now, "He maketh his sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sendeth his rain on the just and on the unjust" They were not long alone; an infant is born, to cheer and hallow, with its helplessness and seeming innocence, their humble dwelling; and the name they give it — Enoch, the consecrated — seems to indicate some repentance in the father's heart, some desire to return to the worship and love of God. Whether this be true or not, we learn from his name, and from the fact that a city was built in his honor, that he was a beloved child; we catch some glimpse of the mother's joy and the father's pride; we learn enough to link us, by the bond of human sympathy and kindred feeling, to that second of earth's mothers. We pity her sorrows; we honor her for her faithful devotion to her husband; we rejoice with her in the birth of her child. Two lines in the sacred volume contain all that is recorded of her, but they were not written in vain.

After the birth of Enoch, the sacred history proceeds rapidly. The descendants of Cain become numerous, and build cities, or hamlets, as

they might more properly be called; they invent useful arts; they cultivate the soil, and the blessings and evils incident to the communities of earth are found among them. After several generations, Adah and Zillah, wives of Lamech, are mentioned, and we are led to contemplate hem as representatives of a class of which we, in these better days, know little. We cannot think of them pleasantly. We do not understand how they could share that most sacred of all treasures to a woman, her place in her husband's heart. We think they could not have been happy; we are sure they must have had fearful temptations. In their family circle imagination almost fears to linger; we look for scenes of discord, and we are sure that polygamy, though permitted, was never a part of the divine plan. And yet Adah and Zillah were mothers, and they had sons who were distinguished in their generation, and are remembered still as the inventors of useful and delightful arts; and we can imagine the deep interest with which the efforts of industry and ingenuity were watched from day to day, and the approbation and joy which

crowned their success. There music first sent forth her harmonies; there the first tent was spread; there first instruments of brass and iron were used; there, according to the ancient Rabbins, the wheel first hummed its monotonous tune under woman's busy hands; and, as if to crown these family honors, the first recorded poetry falls from the lips of Lamech himself. They were no ordinary family. Would that the hallowing influence of the worship of God had completed the picture!

Time rolled on, and with it brought such developments of human character and tendencies as caused even the Creator himself, in the strong language of inspiration, to repent that he had made man. For years the community which were gathered about Adam and Seth kept themselves distinct from Cain's posterity, and retained in its purity the worship of the true God. But at length they commingled, and gradually almost every trace even of the knowledge of Jehovah vanished from the earth. Universal atheism or idolatry prevailed; universal sensuality debased the race. "All flesh corrupted his way."

In the full belief that existence terminated at death, the sacredness of human life was disregarded, and murder stalked forth unmasked and fearless. "The earth was filled with violence."

A few exceptions there were. A few patriarchal saints lived many years to mourn over and rebuke the wickedness of their descendants, and to testify to them of the existence and goodness of the Creator. To these, from time to time, he revealed himself, and gave them instruction and encouragement. But, one after another, these monitors, hoary, not with years, but with the weight of centuries, sank to their graves, and with their departing spirits fled the last hope for the wretched race of man. In vain had Adam for nearly a thousand years remained as a witness for the truth relating to the mighty wonders of creating wisdom. In vain had Enoch walked with God, and been borne up before their eyes, untouched by death, to convince them of a higher and holier existence. In vain had the Almighty so ordered the length of man's life that the long chain of evidence from Adam to Noah had but one connecting link, Methuselah having

many years conversed with both. In vain did Neah go daily forth one hundred and twenty years to his work upon the ark, manifesting his faith in God's commands, and warning them against the coming evil day. They were completely hardened. "They ate and drank, they were marrying and giving in marriage, until the day that Noah entered into the ark, and the flood came and destroyed them all."

The morning on which Noah uncovered the ark, and looked abroad upon nature rejoicing in the recovered sunlight, saw no vestige of the multitudes who had once inhabited the earth. One experiment had been tried. The race is now to commence again. Noah was an obedient servant of God, and had instructed his children to follow his steps. The first act of the liberated family was to gather about the altar of sacrifice. Will the spirit of piety keep pace with the multiplying thousands of men? Alas! alas! how quickly is it proved that there is no inherent excellence in human nature! How surely is it of the "earth, earthy," and all its tendencies down-How true is it, also, that, thus degraded

and debased, it has no power of self-elevation or purification! A few short years sufficed to show this in the case of Noah's descendants. They scattered abroad; they built mighty cities; they cultivated the arts, and increased in knowledge wonderfully; but in moral excellence they sunk with rapid fall to the lowest point. Probably we have no conception of the extent and utter folly of the idolatry which prevailed immediately before the birth of Abraham. Lords many and gods innumerable had dominion over the tribes of men, — the hosts of heaven, the beasts of forest and field, the fowls of the air, reptiles, inanimate things, and graven images, to all of whom were ascribed a character wholly polluted and immeasurably vile. The existence of the true and living God was wholly unknown, save to a few scattered individuals. The idea of a pure and holy being was not only lost, but all power of appreciating such a character had also been destroyed, by the habitual indwelling of corrupting thoughts, and the constant expression and manifestation of sensual emotions. Already was the earth prepared for another flood. But God

had determined not thus again to destroy the work of his hands. Another plan will be devised; these sunken creatures he will elevate; this ruined race he will redeem.

Our future study will unfold this plan of mighty grace, as we see what part in its execution was allotted to the mothers whose names are mentioned in the progress of its accomplishment

SARAH AND HAGAR.

In pursuance of the plan which he had devised for the redemption of the race of man, God appeared to Abraham, the son of Terah, in a city called Ur, in Chaldea, and directed him to leave his country, and dwell in the land of Canaan. Among the nations, perhaps the Chaldeans had departed less from the simplicity of a true faith and worship than many others; but they were still idolaters, and Ur, as appears from recent discoveries, was their sacred city. It is not necessary that we should dwell upon the familiar details of Abraham's separation from his country and kindred. Suffice it, that the object of his being thus separated by God was, that through his faith and obedience, through his instructions to his family, and through the seed afterward promised, the knowledge and worship of the only true God should be gradually disseminated.

Abraham obeyed the command of Jehovah, and was accompanied in his wanderings by the wife

of his youth; henceforth the partner of his exile, and a helpmeet in his cares. They had spent hardly a year in Canaan, when a famine compelled them to repair to Egypt, where they remained three months. Sarah was a very beautiful woman, and Abraham knew that she would be peculiarly attractive to the Egyptians, because so much more fair than their swarthy countrywomen; and the account of his deception in calling her his sister, with the consequent trouble, stands on the sacred page, a beacon against the folly of distrusting God, and resorting to prevarication. beauty of the fair Chaldean was soon in every mouth, and Sarah was taken from her supposed brother to the king's household, to go through the preliminary ceremonies and purifications which were requisite to her becoming his wife, and which usually occupied about a month. What Abraham suffered during this interval, and what were her own trials, we can only imagine. Nothing is said of the prayers which the patriarch must have offered to God; nothing recorded of the anguish and tears of the wife, who had taken, as she believed, a final leave of her husband, and wag

destined to the honor of being a favorite of Egypt's monarch. The trial was severe. God, however, interposed to save them from their fears. His judgments caused Pharaoh to inquire into the truth, and to restore Sarah before the month of preparation was ended. He dismissed them from his dominions without injury, but not without severe rebuke, and they returned to Canaan.

Ten years passed away, during which time Sarah's name is not mentioned. They had no children, but it must not be inferred that, because she had not a mother's cares, she was therefore unoccupied. It is recorded that at one time Abraham went out to fight against the Assyrian king with more than three hundred trained servants. These were all born in his house, the sacred writer informs us, and were capable of bearing arms. If we add to these those who must have remained in charge of the flocks and herds, and the women and children, we may, perhaps, form some idea of the family over which Sarah presided as mistress. The phrase "trained servants" signifies catechised, or instructed. We know that wherever Abraham pitched his tent, as

he removed from place to place, he erected an altar, and in the midst of his assembled family offered sacrifices to God. "I know him," said the Lord, "that he will command his children and his household after him, and they shall keep the way of the Lord." That Sarah was a faithful wife, a prudent and discreet housekeeper, and willing to aid her husband in this important work of training his household to serve God, we have no reason to doubt. That she "labored, working with her own hands," or strictly superintended the labor of her servants, we infer from the fact that when strangers were to be entertained Abraham calls upon her to prepare the needed food. We think of her as the energetic, active head of a large and well-ordered family, and God doubtless aided and qualified her for the station she occupied.

Soon after their return from Egypt, God had appeared again to Abraham, and renewed his covenant with him, assuring him that the land of Canaan should be given to his posterity, who should be as the sands of the sea-shore, innumerable. But the years rolled by, and there was no

sign of the fulfilment of this promise. Sarah, who seems not to have possessed the unshaken faith which characterized her husband, despairing of herself becoming a mother, resorted at length to an expedient which is revolting to us, and which proved disastrous to the peace of all concerned in it. The laws and customs of the land countenanced polygamy, and Abraham, in compliance with Sarah's wishes, took Hagar, her bond-woman, for a secondary wife, in hope of gaining the long-desired blessing. Hagar was an Egyptian, and had probably become one of their family during their sojourn in her native land. She seems to have been a favorite servant, and was certainly honored in being selected as the object of her master's regards. The desired end was obtained. Hagar soon had the prospect of becoming a mother. But the happiness which Sarah anticipated did not follow. As might have been foreseen, her own jealous feelings were roused, and Hagar soon manifested the vanity and insolence which her situation, now so superior to that of her mistress, naturally called forth. She manifested her contempt in a manner so marked that Sarah's indignation could not be controlled; but, instead of blaming only herself, she reproached her husband. She insinuated that Hagar stood too high in his estimation, and called upon God to witness that she was wronged. The most serious unhappiness now reigned in this hitherto quiet family. Abraham might have re monstrated with Sarah, or reproached her in turn, he might have claimed the right to protect Hagar as his wife; but the dignity and excellence of his character appear in his answer: "Thy maid is in thine hand; do to her as it pleaseth thee." "Sarah afflicted her." Whether it is intended that she inflicted personal chastisement upon her, as some commentators affirm, or whether the affliction consisted of bitter words, which to a sensitive spirit are worse than blows, we cannot Whatever was done was sufficient to drive Hagar, in desperation, from her presence. She fled hastily to go to Egypt, her native land, but sunk exhausted, friendless, and ready to perish, by a fountain in the wilderness of Shur. Most beautiful is the description which follows the account of her flight, and wonderfully does it show the tender mercy of God toward those who are in trouble. An angel of the Lord seeks her in her woe. He, without whose notice the sparrow cannot fall, is not unmindful of helpless, suffering woman. "And he said, Hagar, Sarai's maid, whence camest thou? and whither wilt thou go?" He does not call her Abraham's wife. It is not his part to increase her pride, and aggravate her discontent. He reminds her of her true condition, and calls up entirely different thoughts from those which she has been indulging. Those simple questions startle her from the tumultuous emotions of rebellion and presumption. Whence had she come? From a happy, loving home, where she had been the favorite of an indulgent and gentle mistress; a home which would speedily be yet dearer to her as the birth-place of her child, — that child who was to be the supposed heir to her master and all his sainted privileges; from friends, from companions, all whom she loved; and she had left them! and whither was she going? How might she answer, when she knew not? How idle and impotent now seemed her previous feelings!

Those questions had flashed light on her darkened heart, and humbled her at once; and simply and truthfully she answered, "I flee from the presence of my mistress Sarai."

The angel, who was no other than the glorious Messenger of the Covenant, directed her to return and submit herself to her mistress, and then, to comfort her, and enable her to bear her lot, unfolded the future. He told her she would bear a son, and bade her call him Ishmael. This is the first name given by God to any man before his birth. It signifies, "The Lord hath heard, or will hear," and would always remind her of his interposition in her behalf. "Because," said he, "the Lord hath heard thy affliction." does not say, hath heard thy prayer, nor does it appear that she offered any. Has the affliction of his creatures such a voice that it thus reaches the Almighty ear? Do the woes of the humblest, the poor bond-woman, call to her aid the Angel-Jehovah unsought? O, what a view into the heart of infinite love do these few words afford! He then utters that remarkable, prophetic description of the descendants of Ishmael, concerning

which Dr. Adam Clarke says, "It furnishes an absolute demonstrative argument of the divine origin of the Pentateuch. To attempt its refutation, in the sight of reason and common sense, would convict of most ridiculous presumption and excessive folly." "He shall be a wild man; his hand will be against every man, and every man's hand shall be against him; and he shall dwell in the presence of all his brethren." "We have only to turn to the page of history to see how apposite this character has been in all ages to the Arab race, the descendants of Ishmael. They have occupied the same country, and followed the same mode of life, from the days of their great ancestor down to the present time; and range the wide extent of burning sands which separate them from all surrounding nations, as rude, as savage, and as untractable, as the wild ass himself." "Behold, as wild asses in the desert, go they forth to their work betimes for a prey: the wilderness yieldeth food for them and for their children." We have not time to dwell upon all the beauties of this wonderful prophecy, but beg our readers not to be satisfied by merely reading it in their Bibles.

they will study it thoroughly in the light which its fulfilment during four thousand years affords, they will be amply repaid for the labor.

Whether Hagar had imbibed the faith of Abraham and Sarah in the true God, or whether her heart still clung to the idols of her early home, we do not know. When she cast herself, trembling and fainting, upon the ground by the wellside in the wilderness, she probably thought not of turning to either for aid. Weary and sick in body, and tempest-tost on a sea of conflicting passions, she thought only of her wretchedness, and scarcely hoped for deliverance. Now how changed! Refreshed, comforted, blessed, she rises with humility and joy in her heart, and expressions of devout gratitude on her lips, and prepares to retrace her steps. She could no longer doubt the existence and infinite kindness of Abraham's God. When she had thought herself alone, he was near, a witness to all her grief. When her master, whom she so much loved, the father of her child, had with seeming indifference given her up to her mistress, and that mistress had dealt hardly with her, and she felt she had

not a friend on earth, he had befriended her, had spoken words of kindness, and promised her great and wonderful blessings. She had seen him, she had heard his voice. Awe-struck, and wondering that she still lived after having seen Jehovah, she turned from the spot, which from that day was called "The well of the angel of life, who appeared there."

Hagar returned to her home, as she had been directed, but whether she went to peace or further affliction is not disclosed. We infer, however, that her own altered deportment, and the birth of her child, which occurred soon after, put an end for the time to the bitter troubles caused by Sarah's unhappy expedient. Abraham was extremely fond of his son, and Sarah regarded him as her own; and doubtless the mother's heart rejoiced in seeing the boy an object of such care. He was exalted far above herself in station; but she was his mother, and permitted to perform toward him a mother's part, and to feel all a mother's happiness in his unfolding powers.

Nearly thirteen years passed quietly on, bringing with them no events of sufficient import

ance to be noticed by the inspired penman. No further revelation from God disturbed the delusion under which Abram and Sarah labored, that Ishmael was the promised seed, the heir of the covenant; and he was doubtless trained up in his father's house in a manner suitable to his future expectations. The time, however, at length came when Jehovah would more fully unfold his plans. Abram had nearly reached the age of a hundred years, and Sarah was almost ninety, when he once more appeared, and said, "I am God all-sufficient; walk before me, and be thou perfect." This language seems to convey a reproof for their want of faith in his promises, and resorting to expedients of their own devising, and bids them henceforth act with more simplicity, and leave God to bring about his designs in his own way. He then entered into a solemn covenant with Abram, in which he included all his posterity to the latest generation. also changed their names. Abram, which signifies "an eminent father," he called Abraham, "an eminent father of a multitude;" and Sarai, " my princess," or, as we more familiarly say,

queen of her own household, he called Sarah, "princess of a multitude;" and then for the first time announced that the promised seed should descend from her: "I will give thee a son also of her;" she shall be a mother of nations."

Not long after this, the Lord again reiterates his promise, in an interview which is beautifully described in the sacred volume.

In the delightful oak-grove of Mamre, in the midst of a sultry summer day, the patriarch sat at the door of his tent, enjoying the slight breeze, and resting from toil, which the intense heat of the Eastern climate forbids during certain hours. All around, at short distances, were the tents of his numerous dependants, their occupants reposing like himself, or scattered abroad with the flocks and herds. All was quiet and peaceful, until the sound of coming footsteps disturbed his meditations, and warned him of the approach of strangers. Abraham, obeying the quick impulse of hospitality, hastened to greet them, and invite them to repose under the grateful shade, and offer them the refreshments they needed. He provided water for their feet, and, entering the tent, directed Sarah to prepare food and set before them; which being done, he served them himself, according to the custom of his time. While they sat eating, the chief of them suddenly asked him, "Where is Sarah, thy wife?" It was an extraordinary question. The women of the East live in the closest seclusion, having no intercourse with strangers, nor with any of the opposite sex, save their husbands, and with them they are never permitted to sit at the same table. A traveller remarks that one who should ask another of the health of his wife and family would be considered as offering him a downright The question must, therefore, have insult. greatly surprised Abraham. He answered, briefly, that Sarah was in the tent. "I will certainly return unto thee," continued his mysterious, though now no longer unknown visitor, "and, lo, Sarah thy wife shall have a son." Their table was spread at no great distance from the tentdoor, and Sarah, in her private apartment, was an astonished listener to this strange conversation. We have before said that she did not partake of her husband's implicit faith. When she heard the

announcement that she should bear a son, it was to her only ridiculous. The infinite power of him who promised she wholly overlooked, and remembered only that she had long passed the age when maternity was possible, in the ordinary course of events. She laughed incredulously at what she heard. Omniscience pierces any barrier. "Wherefore did Sarah laugh?" said he. "Is anything too hard for the Lord?" Terrified at being detected, Sarah now came forth from the tent, and, in her fear and confusion, "denied, saying, I laughed not." One penetrating look, and the quiet, firm reply, "Nay, but thou didst laugh," were sufficient to send her back to her retirement in penitence, a wiser and a better woman. From this time her character seems to have undergone a change. Her distrust of God was gone, and Paul, in days long after, numbers her among those who were illustrious for their faith, attributing the birth of Isaac to her implicit reliance on the word of the Almighty: "She judged him faithful who had promised, and received strength."

Not long after this, Abraham removed from

Mamre, where he had long resided, and went to dwell in Gerah, the capital of the Philistines. Here was reënacted the same folly which had formerly cost them so much in Egypt, and which it is most marvellous to us should have ever been forgotten. Sarah was again taken by a heathen king, and only restored to her husband by the intervention of Jehovah. She was at this time ninety years of age, yet so remarkable was her beauty that she was as much an object of attraction as in her youthful days, and Abimelech, after reproving Abraham for his deception, hinted to her, that it would be becoming in her to wear, when among strangers, a closely-covering veil, such as was universally customary among females resident in towns, in order to avoid the dangers to which her beauty exposed her. So far as we can gather from the sacred volume, Sarah was at this very time pregnant, by the miraculous power of Jehovah, which renders the whole scene still more remarkable.

Whether they remained long in Gerah, we are not informed, nor where Isaac was born. But the joyful div came at length. "After a childless

union of more than sixty years," Abraham and Sarah welcomed with delight the heir of the promises, the covenanted gift of Jehovah. called him Isaac. "There shall be laughter;" "All that hear will laugh with me," said Sarah; and, indeed, few events, if any, recorded on the sacred page, were welcomed with so much rejoicing. Nearly three years, according to the custom of her nation, Sarah nourished her infant at her own breast; and only a mother can imagine her heartfelt happiness and gratitude during that delightful time. "And the child grew and was weaned, and Abraham made a great feast the same day that Isaac was weaned." It was a bright, joyous day; friends were congregated, tables of abundance were spread, congratulations were poured forth; while the unconscious object of all, the pride and joy of fond parents, the hope of generations to come, pursued his childish sports, and expressed his childish wonder at the scene. But, like many sunny moinings of earth, it was to be overhung with clouds, its joy to be dampened by deep sorrow.

Two hearts were there which no gladness

visited, and in which no good feelings were cherished. Ishmael and his mother were envious and discontented witnesses of all that occurred. The happiness of others was their sorrow, the fulfilment of hope to Abraham and Sarah was their bitter disappointment; and they manifested their dissatisfaction, Hagar, probably, by pouring out her thoughts to her son, and he by ridiculing and speaking contemptuously of Isaac. Sarah saw and heard, and all that was to come in the future—the discord and wrangling, the endless disputes and heart-burnings, the evil and perhaps malicious influence over her precious childflashed instantly upon her mind, and, urged by an impulse too strong to be resisted, she sought her husband, and demanded that Hagar should be divorced, and Ishmael disinherited. It was a grievous request to Abraham. Ishmael was his own son, his first-born and first-beloved; and toward Hagar he felt the tenderness of a father for the mother of his child. He appears to have appealed to God, who bade him do as Sarah had said, for Isaac was to be his only heir; but, at the san e time, soothed his grief, and allayed his anxietics, by promising that Ishmael, for his sake, should be abundantly prospered and blessed.

Early on the morning which followed the weaning feast, Abraham arose to execute his sorrowful task. Calling Hagar, he gave her the necessary directions for her future course, placed on her shoulder a leathern bottle of water, and bread sufficient for their present wants, and then, putting Ishmael's hand in hers, he bade them a final farewell, and sent them on their way. Wonderful, indeed, was the faith and obedience of Abraham!

The wanderers bent their steps toward the uninhabited region beyond Beersheba, Hagar probably intending, as before, to go to Egypt. She was unhappy then, but more miserable now, and yet deeper trouble awaited her. The water was soon gone, and Ishmael, overcome with fatigue and thirst, was unable to proceed; and when she saw him lying helpless, and apparently about to die, in her anguish she left him, that she might not witness the closing of eyes so dear, forever. Did she now call to mind her former deliverance? Did the name of her son recall the scene at the

"well of the angel of life," and induce her again to seek his aid? We do not know. But whether she called or not, that blessed angel was near her now, as before. Once more his heavenly voice addressed her: "What aileth thee, Hagar? Fear not; for God hath heard the voice of the lad where he is."

* * * * *

She was relieved and her child restored. Blessed and comforted by the promises of God, she went on her way. Ishmael was at this time sixteen years of age; and though, as we read the account, we feel that it was cruel to send him forth from the luxuries and privileges of his father's house, to provide for himself, it was not so in fact. The younger sons of a family were generally thus sent to seek their fortunes. He chose for his home a spot uninhabited and wild, the resort of many animals proper for food, and by the use of his bow he was able amply to supply his own and his mother's wants, and was soon, as had been promised, a prosperous man.

Hagar, we are told, took him a wife from her native land, and from him descended a race not

less remarkable than the Israelites themselves. The faithfulness of Abraham has had its reward not alone in the blessings bestowed on the chosen seed.

After the departure of Hagar and Ishmael little is recorded concerning the family of Abraham. They dwelt at Beersheba, and, so far as we know, their life passed quietly. Of Sarah's character as a mother we earnestly wish to know more than we are told. Not a word is said of her instructions to her cherished son, and we can only gather the proof of her faithfulness from the excellent character of Isaac. We know that daily lessons of obedience to his parents were instilled into his young mind, for he hesitated not to follow his father, unquestioned, to the Mount of Moriah, and to do his bidding to the utmost. And in later years, he with the same spirit acceded to his father's wishes in respect to the most important interests of his life, receiving even his wife from his hands, apparently without the slightest disposition to select for himself the partner of his life, after his father had desired to do it for him. We know that the most unwavering confidence in God

had been wrought into his whole life, for he submitted without shrinking to be bound and laid upon the altar of sacrifice at the divine command, manifesting a faith scarcely inferior to that of Abraham himself. We know that a mother's untiring, devoted love, had been his daily blessing, and had linked his heart to hers in ties which might not be sundered without deepest anguish, for he knew no comfort after her death, till three years had fled, and Rebecca was given to cheer his solitude. We are certain that a holy example, the sacred influence of daily prayer, the habitual prominence given to sacred and divine realities, and frequent instructions concerning his obligations to honor his father's God, trained this child of the covenant to fill the place assigned him in the mighty plan of grace.

Many years he enjoyed his mother's care and counsels; he seems to have been her constant companion, and from that companionship he gained a gentleness and loveliness of character, very remarkable in a man.

The strongest earthly ties are frail when death appears. Sarah's death and the circumstances

of her burial are touchingly described in the sacred volume, and it is worthy of notice, that she is the only woman to whom such honor is given. Abraham was a stranger and sojourner in the land of Canaan, and had hitherto owned not a foot of the land promised to his descendants, nor had he needed such possession. Cared for by God, and surrounded by those he loved, every place was home. But now, death had removed the light of his eyes, the fond companion of his days. Nearly a century had she shared his every joy and sorrow, and cheered his pilgrim lot. But now she would no longer gladden his tent, nor accompany him in his wanderings. She had daily bowed with him, through those long years, in sincere and humble worship of the living God, and their united faith had drawn from him wonderful, even miraculous blessings. But now her familiar form would appear no more at the sacred altar, nor her confidence in the Almighty strengthen his own. He had loved her in their early days, when she was the pride and joy of his Chaldean home, but she was far dearer to him when he looked upon her, after nearly a century

had passed over her head, with beauty unimpaired, her youth renewed by the kindness of God, folding to her mother's breast the long-desired and most precious son of promise. "A babe in a house is not merely a well-spring of pleasure," and "a messenger of peace and love," but infancy and childhood ever bring with them freshening and revivifying influences. Abraham had felt their influences himself, and seen their effect on Sarah, and we can well believe that their evening-time had been brighter than the morning.

But she was gone, and the question came, "where should he lay, for their last repose, the remains of his beloved and faithful wife?" Not in the burying-places of the idolaters! He could not endure the thought. He purchased the cave of Machpelah, and, with weeping and mourning, buried his dead out of his sight.

Around that grave of Sarah how many sacred associations linger. There, when years had passed, Isaac and Ishmael met, for the first time, perhaps, since the weaning feast, to lay their honored father by her side. "There they buried Isaac and Rebecca his wife; there Jacob buried

Leah," and thither went up from Egypt the "chariots and horsemen, a very great company," who, with Joseph, bore the body of Jacob also to the same quiet resting-place. Upon the hills of that beautiful region the mighty Anakims dwelt, and from thence, more than four hundred years after, when the descendants of Abraham were returning from bondage, the spies sent by Moses brought back the evil report which resulted in the many wanderings of the wilderness. On that spot stood one of the most ancient cities of the world — the possession of Caleb, the son of Jephunneh, where the tribes received their inheritance, and later, a city of refuge, and assigned to the Levites. There David held his court seven years, and there Absalom raised the standard of revolt. And when centuries had rolled away, when the long-expected Messiah was at hand, to that sacred "city in the hill-country of Judah, went, in haste," the most highly favored among women, the virgin mother of Jesus, to exchange congratulations with her only less favored cousin, and to pour forth her song of exultation and triumph. The spot on which Abraham and Sarah dwelt so long, and where their bones reposed, where the Almighty had reiterated his solemn promises,—thousands of years after, witnessed Mary's joy, and echoed her song of gratitude to him whose word abideth forever, for the fulfilment of those very assurances. "My soul doth magnify the Lord; he hath holpen his servant Israel in remembrance of his mercy; as he spake to our fathers, to Abraham and his seed forever."

A multitude of reflections crowd upon us as we draw to a close our account of Sarah and Hagar, to which we can do no justice. Indeed, we feel that we have given a meagre transcript of our own thoughts while studying this deeply interesting history. We earnestly request those who have read these pages, not to rest for a moment satisfied, but to take the sacred book, and, asking light from above, give themselves to the work of gaining all the instruction it affords upon this theme. We assure them that encouragement, strength, and blessing will be their reward. Especially, they shall gain delightful views of the character of Jehovah, and be able to sing as never before, "Exalt the Lord our God."

"Praise ye the Lord, for his mercy endureth forever."

Sarah, notwithstanding her dignified station, her wonderful beauty and noble character, was still an imperfect woman; yet how kindly was she dealt with; what honor has God put upon her. She consented to prevarication and deceit with her husband, but the evil consequences which they deserved were once and again prevented by divine interposition. She laughed incredulously at his gracious words of promise, and then denied her fault. Yet, in consideration of her "fear and amazement," she was not severely reproved, the blessing was not withheld, nor was her fault noticed to the exclusion of what was otherwise good in her conduct, for, by the mouth of Peter, God afterward commends her reverence for her husband, manifested at that very time. She was faithless, and jealous, and angry in her dealings with Hagar, yet the Almighty did not take his favor from her, while he suffered her to reap the bitter fruit of her folly. As a mother, how remarkable is his kindness to her. "She was ninety years of age when Isaac

was born. In the course of nature ten or twelve years would have closed her mortal career, or rendered it, from the infirmities of age, a burden to herself and all around her. There was apparently no need of her preservation to forward the decrees of the Lord. In giving birth to the child of promise, her part was fulfilled, and at the age of ten or twelve the boy might have done without her. But God is Love, and the affections of his children are, in their strength and purity, peculiarly acceptable to him. He never bestoweth happiness to withdraw it; and therefore, to perfect the felicity of Sarah and her child, his tenderness preserved her in life and vigor seven and thirty years after she had given him birth. trial of faith, also, in the sacrifice of his son, was given to the father. He demanded not from her what he knew the mother could not bear."

Strikingly, too, is the loving-kindness of God manifested in Hagar's history. She was not of the chosen race; she was but a humble bondwoman, and very faulty in character, yet he took cognizance of her woes, and twice came in his

own glorious person to her aid, and bestowed upon her rich and abundant blessings.

Would that, amid our many cares, anxieties, and sorrows, we could ever bear in mind the love of him who wove the ties by which our hearts are bound to our children, whose tenderness and sympathy are never-failing, who says to every one of his redeemed children, "Can a mother forget her child? Yea, they may, yet will I not forget thee."

THE WIFE OF LOT.

"Remember Lot's wife."

This was our Saviour's injunction, and in obedience to it we here take occasion to address some, who, though not generally interested in the study of the Bible, nor in such volumes as this, may nevertheless glance over its pages, either accidentally or at the suggestion of a friend.

Do not be offended that we charge you with the same faults as she possessed, who was made a perpetual monument of folly, and whom yoù have ever been accustomed to regard with dislike, and whom you think you do not in any particular resemble.

Have you ever seriously considered the nature of the sin which Lot's wife committed? Are you quite sure that you are not chargeable with like foolishness? Lot and his family dwelt in Sodom, a place where not a single righteous man or worshipper of the true God could be found, save himself. The cry of the wickedness of that wicked

city rose up to heaven, and God determined to destroy it. He sent an angel, who warned Lot to flee, with all his household, to the mountains, and to go in such haste as not to cast a single glance behind, lest the scorching heat of the fearful flame should devour them before they reached a place of safety. They went; but the wife and mother, not believing the message of the angel, and grieved at leaving her home and worldly possessions, turned a lingering, longing look back on the doomed city, and was instantly destroyed. Her sin was unbelief, — its fruit was disobedience to the direct command of God.

You, dear friends, live in a world in which like sentence has gone forth. "The earth, and the works that are therein, shall be burned up." Do you believe this word of God? Perhaps you will answer that it is of little consequence whether you do believe or not, as the day is far distant, and will affect you little. But there is another word of God which is addressed to you. "It is appointed unto men once to die." Do you believe this? You will say it is preposterous to ask such a question. We know that we shall die; we

must believe that. But do you act as if you believed it? Are you prepared for it? Are you so training your children that they shall be prepared for it? When the summons comes, will it find you willing to leave this world, and all its pleasures, and enter at God's command on untried scenes? There is yet another message which God is even now speaking in your ears: "Flee from the wrath to come." "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life; he that believeth not the Son shall not see life, but the wrath of God abideth on him." Is this message any more acceptable to you than was that of the angel to Lot's wife? Do you credit it at all? Are you taking any means to avoid the wrath or gain the faith of which it speaks? Are you daily instructing your children, those who are so precious to you that you would shield them with your life from harm, to flee from this fearful wrath? When you lie down at night and when you wake, do you earnestly pray for mercy for them and yourself? Do you lead their young affections to the Saviour, as the one most worthy of their love? Do you teach them to bend the knee and

fold the little hands in prayer? Is there anything in your daily life to convince them that you fully believe this truth of God's word? Do you not rather so live as to prove yourselves participators in the very sins of Lot's wife, — unbelief and disobedience?

We beg you, by your peace of mind, by your own eternal welfare, by your love for the immortal beings committed to your care, by the death and atoning sacrifice of your Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, to "think on these things."

Perhaps you are devising plans and cherishing expectations for your loved ones, which such views as these would disturb and destroy. In this, also, your circumstances are not unlike those of the mother of Lot's children. She had two daughters who were affianced to two men of that gay but devoted city. Doubtless she rejoiced in what she considered their good fortune and excellent prospects. Have you ever inquired after the fate of those daughters, and the result of their early training? Seek the history in the book of God, and do not turn away with disgust because we have directed you to it, and with

entire assurance that your daughters will walk the path of life clear of all such dangers. The worldly-minded, ungodly mother has no security for the upright conduct of her children, even according to the low standard of the world's morality. The only security for ourselves, and those to whom we have given being, is a firm faith in the words of God, and an obedient spirit to his commands. Failing of these, we may any of us be as lasting monuments of his displeasure as Lot's wife; and our children may sink to a degradation even worse than that of hers.

REBEKAH.

Three striking and instructive pictures present themselves to us as we commence the study of Rebekah's life, which we cannot do better than contemplate with earnest interest and attention.

ABRAHAM AND ELIEZER.

Three years have circled their lonely round since Sarah went to her rest. They have done the work of a longer time upon Abraham, and he now appears before us an old man, stricken in years, upon whom a hundred and forty winters have shed their snows, and who has few remaining duties to perform this side the grave. With him is Eliezer, the tried and faithful steward of his household, and, like himself, the obedient servant of God. The time has come when, in accordance with the habit of his nation, the father must select a wife for his son. Apparently the subject has cost him much anxious thought. Upon Isaac's marriage great results depend. He cannot see

him wedded to one of the idolatrous daughters of Canaan. That were to frustrate the purposes of God, and thus surely defeat his own happiness. The land of Canaan has been promised to his descendants indeed, but not through any such connection with its present occupants will the promise be accomplished. They are a guilty race, fast filling up their measure of iniquity, and devoted to merited destruction by the righteous judgment of Heaven. To be united with them were to share their doom. Abraham in this emergency had, doubtless, asked counsel of his covenant God, and he has summoned Eliezer to aid him in prosecuting his present design of bringing a wife for Isaac from among his own kindred. He requires from him a solemn oath that he will faithfully execute the mission. Eliezer, wishing fully to understand his master's wishes, and unwilling to bind himself to what he may not be able to perform, replies, "Peradventure the woman will not be willing to follow me to this land, must I needs bring thy son again unto the land from whence thou camest?" answer is instant and decided, "Beware that thou

bring not my son thither again." He, indeed, desires him to have a wife from Mesopotamia, but nothing in Abraham's eyes was ever so important as the exact fulfilment of all the commands of God. He would not, for any reason, have Isaac leave the country in which, by Jehovah's express will, they sojourned. In the spirit of obedience, and of the faith which never forsook him, he assures Eliezer that he will be guided and prospered, and will succeed in his endeavor. "The Lord God of heaven, which took me from my father's house, and from the land of my kindred, and which spake unto me, and sware unto me, saying, Unto thy seed will I give this land: he shall send his angel before thee, and thou shalt take a wife for my son from thence."

Eliezer took the required oath, and "arose and went to Mesopotamia, unto the city of Nahor."

ELIEZER AND REBEKAH.

It is the close of day, the time when the women of the East go forth to draw water, as is their universal custom. Dressed in their best attire, the young maidens gather about the well,

to relate the news of the day, and refresh themselves, even in the midst of their weary task, by pleasant intercourse. As they come one by one to the usual place of meeting, their attention is attracted by a group of strangers stationed at the well-side: men of foreign garb, and camels kneeling to rest, all evidently from a journey through the desert. We are drawn ourselves to scan this group more closely. One man appears to be chief among them, and his conduct fixes our attention. He seems like one who has some important business in hand, and upon whom some weight of responsibility rests. As we look, he employs himself with caring for his camels and attendants, and when this is done assumes the air and attitude of solemn devotion. But he bows to no idol. He prefers an earnest suit, but to none of the gods of the land. He addresses Jehovah, the God of Abraham. His prayer is most remarkable. It breathes a faith which to common mortals appears like presumption. Yet it is not unacceptable to God. Such confidence in his overruling providence, and his willingness to guide those who are in perplexity, exalts the King

of kings. He will surely make a plain path for all who thus pray. There is in the heart which is truly devoted to God a noting of circumstances, a watching unto prayer, a disposition to see him, and ascertain his will, in all events, which cannot fail of its reward.

"And he said, O Lord God of my master Abraham, I pray thee send me good speed this day, and show kindness unto my master Abraham. Behold, I stand here by the well of water; and the daughters of the men of the city come out to draw water; and let it come to pass that the damsel to whom I shall say, Let down thy pitcher, I pray thee, that I may drink; and she shall say, Drink, and I will give thy camels drink also: let the same be she that thou hast appointed for thy servant Isaac; and thereby shall I know that thou hast showed kindness unto my master."

As he closes his petition, a beautiful girl comes from the way of the city, and, without stopping to gossip with her young companions, or appearing to heed the presence of strangers, descends the steps to the well, and is soon seen laboring up the ascent, with her pitcher filled upon her

shoulder. Eliezer — for it is he — watches her closely. Her beauty and grace attract and please him, and, impelled by an irresistible impulse, he hastens to meet her, and begs her to give him water from her pitcher. With ready kindness she answers, "Drink, my lord, and I will draw water for thy camels also," and immediately hastens to fill the empty trough, ascending and descending many times the weary way to the well. We feel indignant as we gaze at the indolent men who stand by and offer no assistance. They seem to us unmanly, and she engaged in work for which she is hardly equal. But it is the custom of her country, and she deems it no hardship. She is also evidently more than ordinarily amiable and courteous. Eliezer looks on, while she is thus engaged, with admiration and hope, and when her task is accomplished, asks her, with trembling eagerness, "Whose daughter art thou? tell me, I pray thee." Little suspecting the deep import of the question, or what life-long interests are to hang upon her words, she answers, with prompt and beautiful simplicity, "I am the daughter of Bethuel, the son of Milcah."

Astonishment is depicted on the faces of the wondering damsels at the deportment of the stranger on this announcement. He seems beside himself with joy. He puts upon Rebekah's arms bracelets of richest workmanship, and gives her other ornaments of value, and then again, unmindful of all about him, bows and worships as before.

Many are the prayers for aid which go up in the time of need from the children of men, but very few, in comparison, are the thank-offerings which acknowledge the gift when received. Often only one in ten is found who gives glory to God for his prompt bestowal of desired good. Eliezer was in heart and soul the true servant of Jehovah, as his outpouring of gratitude at Rebekah's answer proves.

Meanwhile, Rebekah herself, bewildered and surprised, hastens to tell her mother what had befallen her, and to send her brother to invite the stranger home. He comes, and relates his story to the eagerly listening family. Well did they know the history of Abraham's departure from country and kindred at the command of an unknown God, and tidings had from time to time

reached them of his obedience and faithfulness, and of the prosperity which had attended him. They could not but admire his noble character, and they had learned to reverence the God whom he served, though still themselves adhering to their idols. And now, when the errand of Eliezer is made known, they receive it as an intimation of the will of Jehovah, and without hesitation assent to his proposals.

Again Eliezer worships and gives thanks; costly jewels of gold and silver are brought forth, and rich raiment; goodly gifts are bestowed; a table is spread, and joy and gladness prevail.

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The morning has come — such a morning as Rebekah never saw before. Yestereven she went forth free, and careless, and light-hearted, to meet her young companions at the well; to-day she rises the betrothed bride of her unknown cousin — the destined wife of him who is the vowed follower of that strange God, whose very name fills her spirit with awe. Henceforth, in obedience to his high commands, and for the love of one whom she has never seen, she must be an

exile from home and friends, and share a destiny widely different from any which had ever before filled her youthful imagination or inspired her hopes. Can she go? It is needless to ask. The question has been decided without consulting her wishes, and she dreams not of any objection to that decision. But twelve hours have changed her greatly. She has laid aside the gayety and freedom of girlhood. A burden of thoughtfulness rests upon her, and the calm dignity of the woman appears in word and action, as she prepares, at the urgent request of Eliezer, to depart immediately on the journey to Beersheba.

The necessary arrangements are soon completed, the parting embrace is given and received, the blessings of full hearts are bestowed, the long caravan is directed to move — she is gone. The hand of the Lord is in it.

REBEKAH AND ISAAC.

The time has arrived when Eliezer may be expected to return from Mesopotamia, and Isaac comes from the south country, where he has been for a time residing, to the house of his father, to

learn the result of his mission. He has gone forth in the beautiful and quiet evening to meditate in the fields and commune with God. Serene and happy from that communion, he is now seen walking to meet the caravan, which at this moment appears in sight, slowly winding along the road to Beersheba. As he approaches, the riders alight from their camels and advance to meet him. Few words are spoken as they proceed on foot to the encampment of Abraham. Isaac conducts his youthful bride, completely veiled, and wholly unknown, to his mother's tent, and bids her call it henceforth her home. Amid the hallowed associations of that sacred spot, he receives to his heart the gentle and confiding being who, leaving forever the home of her childhood, and all loved scenes, has dared the dangers of the desert, to walk the journey of life with one of whose character she has known little, and on whose face she till now has never looked.

She stands before him in youthful beauty and modest grace, his loving and beloved wife, and Isaac is comforted for the first time since his mother's parting kiss had left him alone and sad.

Can such a marriage be happy? I hear my young readers ask. Not for worlds would we be wedded thus. We would not have our parents choose for us the partners of our life. We would not give ourselves to one of whom we knew nothing, and who had never expressed a preference for us. We could not be happy—it is impossible.

Be not too hasty, my young friends. Happiness is the gift of God, not the result of fortunate circumstances, and pleasant coincidences, and nice adaptations of character. His blessing can render any union bright, and without that blessing the fairest prospects shall prove false and fleeting.

Can this blessing be certainly secured? Yes. Consider the character and conduct of those engaged in the transactions of which we have read. Abraham seeks a wife for Isaac. What is his ruling desire? The approbation of God. Her person, her situation in life, her fortunes, these are nothing to him; but she must be one whom he knows God will approve. Isaac is a man of prayer and faith. In perfect simplicity and confidence he leaves this important interest of his life

wholly to God's direction; even the very servant who goes on the mission is a man of rare piety, to whom prayer is a necessity, and who regards every event as an intimation of the will of Jeho-Every step is taken, everything is done, with direct reference to his approbation, and will he fail to bless and prosper? No, verily. He never yet said to any such, "Seek ye my face in vain." He will watch over Isaac and his youthful wife for good. Long years shall they walk hand in hand, and theirs shall be a union such as we read of seldom on the sacred page, unbroken to the era of life, which no jealousy shall mar, and not even the wide-spread practice of polygamy, that curse of domestic peace, shall ever be permitted to invade. Rebekah is, indeed, now a worshipper of idols, but she has already learned to fear His mighty name, and he will by his grace, and because his glory has been sought, render her worthy to be the wife of Isaac and mother of the promised seed — an important link in that mighty chain of events which will at length usher upon the world the reign of Him in whom all the nations shall be blessed.

"Prayer is the slender nerve that moveth the muscles of Omnipotence."

Wouldst thou have a path of usefulness and peace pointed out to thee by him who directeth all events, and ordereth the lot of man, pray sincerely and earnestly for it, young adventurer over the rugged ways of earth, and thy prayer shall move the Almighty hand; that hand which alone can make the crooked straight, and the rough places plain.

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Beside the well Lahairoi, not far from Beersheba, are pitched the spreading and far-reaching tents of Isaac, the faithful and prospered servant of Jehovah. Blessings from above have waited on his steps; his goings out and comings in have been beneath the smile of the Lord his Maker. Serene and peaceful has been his life, passed in quiet pursuits, in the society of his gentle wife, and in frequent intercourse with his honored father. It would seem that perfect content should be the portion of those so favored. But we find it not thus. In the retirement of their tent, at the close of the day, twenty years from their

bridal, Isaac and Rebekah sit conversing, long, earnestly and anxiously; and at last, as if by mutual impulse, they kneel together in prayer, and Isaac pours forth their joint supplications for a crowning blessing, without which all others prove incapable of rendering them truly satisfied and happy. Listen, while the meek and trusting servant pleads with his covenant-keeping God. He recalls the day when Jehovah summoned his father from his native land, and recounts the promises of divine love made to him and his seed after him. Can those reiterated promises fail? Is God a man that he should lie, or the son of man that he should repent? "In Isaac shall thy seed be called." "If thou be able to number the stars, so shall thy seed be." These words surely were not lightly spoken. They were uttered by him who is mighty in working, as wise in counsel. Isaac believes, and therefore prays, and they rise refreshed, and at ease, doubting nothing, and resorting to no crooked policy to secure their earnest wishes.

Beautiful is the faith of those who thus simply and confidingly make known their desires to

Jehovah, and glorious is the condescension and grace of their Omnipotent Friend, who bends a listening ear to hear, and reaches forth a willing hand to fulfil their requests. Far too seldom and too briefly do we dwell on the thought of that wonderful love, which is so ready, not merely to save our souls and give us heavenly bliss, but also to secure our present happiness.

Twenty years have rolled since their marriage-day, and Isaac and Rebekah are childless. They cannot be happy thus. They tell their disappointment to him who has the control of all events, and humbly ask his interposition, and obtain the desired blessing. There is no event interesting to us which attracts not the notice of our heavenly Father, and which we may not sub mit to him, as a sympathizing friend. No earthly friend can possibly appreciate our sorrows, or understand our necessities, as he does, and no human heart owns a love so pure, so unselfish, so strong, as he feels for every child he has on earth.

If we are childless, we may ask him to pity our loneliness. Many of his devoted children have thus appealed to him, and been heard If we have children who are sources of deep anx iety, we may always cast our care upon him. Even he once said, "I have nourished and brought up children, and they have rebelled against me."

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The mother is distressed. With what delightful consciousness that a new life is springing from her own, has come also an intuitive sense that all s not right, and again she seeks God. If, in love and mercy, he has answered her prayer, and the wish of her life is to be gratified, why this unwonted suffering? She asks at his mouth, and receives a reply which foretells the cares and anxieties of her future life, and lays a foundation for the only departure from strict rectitude which is recorded in her history. She shall bear two sons, who, from the very commencement, are to be antagonistic to each other, and the elder shall not be the heir of Abraham's promised blessings. Did Rebekah comprehend the full import of these words? Did she gain from them a glimpse of the troubled life she was to lead? We do not know. Her boys were welcomed with all a mother's tenderness, and probably shared equally, for a time, her care and love, though it may be that her eye sometimes fastened on Jacob with deeper interest, as she recalled the words of the Lord, and remembered that he was the chosen seed. A happy family now gathered nightly in Isaac's tent, and the joy was complete when Abraham, the aged and infirm, but deeply respected and loved grandfather, joined the circle, and dandled on his knees the grandsons whom his dim eyes were so gladdened to behold. Fifteen years he watched their growth, and rejoiced in their unfolding faculties, and then departed from earth, and they saw him laid in the grave of Machpelah, by her side who had been to their father the fondest and most faithful of mothers, and whose name they had been taught to revere and love.

Years rolled on, many years, bringing with them to Rebekah the cares and anxieties of a mother's life, and also a mother's rich compensations. She was no longer lonely or listless. Every day brought new joys and new employ ments, and more imperative necessity for discre

tion and wisdom in the management of her charge. Every day unfolded the opposite characters of her children. Esau, ever impulsive, ardent, and overbearing, yet overflowing with affection, required an entirely different discipline from his unassuming and quiet brother, whose winning traits and obedient spirit, in contrast with Esau's turbulence, at length caused her to swerve so widely from the path of maternal rectitude. Yet there was much in Esau's manly activity to call forth admiration, and she, doubtless, often felt a mother's pride when she saw him return from the field, glowing with health, and flushed with the exhibitantion of successful sport, to lay his trophies at the feet of his aged and fond father, and prepare the venison that he loved. But her heart turned in its tenderness to him who was considerate of her slightest wish, and with whom, moreover, she knew the blessing of Jehovah rested.

But notwithstanding the difference in the two boys, and notwithstanding the evil partiality of both parents, no serious unhappiness followed, until, at the age of forty years, Esau suddenly withdrew from the little circle, and established a

family of his own, by taking two wives from among the idolaters around them. Heeding not the known will of Jehovah, and little regarding the wishes of his parents, or the grief he might cause them, he, from this time, manifested such an indifference to holy things, such a contempt even for the blessings covenanted to his family, such a thoroughly selfish disposition, as to prove himself wholly unworthy of his birthright privileges, and increase his mother's fondness for her younger The bitter evil to which that overweening fondness at length led, we are all familiar with. She allowed herself to dwell too often on the faults of one child and the virtues of the other, until she came at length to deceive her husband, to stain, by her own example and counsel, the soul of her loved one with falsehood and fraud, to embitter and madden the heart of her eldest-born, and bring upon her own and her husband's declining years sorrow and desolation.

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Alone and sorrowful, bearing the marks of age and care, and wrapped in absorbing meditations, Rebekah sits in her tent, at the close of a day

which has been to her one of sadness and gloom. We will suppose it the anniversary of the birth of her children, three years subsequent to the bestowal of the paternal benediction upon Jacob. She is reviewing her life. She wanders back in imagination more than a hundred years, to her bridal day, and recalls the happiness and peacefulness of the period when she was her husband's dearest companion, and when no oppressing care weighed upon her spirit. She remembers how, as the months sped, their desire for the fulfilment of the divine promise led them at last to plead earnestly for the blessing of a child. It is now eighty years since that prayer was fulfilled. How vividly do the scenes present themselves before Her joy at the prospect of becoming a mother, and then her anxiety caused by the unusual suffering she experienced. She remembers the answer given by the Almighty to her inquiry, "Why am I thus?" and a groan escapes her lips. Then commenced the sorrows of her life. Not because new cares then began; not because the quiet of her days was then changed for the excitements which children ever bring. These

might have been only sources of new pleasure. But, then commenced her sin. O, what misery had it caused her, and what self-reproach did she now feel! Had she been a faithful and just mother; had she bestowed equal affection upon her children, the life-long conflict between them might have been spared. How plainly her early mistakes appear before her now; how clear in memory's glass is pictured every evil consequence! The childish quarrels, the more bitter differences of riper years, and, worse than all, the serious defects of character which both exhibited. Had she always regarded Esau with a mother's tender love, Jacob, in all probability, would not have taken advantage of his brother's extremity to defraud him of his birthright. Had she not overvalued Jacob on account of his being heir of the covenant, Esau might not have come to despise its privileges. She follows down the track of years, dwelling long and earnestly on all the joys and sorrows they had brought. But most painfully present to her mind is the day of her severest trial and her worst sin. Again, in imagination, she hears Isaac's command to Esau

to bring him venison from the field, and receive his blessing, and feels anew the tumult of thought which those words occasioned, and the distress lest Jacob should after all be set aside. sudden resolve, and hasty efforts to prevent such a calamity, rise before her. Again she prepares the kid, and disguises her fair son with its delicate skin, and quiets his remonstrances and fears by assuming herself all the risk, even the curse which might descend. She takes from their sacred resting-place the sacerdotal garments kept for this important occasion, and with them arrays her favorite, and, when all is prepared, listens in breathless anxiety to all that passes in that fearful interview. How dreadful in her ears are the reiterated falsehoods of the son whom, up to that hour, she had ever taught to revere the truth. How she shudders as she recalls his impious appeal to the aid of the Almighty. Even Isaac's solemn blessing thrills her heart with fear. And then that exceeding great and bitter cry of her first-born, her long slighted, deeply injured son, how it echoes through the chambers of her soul, and seems by some mysterious power to enlighten the darkness, and reveal to her the secret workings of that blind partiality which had so indurated her moral perceptions, that until now she had been ignorant of its extent and guiltiness. She scarcely wonders, when she dwells on all the past, at Esau's burning and murderous anger, though sudden fear again overtakes her at the remembrance of his threatening words; words which have banished Jacob from his home, and rendered her the desolate being she is.

In the retrospect of her long life, there are some things to rejoice in, many for which to be thankful. As a maiden, she had been fair, lovely, and virtuous, the joy and pride of fond parents and brothers. As a wife, she had been faithful, and very happy, and able ever to retain a firm hold upon the conjugal affection which had gladdened her youth. But as a mother, how had she failed! Yet was not the providence and prophecy of God the cause of her folly? She could not so excuse herself. Had he, the Almighty One, any need of the sins and infirmities of his creatures, in order to accomplish his purposes? Could he not have caused Jacob to inherit Abraham's priv-

Humbled and heart-stricken, she bows in deep repentance, and accepts at his hands the bitter consequences. Henceforth, she must walk her path of earth alone. Her sons, who, in their infancy, had so gladdened her home, will cheer that home no more. Her husband, blind, imbecile, and helpless, can no longer share her joys, nor bear with her the burdens of life.

But duty is still hers. With meekness and love she will minister to the many wants of him who has loved her so long, and by her patience strive to expiate the only deceit of which she was ever guilty toward him; and, to cheer her solitary days and nights, she will hide in her inmost heart the blessed consolation, that even as the Eternal needs not the faults of men to forward his designs, neither shall those faults be able to frustrate his gracious plans. Her shortcomings will not prevent her son from inheriting the covenant blessings, nor for a moment turn aside the current of divine love which is to flow through him to a guilty world.

We have drawn a picture from imagination of

the last scenes of Rebekah's life, in order more fully to learn the lesson it teaches. If we would often strive to bring before us the probable thoughts and feelings of Bible characters, and place ourselves in their circumstances, we should gain far clearer views of their excellences and faults.

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LEAH AND RACHEL.

Two sisters, dwelling under one roof, loving and beloved, careless of the future, which in its beauty and freshness, like an unclouded morning just opening upon them, gives no hint of the darkness which may gather, or the tempests which may lower before the day is done; entering a path which seems to lead through smiling and flowery fields on to some land of perfect peace; but which will, ere long, find the weary and heart-stricken traveller harassed with unforeseen obstacles, entangled in inextricable thickets, or plunged all unawares in some miry slough of Despond, — such are Leah and Rachel, when on the sacred page they are first presented to our view. We regard them with deep and growing interest as we study the peculiarities of their difforing characters, and glean from the slight mementoes which are lest us, some connected history of their more ridely differing destinies.

Rachel comes our first to our thoughts, in her

witching beauty, the pet and darling of her selfish father—the life of the house—the spoiled child — the blithesome, light-hearted young shepherdess, who could so charm and entrance her staid and quiet cousin, that the seven years through which he toiled to win her, consumed by heat and chilled by frost, seemed to him but a few days, for the love he had to her; and who, although eighty years had passed over his head before he claimed her for his bride, and youthful impulse and enthusiasm had long since fled, and romance had expired, still cherished for her through life an affection such as we find not in any page of But, notwithstanding her beauty and attractiveness, Rachel was, as we have said, a spoiled child, and she took this character into her married life, to her own sorrow, and the evident unhappiness of those around her. Wayward, and accustomed to be petted, she could ill endure to be crossed even by Providence. Envious of her sister, and impatient under any delay in the fulfilment of her wishes, she manifested a spirit which brought severe rebuke even from the lips of her devoted husband. Months and years were

spent by her in a tumult of discordant feelings, and in resorting to unnatural and crooked policy in order to accomplish her end. Far from proving amiable and lovely as a wife, she seems to have been to Jacob often a severe trial; yet, he ever loved her, even as in the first days of fond-But at length the disciplinary process which she needed seems to have had its designed effect, for the time came when he who sits as the refiner saw fit to visit her, and bestow the longsought blessing. Happy beyond measure in the birth of a son, she offers her tribute of gratitude, and we must believe, though little further light shines on her character, that the fresh fountain of a mother's love, newly opened in her heart, flowed to the purifying of all selfishness and jealousy, and to the harmonizing of all discordant elements in the hitherto distracted family. Would not her heart feel a new tie to her husband, the father of her child? Would she not turn again, with self-reproach and reviving love, to her longneglected and abused sister, the once-cherished companion of her childhood, now that she could understand and sympathize in her maternal joys

and cares? Would not her affection be called forth as never before toward each childish member of the household, invested with an interest hitherto unknown, and doubly dear, because as truly the children of her husband as her own cherished nursling? That she was a happier and better woman after Joseph's birth, we cannot doubt, and we feel sure that a peace never before experienced by them settled on Jacob's family.

But complete happiness abides not long a tenant in any circle on earth. That which had been to Rachel the strongest desire of life, became, at length, in its fulfilment, the occasion of her death. She who had felt that the birth of a son could bring only joy, who had said "Give me children or else I die," saw a day, when, with feeble, expiring breath, she named her second born "Benoni — the son of my sorrow," and departed from earth, leaving her two helpless ones to want a mother's care and love, and perhaps wishing as fervently as before, that they had never been born, or that she might take them with her to the unseen world.

She was taken from evil to come. The fear

ful trial which threatened to bring Jacob's gray hairs with sorrow to the grave, she was spared. Her memory was most fondly cherished. Her children — how tenderly were they regarded because they were hers, and what can exceed in pathos and beauty her husband's last uttered remembrance of his early love, when bestowing on Joseph's sons the forfeited birthright of Reuben, and, wishing to bind their hearts to the land of Canaan, he reminds them that it was the place of her death, and that her bones reposed beneath its soil.

One question ever comes to us as we read of Rachel's death. Did Leah's sorrowing heart find repose at length in the assurance of her husband's love? When Jacob was left alone, and comfortless, did he turn to her for consolation, who had so long endured alone for his sake? We do not know. From her childhood, Leah appears to have borne the yoke. Although she was the eldest in her father's house, yet Rachel's superior beauty and vivacity had cast her into the shade, and doubtless rendered her, as in all such cases, reserved and silent, and less attractive than she

would otherwise have been. Yet, there beamed ever from her eyes a loving tenderness, which betrayed an unusually affectionate heart, and lent a charm to her whole deportment which mere regularity of features cannot give. Oh! how cruelly was that affectionate, clinging heart doomed to suffer! How bitter was her lot! Forced to act a deceitful and most revolting part, her feelings of delicacy and maidenly propriety outraged by an unfeeling father, she became clandestinely the wife of one who sought her not, whom she knew to be wholly absorbed in love to another and fairer, but to whom she had unwittingly given the wealth of her own rich affections.

From her bridal day, she was a neglected, unloved wife. How must the sounds of joy have jarred on her spirit and mocked her heart during the week of festivity which in the East celebrates a marriage. And yearning to be loved as she loved herself, what anguish must she have felt when another week gave to her husband's arms one who she knew must entirely supplant her, and blot out every hope of winning, even by the utmost devotion, the heart which would now, more

than ever, turn from her! He might be kind to her, as he doubtless was. Many tokens of regard he would bestow upon her, and treat her with the respect due the oldest and first wedded wife; but love her, he could not; she knew he could not. The cares, the toils, the suffering which marriage brings, shall be hers, but the rich compensation, the pure, overflowing, confiding love, which cheers and lightens care, and which woman will be a living martyr to win — this she will never know.

But Leah, thus seemingly desolate and wretched, was not forsaken. The Eye that pondereth all hearts was a witness to her conflicts, and Almighty love came to her relief. A mother's joys were soon in store for her, and with the prospect came delightful thoughts of gratitude to God, and fond anticipations of brighter days. "Surely the Lord hath looked upon my affliction; now, therefore, my husband will love me." Alas! poor Leah! She knew the important blessing promised in Abraham's covenant was a numerous seed, and she thought surely the birth of her son, so desirable an event, would win her a place in her husband's heart. This hope cheered every hour

of weariness and suffering, and sustained her in her agony, and when that was past, and tidings were borne to Jacob that he was a father, how eagerly she listened for his approaching footsteps—with what intense earnestness she scanned the face so dear, to learn that she had not suffered in vain! Her babe was not a daughter, so lightly esteemed in Eastern countries. God, the God of his father, had bestowed the blessing, and it was a son she had to give. He could not turn coldly from her—he must love her now.

She was doomed to disappointment. A new grief weighed on her heart, and when her second son was given to her arms there was no hope in her words, but only a meek, subdued expression of love to Him who knew her sorrows, and had again appeared for her comfort. Again and again, sometimes hoping, sometimes desponding, but always in the spirit of earnest piety and a beautiful trust in God, she welcomed her children into the world. Years rolled on. She was still a neglected wife, but she was no longer unhappy nor lonely. A song of praise to the Lord was ever on her lips. Around her clustered smiling

little faces — soft hands smoothed her care-worn brow, and cooing, dove-like voices cheered her solitude, and called her "mother." Six fair sons and a daughter grew up around her, and she had the consolation of knowing that distinguished honor was put upon her by Him who thus made her an instrument of fulfilling his covenant with her husband. So far as we know Leah's character, it was extremely lovely. No repining or discontented words, no rebellious or wilful expressions, fell from her lips, no murmuring appears to have been in her heart. Once only the hidden conflict appears, when her sister asks a favor. "Is it a small matter that thou hast taken away my husband? And wouldst thou take away my son's mandrakes also?" It was a revealing of deep sorrows, and it melted even Rachel's heart.

Again the question returns: Did Jacob ever love her as she deserved to be loved? and again we must answer, we do not know. She lived many years, fulfilling the duties of a wife and mother, and reposed at last in the cave of Machpelah, beside Sarah and Rebekah, with whom she

has doubtless been thousands of years rejoicing in the perfect blessedness of that world where unrequited love is unknown - where the soul, with its increasing capacities for affection, is ever abundantly filled and satisfied, because its portion is infinite. "God only knows the love of God," but they who have come up from earth, out of much tribulation, and have washed their robes and been made meet for heavenly fellowship, shall understand the blissful mystery of that union which alone is dearer and more intimate than the hallowed unions of earth. They who are bound in marriage ties here "are of twain made one flesh; " but "he that is joined to the Lord is one spirit."

How gracious and condescending to human infirmities is God our heavenly Father! How ready to gratify every reasonable desire! If any who read these pages are conscious of earnest and unsatisfied wishes, let them, not in Rachel's fretful and rebellious spirit, but in meek and patient trust, with thanksgiving, make their request known unto him. He has written, "The desire of the righteous shall be granted."

If any neglected, lonely wife reads with tearful eves the story of Leah's sorrow, let her turn to Leah's Almighty Friend for comfort, and learn to say, though again and again disappointed, "Still will I praise the Lord." Let her, with childlike submission, receive her cup at his hands, and in the faithful discharge of duty wait her appointed time and lot. She shall not labor and wait in vain. If her heart finds no place of repose in his who should cherish and love her, she shall surely understand at length what is that perfect peace in which they are kept whose minds are stayed on the infinite God. If he has bestowed on her the inestimable blessing of children, the richest solace earth affords is already hers; let her not indulge gloomy and repining thoughts, but let her bend all her energies to the task of training immortal minds, who, if she is faithful, shall rise up and call her blessed, and praise God for her care and instructions.

In Jacob's family were two other mothers of whom we have not spoken. They were servants, little is said of them; yet they were cared for by Jehovah, and their children were sons who were at length heads of four tribes in Israel. Every mother, however humble her position in earthly society, is the immediate care of God, and is doing his work. She knows not what mighty results depend on her fidelity in performing her allotted task. Let her train every child as if she heard a voice from heaven saying, Take this child and nurse it for me. She shall not lose her reward.

JOCHEBED.

THE hours of day are fast numbering in a humble home in Goshen, a house which has gathered members enough to render it ever cheerful, and garnered sacred ties and rich affections sufficient to insure the greatest earthly bliss, but over which the hand of tyranny has cast shadows deeper and more dense than the gloom of night descending around. The father, with aching limbs and a heavy heart, has returned from his toil under the cruel task-master, whom he, like his companions, has vainly striven to satisfy, and with slow, desponding tread enters the dwelling, lays aside his outer garments, and seats himself moodily in the nearest corner. Two bright faces, however, come to welcome him, and their childish prattle and words of affection soon bring comfort to his heart, and drive the look of discontent from his brow, and he joins in their merry glee, antil suddenly he is attracted by the pale countenance of his wife, as with languid, and evidently painful step, she performs the slight labors necessary for the preparation of the evening meal. One glance is sufficient to assure him that sterner trials than any yet endured await them, and the time draws nigh. Gently he puts his children from him, and rises to give her such assistance as he may. No words are spoken, the meal is soon taken, the little ones go to their quiet rest, needed aid is stealthily summoned, the wife and mother bows herself to her anguish. No sound escapes her lips; a fear more terrible than any throes she can experience shuts her mouth and stifles every groan. Even the feeble cry which announces the birth of her son brings no joy, no relief, only a greater dread. O, hush him! do not let him cry; father, friends, if ye have any pity, let not his voice be heard. Before another setting sun, the little delicate form which is so precious, so dear, may furnish food for the cruel crocodile. Place him by her side, let her soothe him; she best understands the art.

Alas, what terrors now daily thicken about that mother's path! How fails her heart at every approaching tread. How earnestly she portrays

to the sorrowing Miriam the danger of betray. ing the carefully-kept secret. How constantly she watches lest the little Aaron should with lisping tongue tell how he loves his baby brother. How wildly she hastens at the first sound of that paby voice, when he awakes from sleep; how agonized she is until she succeeds in soothing and quieting her charge. All around she hears shrieks and struggles and despairing groans from her sisters in affliction, and misses one and an other fair infant form from the homes they had blessed, and she folds her loved one closer to her aching breast, and wonders if she could endure to have him thus torn from her. She suffers, and yet there is in her heart a confidence that all will in the end be well. Not an unfounded hope, not a vague, undefined persuasion, but a faith in an Almighty Friend. Her husband has from time to time spoken words of cheer, and encouraged, by reminding her of Abraham's God, and his promises made in days long past and handed down to them. They know that a great and illustrious person is to be born of Abraham's seed, and may not their son be one of those

through whom he shall descend? Jochebed looks upon the wondrous beauty of her babe, his strangely noble mien, and, sent by Him who knows all the avenues to the human heart, come comfort and strength, and she gives herself to new efforts for the preservation of the child.

Three weary, leaden-footed months have passed. Her boy has gained in strength and comeliness, and the mother's heart clings to him with an intensity of love proportioned to the anxiety she has felt, and the high hopes she sustains for him. But the time has come when she can conceal him no longer. The vigilance of their ruthless enemies is becoming too keen, and their strict search will soon inevitably discover her treasure. Who can imagine her distress, as the conviction forces itself upon her? In her extremity she again betakes herself to the promises and love of Jehovah, and reassures her fainting heart. Suddenly, in the hour of meditation and of deep darkness, a peradventure is suggested to her mind.

Behold her now busily engaged in what is evidently a most absorbing work. From the banks

of the Nile she has procured the "thirsty papyrus," and the necessary pitch is at hand. With skilful art she constructs a basket-like cradle. Watch the variations of her countenance as with the greatest care she secures every chink and seam, and again and again examines, to be sure that it is perfectly impervious to water, and sufficiently strong for its purpose. Anxiety, sadness, desperation are there, and then the lighting up of some stern resolve, and then a gleam of hope, a faint courage; then, again, the workings of almost unendurable grief and torturing fear. Anon, the brow is calmed, and the compressed lips relax, and holy, sublime faith gains the mastery over all the conflicting feelings called forth by her strange employment. Her task is ended! all that maternal tenderness could dictate is done to render the frail vessel comfortable; and, taking her babe fondly in her arms, with one hasty caress she lays him, in his rosy sleep, within the little ark. Upon her emotions, as she carries him from her home, and takes her last look on his cherub face, and leaves him among the weeds at the water's edge, we

cannot dwell. A confidence in God so noble as to be remembered and recorded centuries after, by an inspired apostle, and to place her, in the estimate of him who dictated the sacred page, among those "of whom the world was not worthy," sustained her in that fearful hour. She has used all the means within her reach to save him, and leaving the little Miriam to watch his fate at a distance, she returns to her desolate home.

* * * *

That night found Jochebed no longer sorrow ing and fearful, but a blessed and happy mother, far happier than she had ever before been. No harrowing anxieties now, no trembling lest the cry of pain or crowing laugh of joy should be tray her child. No caution, no fear. Let who will step hastily by her dwelling, her cheek need not blanch. She is doing the bidding of a princess, and receiving wages at her hand for nursing that fair boy. Well may the stern-featured, stony-hearted men who delight in deeds of blood, stand awed and subdued before the rare beauty of that baby face, and wonder at the intelligence

and dignity which are stamped on that childish brow. Not in vain is he thus endowed by his Maker. They harm him not. The mother need not tremble. A peace unknown before descends on the little household. Oppression still grinds. The father still toils. All around is suffering and war; but under that humble roof Jehovah is praised with a gladness which must be felt to be expressed.

No words of praise has Moses bestowed on his mother, nor does a single line inform us of the nature of her instructions to him in the days when he was once more all her own, before "she brought him unto Pharaoh's daughter and he became her son." But every trait of that noble character which fitted him for the station he afterwards filled; the meekness which made him the friend of God, with whom he spoke face to face, as he has never to any other being of mortal birth; the faith which refused the wealth and honors and titles of Egypt, and preferred affliction and contempt with the people of God; the self-renunciation, and devotion to the glory of Jehovah, which led him to plead for the stiffnecked children of Israel when he would destroy them and make of his faithful servant a great nation; the dauntless courage, the unwavering rectitude, — all bear witness to the instructions of his early years, which "the learning of the Egyptians," and the fascinations of a court, had no power to obliterate. The mother of Israel's great law-giver needs no more enduring monument than the lofty virtues of her son.

Faith! my dear friends, such faith as they exercised whose history the Bible records, O that it might animate us! We are not called to lay our children on the altar of sacrifice, nor leave them to be whelmed in the waters of the Nile; but every mother has trials to pass through, and duties to perform, which require the same faith that Abraham and Jochebed possessed, if she wishes to see her children standing at last fault-less before the throne. The more we study and come to understand the wonders God has wrought for those who have trusted in him, the more earnestly our prayer ascends, "Lord, increase our faith."

THE MOTHERS OF ISRAEL IN EGYPT.

"A thousand years in thy sight are but as yesterday when it is passed, and as a watch in the night."

It often appears to us, as we study the sacred page, and as we contemplate the movements of the kingdom of grace, in these latter days, that the work of God in the salvation of the race of man makes slow and difficult progress, and we wonder at the tardiness and seeming want of success of any project which has God for its author and executor. But we forget that, although he is God all-sufficient, and can without doubt perform the whole good pleasure of his will — though all events are under his control, it nevertheless pleases him to work by means and instrumentalities. Seldom does he "speak and it is done," as when the light first shone on Ordinarily, if he will accomplish anything in the material world, he brings it about in the order of its natural development. If his dealings are with men as moral beings, he works

according to the laws of mind which himself ordained.

It was now more than four hundred years since God called Abraham from Ur of the Chaldees, and made the covenant that through him and his descendants all the nations of the earth should be blessed, and since he first revealed his purpose of acquainting the world with his own glorious character and will. Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob, had long slept in the cave of Machpelah. Where were their descendants, and in what circumstances? Had the covenant been in any particular fulfilled? Was the gracious purpose fast being accomplished? Not to human view. The children of the patriarchs, far from dwelling in the land of Canaan, the blessed and favored people of Jehovah, were a nation of slaves, debased by the most abject and cruel bondage, ignorant of even the name of their father's God; though remembering him as the God of Abraham, yet comprehending nothing concerning him save the bare fact of his existence among many other deities; and having a vague, uncertain belief in the traditionary promise of his appearance in their behalf, and their ultimate inheritance of the country of Canaan. Some, indeed, among them seem to have had clearer ideas and a more intelligent faith, but the mass of the people were buried in the depths of ignorance and misery. Around them the Egyptians, and all the other dwellers upon earth, were given up to the grossest idolatry. What foothold had the kingdom of grace as yet gained in the world? What had the Almighty been doing to advance it during these rolling centuries?

If we ask reverently, we ask well, and perhaps a satisfactory answer may be given. In commencing and carrying forward the scheme of man's redemption, a mighty work had first to be done, which we seldom think of, and little appreciate, — a work preliminary to the first revelation of himself among the nations. It was not merely with man's ignorance of the only living, and true, and holy God, which grace had to contend, but with a state of mind and heart so utterly debased as to be incapable of receiving or comprehending for a moment any idea of such a Being. A dense and almost impenetrable darkness brooded over

the earth. But this was not all; the visual organs, long accustomed only to darkness, were weakened and destroyed. Before light could benefit, the blind must be healed. Before God could reveal himself to men, their sunken, sensual souls must be elevated and purified, and made capable of understanding the revelation. This was a slow and tedious process. For its furtherance he must first train and educate, from . the commencement of their existence, a people, who, being themselves thus elevated and enabled to receive the truths he would communicate, should hold them up, from generation to generation, before their benighted fellow-men, and win all at length to know and obey.

This, then, was the work which Jehovah accomplished during the long years which seem so fruitless to us. He had been training and preparing this peculiar people. Understanding well man's entire nature, and what means to use wherewith to meet his ends, he had been steadily employing those means, until the destined result was at last attained. In the Hebrew people, a race singularly differing from all the other inhab-

by a common descent and common sufferings, and whom he would bind to himself by ties of the most ardent gratitude and love; who had never worshipped idols, and who, though entirely ignorant of his true nature, were yet in a state to receive and reverence the God who would deliver them from their bitter afflictions; in this race, which he had thus brought down from his servant Abraham, and prepared for his purpose by "the process slow of years," he had the instrumentality which he needed, and without which he could not carry forward his gracious work.

But some will ask, "What has all this to do with the Mothers of Israel?" Much. Among the instruments which he employs, God never forgets nor undervalues those who usher into being, and to whom are committed, by his own ordination, the most susceptible years of all the men who live. It was through these mothers that the keenest pangs of the terrible discipline, through which the nation passed, was felt. Fathers, and husbands, and brothers, were not so deeply outraged, so heart-stricken, by any toil

or hardship imposed on themselves, as by the cruel mandate which so crushed their daughters, wives, and sisters. Among their draughts of gall and wormwood none were so bitter as that which brought groans of anguish from every wife who had the prospect of becoming a mother, turned into a curse what they had ever esteemed the richest of blessings, and made the feeble cry of infancy — always before a note of joy — the most distressing sound that could fall on parental ears.

And when the day of deliverance came, whose joy so great, whose gratitude to God so intense, whose obligations so binding, as those of the mothers of the nation? What instruments could be found so effective as they would prove in the work of making known the glory of their Deliverer? In what strange scenes had they learned his might and goodness! One by one they had seen the idols of Egypt overwhelmed in ruin and shown to be worthless, and their awe and admiration were constantly increased. But when the hour of retribution came, when Almighty vengeance repaid into the bosom of every Egyptian

family the thrilling anguish which his people had suffered, when he stood forth to shield them, and destroy their foes, their awe and admiration turned to love and high devotion. In permitting them to be so afflicted, in avenging their wrongs, and in the gratitude he thus called forth, the far-seeing, all-wise Jehovah laid a foundation for the character of every Hebrew child, and of the whole Hebrew nation, through all coming ages; a character most marked and peculiar, and retaining its distinctive features under all circumstances and in every clime. From that day to this, every Israelitish mother, in commemoration of those scenes in Egypt, consecrates her first-born child to the God of their deliverance, and through all their generations the command to rehearse in the ears of their family his mighty deeds, has been obeyed, and has accomplished what he designed. Among his first broken sentences the Hebrew child utters the solemn truth, first fully understood in Egypt, "Hear, O Israel, the Lord our God is one Lord," and from his tender infancy he hears constantly repeated, — "By strength of hand the Lord

brought us out from Egypt, from the house of bondage. And it came to pass, when Pharaoh would hardly let us go, that the Lord slew all the first-born in the land of Egypt, both the first-born of man and the first-born of beasts; therefore I sacrifice to the Lord every first born child."

Thus have the griefs of those mothers whose children were given to the devouring crocodile, and the groans of their oppressors, echoed upon all the shores of time, even to these distant days, ever bringing with them to the ear solemn and awful revelations of the power and avenging justice of Israel's God. The unfolding ages have shown him to us, as we have been by degrees prepared to receive him, not merely manifested in these sublime attributes, but in the person of Jesus Christ, our redeeming Saviour, our Advocate and Friend, rejoicing to own the title which the pious soul delights to give him, and which looks back through the long vista of rites and ceremonies to that awful night when the hope of Egypt fell, and the chosen people were spared — "The first-born among many brethren."

Nor shall these reverberations cease. Through coming years, and amid the crash of earth's dissolution, shall be heard from the eternal hills the immortal song of the church of the first-born which are written in heaven, chanting of deliverance from a worse than Egyptian bondage, and of a more glorious Passover than any celebrated by Jewish service.

The mothers of this favored land may learn a deeply interesting lesson from this page of the divine word, and especially from that command of God with regard to the instruction of every Hebrew child. Rehearse in the ears of your child, Christian mother, the story of His mighty deeds. From day to day store the young mind with fresh knowledge of the wonders God hath wrought. Call forth his childish admiration; teach him to bow with reverence before the great name of his Maker. But, more than all, tell him the story of redeeming love. Let the life of the infant Saviour, the story of the boy of twelve years in the temple, the love of the man Christ Jesus, be repeated in his ears, until they are familiar as household words. Remember the Jewish mothers, and the result of their unwearied teachings. With them, nothing is second to this command of their God, and their children never lose the impress of maternal instructions. Their strangely uniform character is a powerful comment on the wisdom of Jehovah in directing them to be thus taught.

ZIPPORAH.

In the mountainous and wild region which lies around Horeb and Sinai, were found, in the days of that Pharaoh whose court was the home of Israel's law-giver, many descendants of Abraham, children of one of the sons which Keturah bore him in his old age. We know little of them; but here and there on the sacred page they are mentioned, and we gain brief glimpses of their character and of the estimation in which they were held by Jehovah. Like all the other nations of the time, they were mostly idolaters, against whom he threatened vengeance for their inventions and abominations. But among them were found some families who evidently retained a knowledge of Abraham's God, and who, although they did not offer him a pure worship, "seem, nevertheless, to have been imbued with sentiments of piety, and intended to serve him so far as they were acquainted with his character and requirements." For these, from time to

time, a consecrated priest stood before the altar, offering sacrifices which were, doubtless, accepted in heaven, since sincerity prompted and the spirit of true obedience animated the worshippers.

In the family of this priest, who was also a prince among his people, a stranger was at one time found, who had suddenly appeared in Midian, and, for a slight kindness shown to certain members of the household, had been invited to sojourn with them, and make one of the domestic circle. He was an object of daily increasing interest to all around him. Whence had he come? Why was he thus apparently friendless and alone? Wherefore was his countenance sad and thoughtful, and his heart evidently so far away from present scenes? Seven sisters dwelt beneath the paternal roof, and we can readily imagine the eagerness with which they discussed these questions and watched the many interviews between him and their father, which seemed of a most important character. The result was not long kept from them. Moses was henceforth to perform what had been their daily task, and, as his reward, was to sustain the relation of son,

husband, and brother, in the little circle. Zipporah, whether willingly or reluctantly we are not told, became the wife of the silent man; nor has he, in the record which he has left, given us any account of those forty years of quiet domestic life, which he spent watching his flocks amid the mountain solitudes, and in intercourse with the "priest of Midian," and during which, taught of that God who chose him before all other men, as a familiar friend, he was daily learning lessons of mighty wisdom, and gaining that surpassing excellence of character which has made his name immortal. Was the wife whom he had chosen, the worthy daughter of her father and a fit companion for such a husband? Did they take sweet counsel together, and could she share his noble thoughts? Did she listen with tearful eyes to his account of the woes of his people, and rejoice with him in view of the glorious scenes of deliverance which he anticipated? Did she appreciate the sublime beauties which so captivated and enthralled his soul as he pored over the pages of that wonderful poem which portrays the afflictions of the man of Uz?

she worship and love the God of their common father with the same humility and faith? We cannot answer one of the many questions which arise in our minds. All we know is, that Zipporah was Moses' wife, and the mother of Moses' sons, and we feel that hers was a favored lot, and involuntarily yield her the respect which her station would demand.

Silently the appointed years sped. The great historian found in them no event, bearing upon the interests of the kingdom of God, worthy of note, and our gleanings are small. At their close he was again found in close consultation with Jethro, and with his consent, and in obedience to the divine mandate, the exile once more turned his steps toward the land of his birth. Zipporah and their sons, with asses and attend ants, accompanied him, and their journey was apparently prosperous until near its close, whether a strange and startling providence arrested them.* An alarming disease seized upon Gershom, the eldest son, and at the same time intimations not

^{*} The construction put upon this passage is taken from Bush's Commentary on Exodus, which see.

to be mistaken convinced his parents that it was sent in token of divine displeasure for long-neglected duty. God's eye is ever on his children, and though he is forbearing, he will not forever spare the chastening rod, if they live on in diso bedience to his commands. Both Moses and Zip porah knew what was the appointed seal of God's covenant with Abraham, and we cannot understand why they so long deferred including their children in that covenant. We do not know how many times conscience may have rebuked them, nor what privileges they forfeited, but we are sure they were not blessed as faithful servants Now there was no delaying longer. proof of God's disapprobation was not to be mistaken, and they could not hesitate if they would preserve the life of their child. "There is doubtless, something abhorrent to our ideas of propriety in a mother's performing this rite upon an adult son," for Gershom was at this time, probably, more than thirty years of age; but we must ever bear in mind that she was complying with "a divine requisition," and among a people, and in a state of society, whose sentiments and usages were very different from ours. Her duty performed, she solemnly admonished Gershom that he was now espoused to the Lord by this significant rite, and that this bloody seal should ever remind him of the sacred relation. The very moment neglected obligations are cheerfully assumed, that moment does God smile upon his child. He accepts, and upbraids not. The frown which but now threatened precious life has fled, and his children rejoice in new found peace, and in that peculiar outflowing of tenderness, humility and love, which ever follows upon repentance, reparation and forgiveness.

For some reason, to us wholly inexplicable, Moses seems to have sent his family back to the home which they had just left, before reaching Egypt, and they resided with Jethro until the tribes, having passed through all the tribulations which had been prophesied for them, made their triumphant exodus from the land of bondage and encamped at the foot of Sinai. Jethro, who seems to have taken a deep interest in the mission of Moses, immediately on hearing of their arrival, took his daughter and her sons to rejoin

the husband and father from whom they had been long separated. Touching and delightful was the reunion, and we love to linger over the few days which Zipporah's father spent with her, in this their last interview on earth. The aged man listened with wonder and joy to the recital of all that Jehovah had wrought. He found his faith confirmed and his soul strengthened, and doubtless felt it a great privilege to leave his child among those who were so evidently under the protection of the Almighty, and before whom he constantly walked in the pillar of fire and. cloud. With a father's care and love, he gave such counsel as he saw his son-in-law needed, and after uniting with the elders in solemn sacrifice and worship, in which he assumed his priestly office, he departed to his own land. We seem to see Zipporah, as with tearful eyes she watched his retreating footsteps, and felt that she should see her father's face no more on earth. without fearful struggles are the ties which bind a daughter to her parents sundered, though as a wife she cleaves to her husband, and strives, for his sake, to repress her tears and hide the anguish she cannot subdue. One comfort, how ever, remained to Zipporah. Soothingly fell on her ear the invitation of her husband to her brother, the companion of her childhood: "We are journeying unto the place of which the Lord said, I will give it you: come thou with us and we will do thee good; for the Lord hath spoken good concerning Israel." Deprecatingly she doubtless looked upon him, as he answered, "I will not go, but I will depart to mine own land, and to my kindred;" and united in the urgent entreaty, "Leave us not, I pray thee; forasmuch as thou knowest how we are to encamp in the wilderness, and thou mayest be to us instead of eyes." Heartfelt joy shone in her countenance as he acquiesced and made preparation to accompany them; and we are glad for her, and feel that with her husband and brother near, on whom to lean, she must have been cheered, and the bitterness of her final separation from home alleviated.

Feelings of personal joy or grief were soon, however, banished from her mind by the mighty wonders which were displayed in the desert, and

by the absorbing scenes which transpired while Israel received the law, and were prepared to pursue their way to Canaan. Of her after history we gather little, and the time of her death is not mentioned. One affliction, not uncommon in this evil world, fell to her lot. Her husband's family were unfriendly and unkind to her, and she was the occasion of their reproach and ridicule. But she was happy in being the wife of one meek above all the men upon the earth, and she was vindicated by God himself. What were her hopes in prospect of seeing the promised land, in common with all the nation, or whether she lived to hear the terrible command of God to Moses, "Avenge Israel of the Midianites," we do not know. The slaughter of her people may have caused her many a pang, and she probably went to her rest long before the weary forty years were ended. She has a name and a place on the sacred page, she was a wife and mother, and, though hers is a brief memorial, yet, if we have been led to study the word of God more earnestly, because we would fain learn more concerning her, that memorial is not useless.

THE MOTHERS OF ISRAEL AT HOREB.

We beg those of our readers who have had the patience to follow us thus far in our study, now to open their Bibles, unsatisfied with the meagre thoughts which we are able to furnish, and, earnestly invoking the aid of that Spirit who indited the sacred pages, bend diligently to the work of ascertaining the real interest which we and all the mothers of earth have in the scenes which transpired at the foot of Horeb's holy mount. To the instructions there uttered, the mighty ones of every age, the founders of empires, statesmen, lawgivers, philanthropists, patriots, and wise men, have sought for their noblest conceptions, and their most beneficent regulations, and it would be impossible to estimate the influence of those instructions upon all the after history of the world. But if the Almighty there revealed himself as the God of kingdoms, the all-wise and infinitely good Ruler of men in a national capacity, not less did he make himself known as the God of the family; and his will there made known, regulating the mutual relations of parents and children, has been at once the foundation and bulwark of all that has been excellent or trustworthy in family government from that day to this.

It is impossible, in the brief space allotted to us, that we should begin to give any adequate view of the subject which here opens before us, or follow out fully a single one of the many trains of thought to which it gives rise.

At Horeb, Jehovah, amid fire and smoke, and in that voice which so filled with terror all that heard, first inculcated the duty of filial piety on all the future generations of men. Filial piety! how much it implies. It stands at the head of the duties enjoined from man to man. It comes next in order to those which man owes to his Maker. It inculcates on the part of children toward their parents feelings akin to those which he has required toward himself, and far surpassing any which he demands toward any other human being. It speaks of reverence, of a love superior to ordinary affection, of unqualified submis-

sion and obedience. "Honor thy father and thy mother" is the solemn command, and the comments which infinite wisdom has made on it, scattered up and down on the pages of inspiration, throw light on its length and breadth, and on the heinous nature of the sin which is committed in its infringement. "Ye shall fear every man his mother and his father, and keep my Sabbaths; I am the Lord." In the Jewish law, a man who smote his neighbor must be smitten in return; but "he that smiteth father or mother shall be surely put to death." "He that curseth," or, as it more exactly reads, "he that disparages or speaks lightly of his parents, or uses contemptuous language to them, shall surely be put to death." "If a man have a stubborn and rebellious son, which will not obey the voice of his father or the voice of his mother, and who, when they have chastised him, will not hearken unto them, then shall his father and his mother lay hold of him and bring him to the elders of the city, and unto the gate of his place. And they shall say unto the elders of the city, This our son is stubborn and rebellious; he will not obey our voice. And all the

men of the city shall stone him with stones that he die; so shalt thou put away evil from among you, that all Israel shall hear and fear."

Still more fearful is the practical commentary upon this solemn command, given in Ezekiel 22: 7, when Jehovah, in enumerating the crying sins which demanded his vengeance on the people, and brought upon them the terrible calamities of long captivity, says, "In thee have they set light by father and mother."

But some one will say, You profess to be speaking to parents, and this command is given to children. True, friend, but the duty required of children implies a corresponding duty on the part of parents. Who shall teach children to reverence that father and mother in whose character there is nothing to call forth such a sentiment? "Though children are not absolved from the obligation of this commandment by the misconduct of their parents, yet, in the nature of things, it is impossible that they should yield the same hearty respect and veneration to the unworthy as to the worthy, nor does God require a child to pay an irrational honor to his parents. If his parents

are atheists, he cannot honor them as Christians. If they are prayerless and profane, he cannot honor them as religious. If they are worldly, avaricious, overreaching, unscrupulous as to veracity and honest dealing, he cannot honor them as exemplary, upright, conscientious and spiritually-minded."

If parents only say, like Eli, in feeble accents, "Nay, my sons; for it is no good report that I hear. Why do ye such things?" they will not only have disobedient and irreverent children, but often, if not always, they will be made to understand that their sin is grievous in the sight of God, and he will say of each of them also, "I will judge his house forever for the iniquity which he knoweth, because his sons made themselves vile and he restrained them not." "And therefore have I sworn unto the house of Eli, that the iniquity of Eli's house shall not be purged with sacrifice nor offering forever."

Unto parents God has committed the child, in utter helplessness, weakness, and ignorance,—an unformed being. The power and the knowledge are theirs, and on their side is He, the al

mighty and infinitely wise, with his Spirit and his laws and his promises. If they are faithful; if from the first they realize their responsibility, and the advantages of their position, can the result be doubtful? But they will not be faithful; imperfection is stamped on all earthly character. and they will fail in this as in all other duties. What then? Blessed be God, the Gospel has a provision for erring parents. If Sinai thunders, Calvary whispers peace. For men, as sinners, the righteousness of Christ prevails, and for sinners, as parents, not less shall it be found sufficient. Line and plummet can soon measure the extent of human perfection, but they cannot fathom the merit of that righteousness, which, when laid side by side with the most holy law, shows no deficiency. If, then, we find ourselves daily coming short of the terms of that covenant which God has made with us as parents, we need not despair of his fulfilling his part, for we can plead our Surety's work, and that is ever acceptable in his eyes, and answers all his demands.

Let not, however, the negligent and wilfully

ignorant parent conclude that the spotless robe of the perfect Saviour will be thrown as a shield over his deficiencies and deformity. Let not those who have blindly and carelessly entered on parental duties, without endeavoring to ascertain the will of God and the requirements of his law, expect that the blessing of obedient and sanctified children will crown their days. Let not those who suffer their children to grow up around them like weeds, without religious culture or pruning, who demand no obedience, who command no reverence, who offer no earnest, ceaseless prayer, let them not suppose that the blessing of the God who spoke from Horeb will come upon their families. "He is in one mind, and who can turn him?" Not an iota has he abated from his law since that fearful day. Not less sinful in his eyes is disobedience to parents now, than when he commanded the rebellious son to be "stoned with stones until he died." Yet, how far below his standard are the ideas even of many Christian "How different," says Wilberforce, "nay, in many respects, how contradictory, would be the two systems of mere morals, of

which the one should be formed from the commonly-received maxims of the Christian world, and the other from the study of the holy Scriptures; "and we are never more forcibly impressed with this difference than when we see it exemplified in this solemn subject.

The parents who stood at Horeb learned that God required them to train their children to implicit and uncompromising obedience, and he who closely studies the word of God can find no other or lighter requisition. How will the received opinions and customs of this age compare with the demand.

We ask our young friends, who may perchance glance over these pages, to pause a moment and consider If capital punishment should now be inflicted on every disobedient child, how many roods of earth would be planted with the instruments of death? If every city were doomed to destruction in which the majority of sons and daughters "set light by father and mother," how many would remain? To every child living comes a voice, "Know thou that for all these things God will bring thee into judgment."

THE WIDOWED MOTHERS OF ISRAEL AT HOREB.

There is no path of duty appointed for man to tread, concerning which the Almighty has not expressed his will in terms so plain that the sincere inquirer may always hear a voice behind him saying, "This is the way, walk ye in it;" nor are there any relations of life, nor any human affections, which he has not constituted and bestowed, nor any disappointment of those affections for which he has not manifested a sympathy so sincere, that the desolate and heart-stricken may always say, "Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot heal."

Yet it is something difficult for us to realize, in our hours of darkness and despondency, that toward us personally and individually the great heart of Infinite Love yearns with tenderness and pity. Even if we can say, "Though clouds and darkness are round about him, justice and judgment are the habitation of his throne," and can

acquiesce meekly in all his dispensations, and believe sincerely that they will work for our good, yet we often fail of the blessedness which might be ours, if we could be equally assured that, "As a father pitieth his children, so doth the Lord pity them that fear him." This assurance only the faithful student of the Bible can feel, as the great truth gleams forth upon him from time to time, illuming "dark affliction's midnight gloom" with rays celestial, and furnishing balm for every wound, the balm of sympathy and love.

We often hear it said by those who even profess themselves Christians, and devout lovers of the sacred oracles, "How can you read the book of Leviticus? What can you find in the dry details of the ceremonial law to detain you months in its study, and call forth such expressions of interest?" Such will probably pass by this article when they find themselves invited again to Horeb. Turn back, friends. You are not the only ones who have excused themselves from a feast. And we, we will extend our invitation to others. On the by-ways and lanes they can be found; in every corner of this wide-spread earth

are some for whom our table is prepared. We leave the prosperous, the gay, the happy, and speak to the desolate, the widowed.

Dearly beloved, you who can look back to a day in your history over which no cloud lowered, when you wore the bridal wreath, and stood at the sacred altar, and laid your hand in a hand faithful and true, and pledged vows of love, and when hope smiled on all your future path; but who have lived to see all you then deemed most precious, laid beneath the clods of the valley, and have exchanged buds of orange for the most intensely sable of earthly weeds; you who once walked on your earthly journey in sweet companionship which brightened your days; who were wont to lay your weary head every night on the faithful, "pillowing breast," and there forget your woes and cares, but who are now alone; you who trusted in manly counsel and guidance for your little ones, but who now shed bitter, unavailing tears in every emergency which reminds you that they are fatherless; and, worse than all, you who had all your wants supplied by the loving toiling husband and father, but have now to

contend single-handed with poverty; come, sor rowing, widowed hearts, visit with us Horeb's holy mount. It is, indeed, a barren spot; nevertheless it has blossoms of loveliness for you. Come in faith, and perchance the prophet's vision shall be yours; peradventure, the "still small" voice," which bade to rest the turmoil of his soul, shall soothe your griefs also. The words which are heard from its summit, as Jehovah gives to Moses his directions, have indeed to do with "meats and drinks and divers washings," yet, if you listen intently, you will now and then hear those, which, as the expression of your heavenly Father's heart, will amply repay the toil of the ascent. Draw near and hearken:

"Ye shall not afflict any widow nor fatherless child. If thou afflict them in any wise, and they cry at all unto me, I will surely hear their cry, and my wrath shall wax hot, and I will kill you with the sword; and your wives shall be widows, your children fatherless."

Will you not now be comforted? "The Eternal makes your sorrows his own," and himself stands forth as your protector against every ill.

He speaks in your behalf to all around you. How fearfully stern the tones in which he bids their. beware how they injure you! How secure a refuge he affords you from every form of human aggression on your rights or happiness! Would any wrest from you by fraud or violence your little store of earthly goods; appeal to him. Does the tongue of slander seek to take from you your good name; tell him your grief, as you would have told it to the husband whose honor was concerned to defend you. In whatever way your fellow-creatures distress you, or try your patience, or disturb your peace, his ear is ever open to hear your complaint, his word is pledged to re dress the wrong.

Listen again!

"When thou cuttest down thy harvest in thy field, and hast forgotten thy sheaf in the field, thou shalt not go again to fetch it, but it shall be for the stranger, and the fatherless, and the widow, that the Lord thy God may bless thee in all the works of thy hands."

Not only has Jehovah undertaken to secure you against evils which might be inflicted by human means, but he also designs to guard you against pinching want and poverty. If his will is done you will not suffer. He does not indeed command ravens to feed you, but he does lay his injunctions on every one of his children to provide for you, if you are in need Those who obey him, and wish to please him, will be always ready to aid you for his sake. He bids every Israelite bring a certain portion of his possessions to furnish the table of the Lord, and assuring you that he considers you his own, and will perform the part of husband and father for you, at that table, and in his own house, he provides for you ever a place. In the tithes of wine, corn and oil, the firstlings of the herds and flocks, in all that is to be devoted to the service of the Lord, you have your share.

"At the end of three years thou shalt bring forth all the tithe of thine increase the same year and lay it up within the gates. And the Levite, because he hath no part nor inheritance with thee, and the stranger, and the fatherless, and the widow, which are within thy gates, shall come and eat and be satisfied, that the Lord thy God may bless thee in all the work of thine hand which thou doest."

Do you sorrowfully say that no such table is now spread? But He who thus provided, still lives, and is the same as then. The silver and the gold are his, and the cattle upon a thousand hills, and he ruleth all things by the word of his power. They that trust in him shall never be confounded.

"Thou shalt not pervert the judgment of the stranger, nor of the fatherless, nor take the widow's raiment to pledge." Why? Because they have no earthly friend to redeem the latter, or plead for the former. Weak and unguarded, they are exposed to all these evils, but He, the Eternal, takes them under his own especial care; and instead of compelling them to depend on the insecure tenure of man's compassion, or even justice, institutes laws for their benefit, the disobedience of which is sin against himself."

Scattered through all the sacred volume are words which, equally with those we have quoted, speak forth Jehovah's interest in the helpless. "Leave thy fatherless children to me," he said,

by his prophet Jeremiah, at a time when misery, desolation, and destruction, were falling on Judea and her sons for their awful impiety. "Leave thy fatherless children, I will preserve them alive; and let thy widows trust in me." "A father of the fatherless, and a judge of the widows, is God in his holy habitation."

O, do we receive the full import of these soulcheering words? Lone, solitary one! who hidest in thy heart a grief which, untasted, cannot be understood; there is a Being, sitting on the circle of the heavens, who knows every pang thou endurest. He formed thee susceptible of the love which thou hast felt and enjoyed; himself ordained the tie which bound thee. He, better than any other, comprehends thy loss. Dost thou doubt. Study faithfully his word; obey his voice; yield thy heart to him, and trust him implicitly. He will prove himself able to bless thee in thine inmost soul. The avenues to that soul are all open to him, and he can cause such gentle, soothing influences to flow in upon thee as shall make thee "sing even as in the days of thy youth."

Fatherless child! whose heart fails thee when thou dost miss from every familiar place the guide of thy youth; faint not nor be discouraged, though the way is rough, and the voice that ever spoke tenderly to thee is silent. Thou hast a Father in heaven; and he who calls himself such, understands better than thou what is implied in that sacred name. Tell him thy woes and wants.

"Thou art as much his care, as if beside

Nor man nor angel lived in heaven or earth."

13

NAOMI AND RUTH.

It would be only presumption in us to attempt giving, in any other than the beautifully simple words of Scripture, the story of Ruth and her mother-in-law. The narration is inimitable, and needs nothing to make it stand out like a picture before the mind. Suffice it, then, that now we attend only to the lessons which may be gathered from it, and endeavor to profit by them through all our coming lives. Nor let any think the lessons afforded by these four short chapters few or easily acted upon, though they may be soon comprehended. They will amply repay earnest study and persevering practice.

The first thing which wins our admiration is Ruth's faith. She had been educated in the degrading worship of Chemosh, the supreme deity of Moab. Probably no conception of the one living God had been formed in her mind until her acquaintance with the Jewish youth, the son of Elimelech and Naomi. How long she

had the happiness of a wife we are not informed. We know it was only a few years. But during that period she had learned to put such confidence in Jehovah, that she was willing to forsake country and friends, even the home of her childnood and beloved parents, and go forth with her mother-in-law to strange scenes, and willing to brave penury and vicissitude, that she might be numbered among his people. Firmly she adhered to her resolution. The entreaties of Naomi — the thought of her mother — the prospects which might await her in her own land even the retreating form of Orphah — nothing had power to prevail over her desire to see Canaan and unite in the worship of her husband's God. "The Lord recompense thy work," said Boaz to her, "and a full reward be given thee of the Lord God of Israel, under whose wings thou art come to trust." He is not unfaithful, and that reward was made sure. "Of the life that now is" the promise speaks, and it was fulfilled to her. Of an undying, honorable name it says nothing, but that is also awarded her. "Upon a monument which has already outlasted thrones and empires, and which shall endure until there be a new heaven and a new earth — upon the front page of the New Testament is inscribed the name of Ruth. Of her came David — of her came a long line of illustrious and good men — of her came Christ."

Why will we not learn, why will we not daily and constantly act upon the truth that implicit faith is pleasing to God? "None of them that trust in him shall be desolate."

There is a fund of instruction, also, in the few glimpses which we gain of the intercourse of Naomi and Ruth, as they journey on, and after their arrival in Canaan. How does the law of love dictate and pervade every word and action! Naomi had once been an honored wife and mother in Judah, and far above the reach of want. But in "the days when the judges ruled," those days during which "every man did that which was right in his own eyes," her husband had deserted his people; and now on her return she was probably penniless, her inheritance sold until the year of jubilee, and she in her old age, unable by her own efforts to gain a subsistence.

The poor in Israel were not forlorn, but it required genuine humility on Ruth's part, and a sincere love for her mother-in-law, to induce her to avail herself of the means provided. She hesitated not. It was "in the beginning of the barley harvest" that they came to Bethlehem, and as soon as they were settled, apparently in a small and humble tenement, she went forth to glean in some field after the reapers, not knowing how it would fare with her, but evidently feeling that all depended on her labors. meeting of the mother and daughter at the close of that important day is touching indeed. The joy with which the aged Naomi greets her only solace, and the kind and motherly care with which she brings the remains of her own scanty meal, which she had laid aside; her eager ques tions, and Ruth's cheerful replies as she lays down her burden and relates the pleasant events of the day — what gratitude to God, what dawning hopes, what a delightful spirit of love, appear through all! And, as days pass, how tenderly does Naomi watch over the interests of her child, and how remarkable is the deference to her wishes which ever animates Ruth! Even in the matter of her marriage, — a subject on which young people generally feel competent to judge for themselves, -- she is governed entirely by her mother's directions. "All that thou sayest unto me I will do." Said a young lady in our hearing, not long since, "When I am married I shall desire that my husband may have no father or mother." This is not an unusual wish, nor is it uttered in all cases lightly and without reason. We know of a mother who would never consent that her only son should bring his wife to dwell under her roof, although she was entirely satisfied with his choice, and was constantly doing all in her power to promote their happiness. What were her reasons? She was a conscientious Christian and fond mother, but she would not risk their mutual happiness. She felt herself unable to bear the test, and she was unwilling to subject her children to it. Often do we hear expressions of pity bestowed on the young wife who is so "unfortunate" as to be compelled to live with her mother-in-law, and many are the sighs, and nods, and winks of gossip among the

mothers-in-law themselves over the trials which some of their number endure from their sons' wives. Why is all this? The supreme selfishness of our human nature must answer. Having a common love for one object, the mother for her son, the wife for her husband, they should be bound by strong ties, and their mutual interests should produce mutual kindness and sympathy; and this would always be the case if each were governed by the spirit of the Gospel. But, alas! love of self, rather than the pure love inculcated by Jesus Christ, most often rules. Brought together from different paths, unlike, it may be, in natural temperament, perhaps differing in opinion, the mother wishing to retain her wonted control over her son, the wife feeling hers the superior claim, there springs up a contest which is the fruitful source of unhappiness, and which mars many an otherwise fine character. Before us in memory's glass, as we write, sits one of a most fair and beautiful countenance, but over which hang dark clouds of care, and from the eyes drop slowly, bitter tears. She is what all around her would call a happy wife and mother.

Fortune smiles upon her, and the blessing of God abides by the hearth-stone. Her husband is a professing Christian, as is also his yet youthfullooking mother, and the wife herself. Beautiful children gambol around her, and look wonderingly in her face as they see those tears. What is the secret of her unhappiness? She deems hers a very hard lot, and yet, if we rightly judge, could her sorrow be resolved to its elements, it would be found that the turmoil of her spirit is occasioned solely by the fact that she finds it hard to maintain her fancied rights, her desired superiority over her husband and servants, because of the presence of her calm, firm, dignified mother-in-law, whose very lips seem chiselled to indicate that they speak only to be obeyed. What would be the result if the tender, considerate love of Naomi, and the yielding spirit of Ruth were introduced to the bosom of each?

We cannot leave this record of Holy Writ without commenting, also, on the remarkable state of society which existed in Bethlehem in those far distant days. When Naomi returned after an absence of ten years, — an absence

which to many might have seemed very culpable, — with what enthusiastic greetings was she received. "The whole city was moved." It made no difference that she "went out full, but had returned empty;" nor did they stop to consider that "the Lord had testified against her." The truest sympathy was manifested for her, and for the stranger who had loved her and clung to her. In her sorrow they clustered around to comfort her, and when the bright reverse gave her again an honored name and "a restorer of her life" in her young grandson, they were eager to testify their joy. The apostolic injunction, "Rejoice with them that do rejoice, and weep with them that weep," seems to have been strictly obeyed in Bethlehem. The distinctions of society, although as marked apparently as in our own time, seem not to have caused either unhappiness or the slightest approach to unkind or unchristian feeling. Witness the greeting between Boaz and the reapers on his harvest field. "And behold Boaz came from Bethlehem and said unto the reapers, The Lord be with you. And they answered him, The Lord bless thee." Boaz was

"a mighty man of wealth;" he had his hired workmen around him, and in the same field was found the poor "Moabitish damsel," gleaning here and there the scattered ears, her only dependence. Yet we find them all sitting together in the hut which was erected for shelter, and eating together the parched grain which was provided for the noon's refreshment, while Boaz enters into a conversation with Ruth which indicates his truly noble and generous character, and speaks words which are like balm to the sorrowing spirit. "Thou hast comforted me and spoken to the heart of thy handmaid," she said as she rose to leave the tent, and felt herself no longer a stranger, since one so excellent and so exalted in station appreciated and sympathized with her. We see little in these Gospel days and in this favored land which will compare with the genuine kindliness which breathes in every word and act recorded in the book of Ruth.

But the most surprising revelation is made in the account which follows the scene in the tent. What exalted principle, what respect for woman, what noble virtue must have characterized those among whom a mother could send her daughter at night to perform the part assigned to Ruth, apparently without a fear of evil, and receive her again, not only unharmed, but understood, honored, and wedded, by the man to whom she was sent, and that notwithstanding her foreign birth and dependent situation, and fettered with the condition that her first-born son must bear the name, and be considered the child of a dead man!

We have friends who will fasten their faith on the New Testament only, and can see nothing in the Old akin to it in precept or spirit. We commend to them the Book of Ruth.

HANNAH.

IMAGINATION can picture no more animating scenes than those which were presented to the beholder at the seasons of the year when Judea poured forth her inhabitants in crowds to attend the solemn festivals appointed by Jehovah, and observed with punctilious exactness by the people. Our present study leads us to contemplate one of these scenes.

From some remote town on the borders of Gentile territory the onward movement commences. A few families having finished all their preparations, close the door of their simple home, and with glowing faces and hopeful steps begin their march. They are soon joined by others, and again by new reinforcements. Every town, as they pass, replenishes their ranks, until, as they approach Shiloh, they are increased to a mighty multitude. It is a time of joy. Songs and shouts rend the air, and unwonted gladness reigns. All ages and conditions are here, and every varie-

ty of human form and face. Let us draw near to one family group. There is something more than ordinarily interesting in their appearance. The father has a noble mien as he walks on, conversing cheerfully with his children, answering their eager questions, and pointing out the objects of deepest import to a Jew as they draw near the Tabernacle. The children are light-hearted and gay, but the mother's countenance does not please us. We feel instinctively that she is not worthy of her husband; and especially is there an expression wholly incongruous with this hour of harmony and rejoicing. While we look, she lingers behind her family, and speaks to one, who, with slow step and downcast looks, walks meekly on, and seems as if she pondered some deep grief. Will she whisper a word of comfort in the ear of the sorrowful? Ah, no! A mocking smile is on her lips, which utter taunting words, and she glances maliciously round, winking to her neighbors to notice how she can humble the spirit of one who is less favored than herself. "What would you give now to see a son of yours holding the father's hand, or a daughter tripping gladly along by his side? Where are your children, Hannah? You surely could not have left them behind to miss all this pleasure? Perhaps they have strayed among the company? Would it not be well to summon them, that they may hear the father's instructions, and join in the song which we shall all sing as we draw near to Shiloh?" Cruel words! and they do their work. Like barbed arrows, they stick fast in the sore heart of this injured one. Her head sinks, but she utters no reply. She only draws nearer to her husband, and walks more closely in his footsteps.

* * * *

The night has passed, and a cloudless sun looks down on the assembled thousands of Israel. Elkanah has presented his offering at the Tabernacle, and has now gathered his family to the feast in the tent. As is his wont, he gives to each a portion, and hilarity presides at the board. The animated scene around them — the white tents stretching as far as the eye can reach — the sound of innumerable voices — the meeting with friends — all conspire to make every heart overflow, and the well-spread table invites to new

expressions of satisfaction and delight. Bu here, also, as on the journey, one heart is sad. At Elkanah's right hand sits Hannah, her plate filled by the hand of love with "a worthy portion;" but it stands untasted before her. Her husband is troubled. He has watched her struggles for self-control, and seen her vain endeavors to eat and be happy like those around her; and, divining in part the cause of her sorrow, he tenderly strives to comfort her. "Hannah, why weepest thou? and why eatest thou not? and why is thy heart grieved? Am I not better to thee than ten sons?" That voice of sympathy and compassion is too much. She rises and leaves the tent to calm in solitude, as best she may, her bosom's strife. Why must she be thus afflicted? Severe, indeed, and bitter are the elements which are mingled in her cup. Jehovah has judged her. She has been taught to .. believe that those who are childless are so because of his just displeasure. Her fellowcreatures also despise her; her neighbors look suspiciously upon her. Wherefore should it be thus? She wanders slowly, and with breaking

heart, towards the Tabernacle. The aged Eli sits by one of the posts of the door as she enters the sacred inclosure, but she heeds him not. She withdraws to a quiet spot, and finds, at last, a refuge. She kneels, and the long pent-up sorrow has now its way; she "pours out her soul before the Lord." Happy, though sorrowful, Hannah! She has learned one lesson of which the prosperous know nothing; she has learned to confide in her Maker, as she could in no other friend. It were useless to go to her husband with the oft-told trouble. He is ever fond and kind; but, though she is childless, he is not, and he cannot appreciate the extent of her grief. All that human sympathy can do, he will do, but human sympathy cannot be perfect. It were worse than useless to tell him of Peninnah's taunts and reproaches. It would be wicked, and bring upon her Heaven's just wrath, if she did aught to mar the peace of a happy family. No; there is no earthly ear into which she can "pour out her soul." But here her tears may flow unrestrained, and she need leave nothing unsaid.

O Thou, who hidest the sorrowing soul under

the shadow of thy wings — who art witness to the tears which must be hidden from all other eyes — who dost listen patiently to the sighs and groans which can be breathed in no other presence — to whom are freely told the griefs which the dearest earthly friend cannot comprehend, — Thou, who upbraidest not — who understandest and dost appreciate perfectly the woes under which the stricken soul sways like a reed in the tempest, and whose infinite love and sympathy reach to the deepest recesses of the heart — unto whom none ever appealed in vain — God of all grace and consolation, blessed are they who put their trust in thee.

Long and earnest is Hannah's communion with her God; and, as she pleads her cause with humility, and penitence, and love, she feels her burdened heart grow lighter. Hope springs up where was only despair, and a new life spreads itself before her; even the hard thoughts which she had harbored towards Peninnah had melted as she knelt in that holy presence. The love of the eternal has bathed her spirit in its blessed flood; and grief, and selfishness, and envy, have

alike been washed away. Strengthened with might by the spirit of the Lord, she puts forth a vigorous faith; and, taking hold on the covenant faithfulness of Jehovah, she makes a solemn yow. The turmoil within is hushed. She rises and goes forth like one who is prepared for any trial, who is endued with strength by a mighty though unseen power, and sustained by a love which has none of the imperfect and unsatisfying elements that must always mingle with the purest earthly affection. Meek, confiding, and gentle as ever, she is yet not the same. She meets reproach even from the high priest himself with She returns to her husband and his calmness. family, no longer shrinking and bowed down; "she eats, and her countenance is no more sad."

Another morning dawns. Hannah has obtained her husband's sanction to the vow which she made in her anguish. Elkanah and his household rise early and worship before the Lord, and return to their house in Ramah.

A year passes, another and another, but Hannah is not found among the multitude going up to Shiloh. Has she, the pious and devoted one, become indifferent to the service of Jehovah, or, have the reproaches and taunts of Peninnah become too intolerable in the presence of her neighbors, so that she remains at home for peace? No. Reproach will harm her no longer. As the company departs, she stands with smiling countenance looking upon their preparations, and in her arms a fair son; and her parting words to her husband are, — "I will not go up until the child be weaned, and then I will bring him, that he may appear before the Lord, and there abide forever."

* * * * *

Will she really leave him? Will she consent to part from her treasure and joy — her only one? What a blessing he has been to her! Seven years of peace and overflowing happiness has that little one purchased for her burdened and distracted spirit. Can she return to Ramah without him, to solitude and loneliness, un cheered by his winning ways and childish prattle? Surely this is a sorrow which will wring her heart as never before. Not so. There she

stands again on the spot where she once knelt, and wept, and vowed, but no tears fall now from her eyes, no grief is in her tones. She has come to fulfil her vow, "to lend her son to the Lord as long as he liveth." Again she prays as she is about parting from him. What a prayer! a song of exultation rather. Listen to its sublime import. "My heart rejoiceth in the Lord; mine horn is exalted in the Lord." How did we wrong thee, Hannah! We said thy son had purchased peace and joy for thee. Our low, selfish, doting hearts had not soared to the heights of thy lofty devotion. We deemed thee such an one as ourselves. In the gift, truly thou hast found comfort; but the giver is he in whom thou hast delighted, and therefore thou canst so readily restore what he lent thee, on the conditions of thy vow. The Lord thy God has been, and is still to be, thy portion, and thou fearest not to leave thy precious one in his house. We thought to hear a wail from thee, but we were among the foolish. Thy soul is filled with the beauty and glory of the Lord, and thou hast not a word of sadness now. Thou leavest thy lamb

among wolves — thy consecrated one with the "sons of Belial" — yet thou tremblest not. Who shall guide his childish feet in wisdom's ways when thou art far away? What hinders that he shall look on vice till it become familiar, and he be even like those around him? The old man is no fit protector for him. Does not thy heart fear? "O, woman, great is thy faith!"

Come hither, ye who would learn a lesson of wisdom; ponder this record of the sacred word. Hannah returned to Ramah. She became the mother of sons and daughters; and yearly, as she went with her husband to Shiloh, she carried to her first-born, a coat wrought by maternal love, and rejoiced to see him growing before the Lord. How long she did this we are not told. We' have searched in vain for a word or hint that she lived to see the excellence and greatness of the son whom she "asked of God." The only clue which we can find is, that Samuel's house was in Ramah, the home of his parents; and we wish to think he lived there to be with them; and we hope his mother's eyes looked on the altar which he built there unto the Lord, and that her heart

was gladdened by witnessing the proofs of his wisdom and grace, and the favor with which the Almighty regarded him.

But though we know little of Hannah, she, being many thousand years "dead, yet speaketh." Come hither, ye who are tempest-tossed on a sea of vexations. Learn from her how to gain the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit. Come, ye who feel that God hath judged you, and that you suffer affliction from his displeasure. Learn that you should draw nearer to him, instead of departing from him. Come with Hannah to his very courts. "Pour out your soul" before him; keep back none of your griefs; confess your sins; offer your vows; multiply your prayers; rise not till you, also, can go forth with a countenance no more sad. He is "the same yesterday, to-day, and forever." Come hither, ye who long to know how your children may assuredly be the Lord's. Strive to enter into the spirit of Hannah's vow, remembering, meantime, all it implied as she afterwards fulfilled it. Appreciate, if you can, her love and devotion to her God; and when you can sc

entirely consecrate your all to him, be assured he will care for what is his own, and none shall be able to pluck it out of his hand. Come hither, ye who are called to part with your treasures; listen to Hannah's song, as she gives up · her only son, to call him hers no more; listen, till you feel your heart joining also in the lofty anthem, and you forget all selfish grief, as she did, in the contemplation of his glories who is the portion of the soul. "My heart rejoiceth in the Lord." Alas! alas! how does even the Christian heart, which has professed to be satisfied with God, and content with his holy will, often depart from him, and "provoke him to jealousy" with many idols! Inordinate affection for some earthly object absorbs the soul which vowed to love him supremely. In its undis guised excess, it says to the beloved object, "Give me your heart; Jehovah must be your salvation, but let me be your happiness. A portion of your time, your attention, your service, he must have; but your daily, hourly thoughts, your dreams, your feelings, let them all be of me — of mine." O for such a love as she possessed! We should not then love our children less, but more, far more than now, and with a better, happier love; a love from which all needless anxiety would flee; a perfect love, casting out fear.

Ye who feel that death to your loved ones would not so distress you as the fear of leaving them among baleful influences; who tremble in view of the evil that is in the world; remember where Hannah left, apparently without a misgiving, her gentle child. With Eli—who could not even train his own sons in the fear of the Lord—with those sons who made themselves vile, and caused Israel to transgress, she left him with the Lord. "Go ye and do likewise," and remember, also he is the God of the whole earth.

ICHABOD'S MOTHER.

"Strength is born
In the deep silence of long-suffering hearts,
Not amidst joy."

The noblest characters the world knows are those who have been trained in the school of affliction. They only who walk in the fiery furnace are counted worthy the companionship of the Son of God. The modes of their discipline are various, as are their circumstances and peculiar traits, but in one form or other stern trials have proved them all. They partake of the holiness of the Lord, because they have first endured the chastening of his love. They are filled with righteousness, because they have known the pangs of spiritual hunger and the extremity of thirst. They abound, because they have been empty. They are heavenly-minded, because they have first learned, in the bitterness of their spirits, how unsatisfying is earth. They are firmly anchored by faith, because frequent tempests and threatened shipwreck have taught

them their need. The Master himself was made perfect through suffering, and with his baptism must they who would follow him closely, be baptized.

While Hannah was undergoing at Ramah the discipline which wrought in her such noble qualities, there dwelt in Shiloh one of kindred spirit, who was called to endure even severer tests, inasmuch as that which should have constituted her happiness was evermore the bitterest ingredient in her cup; what might have been her purest joys became her greatest griefs. She was a wife, but only in name. Of the serenity and bliss which attend on true wedded love she was deprived. Her bridal pillow was early planted with thorns, which henceforth forbade all peace She was a mother, but her children were to be partakers of their father's shame, disgraced, and doomed to early death or lives of wickedness and She seemingly enjoyed abundant privileges; but her trials as a child of God were deeper than all others. She dwelt on sacred ground; but, alas! herein lay the secret of her sorrow. Had her home been among the thousards in the

Her husband was the High Priest's son, and daily performed the priest's duty among holy things. Had he been a humble member of Dan or Naphtali, his crimes had not been so heinous. She lived under the shadow of the tabernacle; had her abode been farther from the sacred enclosure, she had not been daily witness to the Heavendaring deeds which made men abhor the offering of the Lord, and called for vengeance on her nearest and dearest. Her food was constantly supplied from the sacred offerings; had it been procured in ordinary ways, she had not been a partaker with those who committed sacrilege.

No trifling vexations, no light sorrows were hers; and, as might be expected, her virtues bore their proportion to the purifying process to which she was subjected. Disappointed in her earthly hopes, she clung to her God, and fastened her expectations on him. Humiliated in her human relations, she aspired to nothing henceforth but his honor and glory. Wounded in heart, her wealth of love despised, lonely, deserted, she sought in him the portion of her soul,

and her lacerated affections found repose and satisfaction, without the fear of change, in his unchanging love.

It is often so ordered, in the providence of God, that those who have borne the yoke in their youth, live to see days of comparative quietude and exemption from trouble. Hannah, after the birth of Samuel, appears to have passed the remainder of her life in peace and prosperity. But the nameless woman whose memorial we record had no respite. Her life was a life of endurance, and she was cut off in the midst of her days by a most fearful and agonizing stroke.

Israel was as usual at war with the Philistines. The army had pitched beside Ebenezer, "And the Philistines put themselves in array against Israel; and when they joined battle, Israel was smitten before the Philistines." Alarmed and distressed by this defeat, the Israelites, vainly imagining that wherever the ark of God was, there he would be, also, with his favoring presence, sent up to Shiloh to bring from thence the sacred symbol. With great pomp and solemnity it was borne by the Priests and Levites, and

tumultuous was the rejoicing as it entered the camp; but no account is given of the feelings of those who remained near the deserted tabernacle. Did the aged Eli forebode that the awful event which should signal the fulfilment of prophetic woe against his family was about to befall? Did the abused wife dream that she should behold no more her husband's face? We know not what of personal apprehension mingled with their trouble; but we do know that with trembling hearts these faithful servants of God awaited tidings of the ark of his covenant. How portentous soever might be the cloud which hung over their own happiness, they deemed it of small importance in comparison with the honor of Jehovah. The messenger came, but who shall portray the scene when he rendered his tidings!

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In a darkened chamber, whither death, clothed in unwonted horrors, has suddenly come for the fourth victim of that doomed family, lies the subject of our meditations, panting under his iron grasp. The afflictions of her life are now con

summated. The husband of her youth—his follies and faults against her now all forgotten in the bitter thought that he is dead — has gone unrepentant to the bar of God, to give account of his priesthood; her venerable father-in-law alone, with no friend to cheer his dying agonies, has also departed from earth; her people are defeated in battle, and, worse than all, the ark of God is fallen into the hands of the uncircumcised Philistines, who doubtless glory as if Dagon had conquered the invincible Jehovah. What to her are the pangs and throes under which her tortured body labors? She heeds them not. Pitying friends endeavor to rouse her from her dying lethargy, by the most glad tidings a Hebrew woman could learn: "Fear not; for thou hast borne a son!" But she answers not. Shorter and shorter grows her breath, nearer and nearer she approaches the eternal shore. But she is a mother; and, though every other tie is sundered, and she is dying of the wounds which the cruel breaking of those heart-strings has caused, she feels one cord drawing her to her new-born child, and asks that he may be brought. It is thought comes with his presence. Nor joy nor honor are in store for him. "Call him Ichabod" (without glory), she gasps in feeble accents; "for the glory is departed from Israel: for the ark of God is taken." A moment more, and her freed spirit is in His open presence, who she deemed was forever departed from her people.

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Christian friend, — you who are walking through desert places, and perhaps fainting under the heavy hand of God, — let not your heart fail you. Shrink not back from the path, though it seem beset with thorns. Some good is in store for you. Affliction, indeed, is not for the present joyous, but grievous; nevertheless, afterward it yieldeth the peaceable fruits of righteousness. If, like the mother of Ichabod, you learn to forsake the turbid waters of earth for the Fountain of eternal love, - if you make the Lord your portion, — you will not in the end be the loser, though wave on wave roll over you and strip you of every other joy. No, not even if, at length, your sun shall set in clouds impenetrable to mortal vision. A glorious, cloudless morning lies beyond, and you shall be forever satisfied with Him who has chosen you in the furnace of affliction.

"Then rouse thee from desponding sleep,
Nor by the wayside lingering weep,
Nor fear to seek Him farther in the wild,
Whose love can turn earth's worst and least
Into a conqueror's royal feast:
Thou wilt not be untrue thou shalt not be beguiled."

THE MOTHER OF SAMSON.

IN the thirteenth chapter of the Book of Judges is recorded the short but suggestive story which is our present Bible lesson. Horeb is long since left behind. The evil generation, who forty years tried the patience of Jehovah, have fallen in the wilderness, and their successors are now in possession of the promised land. Moses, and Joshua, and Caleb, have gone to their rest, and Israel, bereft of their counsel, follow wise or evil advices, as a wayward fancy may dictate, and receive a corresponding recompense at the hands of their God. The children proved in no respect wiser or more obedient than their fathers. Again and again "they forsook the Lord, and served the idols of the Canaanites, and in wrath he gave them up to their enemies." Often, in pity, he raised up for them deliverers, who would lead them for a time in better paths; "but when the judge was dead, they returned, and corrupted themselves more than their fathers, in following

other gods to serve them, and to bow down unto them: they ceased not from their own doings, nor from their stubborn way;" and therefore were they often, for long, tedious years, in bondage to the various nations which God had left in the land, "to prove them whether they would walk in his ways." It was during one of these seasons of trouble that the subject of our study is mentioned. She was the wife of Manoah, a citizen of Zorah, of the tribe of Dan. Of her previous history, and the events of her after life, we know nothing. He who beholdeth all things that are done under the sun, and readeth all hearts, had marked her out as the instrument wherewith he would work to get glory to himself; and, however little known to others, he deemed her worthy of this distinguished honor, - worthy to receive a direct communication from himself. Of her character nothing is said; but we gather that she was a self-denying, obedient child of God.

It is not necessary that we should detail every incident of those interviews with the angel Jehovah, which the mother of Samson was permitted

to enjoy. Take your Bible, friend, and read for yourself, in words more befitting than we can use; and, as you rise from the perusal, if the true spirit of a Christian reigns in your heart, you will perhaps exclaim, "O, that the Lord would come to me also, and tell me how I shall order my children, that so they may be the subjects of his grace, and instruments of his will!" If you meditate deeply while you read, perhaps you will conclude that, in his directions to this mother, our heavenly Father has revealed to us wonderful and important things, which may answer us instead of direct communications from himself, and which, if heeded and obeyed, will secure to us great peace and satisfaction. Bear in mind that he who speaks is our Creator, — that all the wonders of the human frame are perfectly familiar to him, and that he knows far more than earthly skill and science have ever been able to ascertain, or even hint at, concerning the relations which himself ordained. He comes to Manoah's wife with these words: - "Now, therefore, beware, and drink not wine nor strong drink, and eat not any unclean thing. For, lo!

thou shall conceive and bear a son; and no razor shall come on his head: for the child shall be a Nazarite unto God from the womb." Can you discern in this only an allusion to Jewish customs and ceremonies, long since obsolete, and in no way interesting to us, except as a matter of history? Can you not rather see gleaming out a golden rule which all would be blessed in following? To us, in this history, Jehovah says, "Mother, whatever you wish your child to be, that must you also in all respects be yourself." Samson is to be consecrated to God by the most solenin of vows all the days of his life, and the conditions of that vow his mother is commanded to fulfil, from the moment that she is conscious of his existence, until he is weaned, a period of four years at least, according to the custom of her time.

These thoughts introduce to us a theme on which volumes have been written and spoken Men of deep research and profound judgment have been ready to say to all the parents of earth, "Whatever ye are, such will also your children prove always, and in every particular, to be;"

and there are not wanting multitudes of facts to strengthen and confirm the position. In certain aspects of it, it is assuredly true, since the principal characteristics of the race remain from age to age the same. Nor is it disproved by what seem at first adverse facts; for although children seem in physical and intellectual constitution often the direct opposite of their parents, yet a close study into the history of families may only prove, that if unlike those parents in general character, they have nevertheless inherited that particular phase, which governed the period from which they date their existence. No person bears through life precisely the same dispositions, or is at all times equally under the same influences, or governed by the same motives. The gentle and amiable by nature, may come into circumstances which shall induce unwonted irritability and ill-humor; the irascible and passionate, surrounded, in some favored time, by all that heart can wish, may seem as lovely as though no evil tempers had ever deformed them; and the children who shall be the offspring of these episodes in life, may bear indeed a character differing wholly from the usual character of their parents, but altogether corresponding to the brief and unusual state which ruled their hour of beginning life. So is it also in physical constitution. The feeble and sickly have sometimes intervals of health, and the robust see months of languor and disease. Hence, perhaps, the differences which are observable many times in the children of the same family with regard to health and natural vigor.

We cannot enter into the subject. It is wide and extended as human nature itself. It is also, apart from the gospel of God's grace, a very discouraging subject to the parent who contemplates it with seriousness, and with an earnest desire to ascertain the path of duty. "How useless," we may be tempted to exclaim, "any attempt to gain an end which is so uncertain as the securing any given constitution, either of body or mind, for my children! To-day I am in health, full of cheerfulness and hope; a year hence I may be broken and infirm, a prey to depressing thoughts and melancholy forebodings. My mind is now vigorous and active; who knows how soon the

material shall subject the intellectual, and clog every nobler faculty? What will it suffice that to-day I feel myself controlled by good motives, and swayed by just principles, and possessed of a well-balanced character, since, in some evil hour, influences wholly unexpected may gain the ascendency, and I be so unlike my present self that pitying friends can only wonder and whisper, How changed! and enemies shall glory in my fall? No. It is vain to strive after certainty in this world of change and vicissitude, since none of us can tell what himself shall be on the morrow. Do what I will, moreover, my child can only inherit a sinful nature." In the midst of gloomy thoughts like these, we turn to the story of Samson's mother, and hear Jehovah directing her to walk before him in the spirit of consecration, which is to be the life-long spirit of her son. He surely intimates that the child's character begins with, and depends upon, that of the mother. A ray of light and encouragement dawns upon-us. True, we are fickle and changeable, and subject to vicissitude; but he, our God, is far above all these shifting scenes, and all the

varying circumstances of this mortal life are under his control, he can turn the hearts of men as he will; his counsel shall stand. True, we are transgressors like our first father, partakers of his fallen nature, and inheritors of the curse; but "where sin abounds grace does much more abound," and "Christ hath redeemed us from the curse of the law, being made a curse for us." For all the evils under which we groan, the Gospel has a remedy, and we have faith that in spite of all obstacles and difficulties, our Saviour will yet present us, as individuals, faultless before the throne. Why may not our faith take a still higher flight? There are given to us exceeding great and precious promises. The Holy Spirit, first of all, shall be given to all who ask. They who hunger and thirst for righteousness shall be filled. He has never said to the seed of Jacob, seek ye me in vain. There are, on almost every page of the sacred word, these precious promises. By them you are encouraged daily in your onward struggle, Christian friend. What shall hinder you now from taking them to your heart as a mother with the same faith? If God is able

to secure your soul against all evil influences, yes, even against the arch enemy himself, — and if he has made the character of your child to depend upon your own in any degree, why may you not plead the promises of his word with double power, when your prayers ascend not merely for yourself, but for another immortal being whom he has so intimately associated with you? You are accustomed daily to seek from him holy influences; you pray that you may grow in grace and knowledge, and be kept from the evil that is in the world, and from dishonoring your Saviour. Can you not offer these same petitions as a mether, and beg all these blessings on behalf of your child, who is to take character from you? Can you not consecrate yourself in a peculiarly solemn manner to the Lord, and, viewing the thousand influences which may affect you, pray to be kept from all which would be adverse to the best good of the precious soul to be intrusted to you; and believe, by all you know of your heavenly Father, and of his plan of grace, that you will be accepted and your petitions answered? And then can you not act upon that faith? De-

siring your child to be a man of prayer, will you not, during the years in which you are acting directly on him, give yourself much to prayer? Hoping that he may not be slothful, but an active and diligent servant of his Lord, will you not give your earnest soul and busy hands to the work which you find to do? Wishing him to be gentle and lovely, will you not strive to clothe yourself with meekness? In short, will you no. cultivate every characteristic that is desirable for the devoted Christian, in order, that, at least, your child may enter on life with every possible advantage which you can give him? And since a sane mind, and rightly-moving heart, are greatly dependent on a sound body, will you not study to be yourself, by temperance and moderation, and self-denial and activity, in the most perfect health which you can by any effort gain?

Who does not believe that if all Christian mothers would thus believe and act, most blessed results would be secured? The subject appeals to fathers also, and equal responsibility rests upon them.

Some will doubtless be ready to say, "This

would require us to live in the spirit a Nazarite's vow all the time. You have drawn for us a plan of life which is difficult to follow, and demands all our vigilance, constant striving, and unwearied labors." True, friends; but the end to be gained is worth the cost, and you have "God all-sufficient" for your helper.

RIZPAH.

In order fully to understand the subject of our present study, we must return upon the track, to the days of Joshua, before Israel had wholly entered upon the possession of the promised land. The tribes were encamped at Gilgal to keep the passover, and from thence, by the direction of Jehovah, they made incursions upon the surrounding inhabitants. Jericho and Ai had been taken, and the fear of these formidable Hebrews, and their mighty God, had fallen upon the hearts of the nations and stricken them almost to hopeless-Feeling that a last effort to save themselves and their homes must be made, they banded together, and resolved to defend their rights, and to put to proof the combined power of their deities. One clan, however, despairing of success by any such means, having heard that the utter extirpation of the Canaanites was determined upon, resorted to stratagem, and thus secured their safety in the midst of the general ruin.

"They did work wilily," says the sacred record, "and made as if they had been ambassadors, and took old sacks upon their asses, and wine bottles old, and rent, and bound up; and old shoes and clouted upon their feet, and old garments upor them; and all the bread of their provision was dry and mouldy. And they went to Joshua unto the camp at Gilgal, and said unto him, and to the men of Israel, We be come from a far country, now therefore make ye a league with us." At first the Israelites seem to have suspected trickery; but when the supposed ambassadors produced their mouldy bread, and declared that it was taken hot from the oven on the morning of their departure from their own country; and that their wine bottles were new, now so shrunk and torn; and pointed to their shoes and garments, quite worn out by the length of the journey; and told their pitiful story; and in their humility stooped to any terms if they might only be permitted to make a covenant; Joshua and his elders were completely deceived, and, without stopping to ask counsel of the Lord, "they made peace with them, and made a league with them to let them live."

The Lord abhors treachery, and although his people had greatly erred in this act, and although these Hivites were among the nations whom he had commanded them to destroy, yet, since a covenant had been made with them, it must be kept on peril of his stern displeasure and severe judgments. Only three days elapsed before the Israelites discovered that the crafty ambassadors were their near neighbors, and were called upon to come to their defence against the other inhabitants of the land, who, having heard of the transaction at Gilgal, had gathered together to smite their principal city, Gibeon, and destroy them because they had made peace with Joshua. Before the walls of that mighty city, and in behalf of these idolaters, because Jehovah would have his people keep faith with those to whom they had vowed, was fought that memorable battle, the like of which was never known before or since, when, to aid the cause, the laws of Nature were suspended apon human intercession — when Joshua said, "Sun, stand thou still upon Gibeon, and thou, moon, in the valley of Ajalon." "So the sup

stood still in the midst of heaven, and hasted not to go down about a whole day."

The tribes gained their inheritance, and their enemies were mostly driven out of the land, but in their midst ever dwelt the Gibeonites, safe from molestation, though the menial services of the tabernacle were performed by them, because of the deceit by which they purchased their lives, and they were contented to be thus reduced to perpetual bondage, so they might escape the doom of their neighbors.

Years passed on, and vicissitudes came to the Israelites of one kind and another. Sometimes they were victorious in their battles and peaceful among themselves; and, again, they fled before enemies or were embroiled in civil dissensions. Ever, above, caring for them, and bringing them safely on through all,—instructing, guiding, and disciplining,—sat on his throne, their mighty invisible King. They demanded an earthly monarch, and in judgment he granted their desire. In judgment, and miserable in many ways, were the results of his reign. Among his other evil acts not recorded, but alluded to in the history, was

one of cruel treachery to the Gibeonites "It would seem that Saul viewed their possessions with a covetous eye, as affording him the means of rewarding his adherents, and of enriching his family, and hence, on some pretence or other, or without any pretence, he slew large numbers of them, and doubtless seized their possessions." In this wicked deed we gather that many of the Israelites, and the members of Saul's family in particular, had an active share, and were benefited by the spoils. The Almighty beheld and took cognizance, but no immediate retribution followed.

Towards the close of David's reign, however, for some unknown reason, the whole land was visited with a famine. Month after month it stalked abroad, and year after year, until three years of want had afflicted the chosen people. At the end of that time, David, having resorted to all possible means of providing food in vain, began to reflect that there was meaning in the visitation, and "sought the face of the Lord," to inquire why he was displeased with his people. The answer was explicit and terrible. "It is for Saul and his bloody house, because he slew the

Gibeonites." Though men forget, the Lord does not. He will plead the cause of the oppressed sooner or later, and though his vengeance sleep long, yet will he reward, to those that deal treachery, seven-fold sorrow.

Driven by famine, and by the expressed will of Jehovah, David sent to ask of the injured people what should be done to satisfy their sense of justice. "And the Gibeonites said unto him, We will have no silver nor gold of Saul, nor of his house, neither for us shalt thou kill any man in Israel. The man that consumed us, and that devised against us that we should be destroyed from remaining in any of the coasts of Israel, let seven men of his sons be delivered unto us, and we will hang them up unto the Lord in Gibeah of Saul. And the king said, I will give them."

Dreadful days of blood! Fearful fiat! which though needful and just, yet invaded the sanctuary of home so gloomily. Sad world! in which the innocent so often bear the sins of the guilty, — when will thy groans, ever ascending into the ears of Almighty love, be heard, and bring release?

The sentence was executed. Two sons of Saul by Rizpah, his inferior wife, and five of Merab his eldest daughter, were delivered up and hung by the Gibeonites.

Who can imagine, much less portray, the mother's anguish when her noble sons were torn from her for such a doom! We do not know whether Merab was living to see that day of horror, but Rizpah felt the full force of the blow which blasted all her hopes. Her husband, the father of her sons, had gone forth to battle, and returned no more; her days of happiness and security had departed with his life, and now, all that remained of comfort, her precious children, must be put to a cruel death to satisfy the vengeance due to crimes not hers nor theirs. Wretched mother! a bitter lot indeed was thine. But the Lord had spoken, and there was no reprieve. To the very town where they had all dwelt under their father's roof, were these hapless ones dragged, and their bodies ignominiously exposed upon the wall until they should waste away; a custom utterly abhorrent to all humanity, and especially to the Hebrews, whose strongest desire might be

expressed in the words of the aged Barzillai, "Let me die in mine own city, and be buried by the grave of my father and mother."

Behold now that lone and heart-broken mother, on the spot where day and night, week after week, and month after month, she may be found. Neither heat nor cold, distressing days nor fearful nights, the entreaties of friends, nor the weariness of watching, nor the horrifying exhibition of decaying humanity, could drive her from her post. Upon the sackcloth, which she had spread for herself upon the rock, she remained "from the beginning of the harvest until the rain dropped upon them out of heaven," and suffered neither the birds of the air by day, nor the beasts of the field by night, to molest those precious remains. O, mother's heart! of what heroism art thou capable! Before a scene like this, the bravest exploits of earth's proudest heroes fade into dim insignificance. At this picture we can only gaze. Words wholly fail when we would comment on it. Of the agonies it reveals we cannot speak. There are lessons to be learned from it, and upon them we can ponder

The value which the Lord our God sets upon truth is here displayed. He will have no swerving from the straight path of perfect fidelity to all engagements and covenants. Severe and awful appears his character as thus presented to us, and yet it is upon this very attribute that all our hopes rely. "He is not a man that he should lie, nor the son of man that he should repent." If he thus defends those who love him not, how safe and happy may his children rest!

The days in which Rizpah lived were dark and gloomy days. The words of Samuel to Agag may stand as their memorial: "As thy sword hath made women childless, so shall thy mother be childless among women." Let us be thankful that we see no such direful scenes, and let us act worthy of our higher lot. Let us remember, also, that there is a destruction of life more terrible even than that which Rizpah witnessed — the destruction of the soul. If the mother's love within us prompts us to half the care of the spiritual life of our children, which she bestowed on the decaying forms of her loved ones, He who

rewards faithfulness will not suffer us to labor in vain.

Hear what the desolate Rizpah said,
As on Gibcah's rocks she watched the dead.
The sons of Michal before her lay,
And her own fair children, dearer than they:
By a death of shame they all had died,
And were stretched on the bare rock, side by side
And Rizpah, once the loveliest of all
That bloomed and smiled in the court of Saul,
All wasted with watching and famine now,
And scorched by the sun her haggard brow,
Sat mournfully guarding their corpses there,
And murmured a strange and solemn air;
The low, heart-broken, and wailing strain
Of a mother that mourns her children slain:

"I have made the crags my home, and spread
On their desert backs my sackcloth bed;
I have eaten the bitter herb of the rocks,
And drunk the midnight dew in my locks;
I have wept till I could not weep, and the pain
Of my burning eye-balls went to my brain.
Seven blackened corpses before me lie,
In the blaze of the sun and the winds of the sky.
I have watched them through the burning day,
And driven the vulture and raven away;
And the cormorant wheeled in circles round,
Yet feared to alight on the guarded ground.

And when the shadows of twilight came,
I have seen the hyena's eyes of flame,
And heard at my side his stealthy tread,
But aye at my shout the savage fled:
And I threw the lighted brand to fright
The jackal and wolf that yelled in the night.

"Ye were foully murdered, my hapless sons,
By the hands of wicked and cruel ones;
Ye fell, in your fresh and blooming prime,
All innocent, for your father's crime.
He sinned — but he paid the price of his guilt
When his blood by a nameless hand was spilt;
When he strove with the heathen host in vain,
And fell with the flower of his people slain,
And the sceptre his children's hands should sway
From his injured lineage passed away.

"But I hoped that the cottage roof would be
A safe retreat for my sons and me;
And that while they ripened to manhood fast,
They should wean my thoughts from the woes of the past.
And my bosom swelled with a mother's pride,
As they stood in their beauty and strength by my side,
Tall like their sire, with the princely grace
Of his stately form, and the bloom of his face.

"O, what an hour for a mother's heart,
When the pitiless ruffians tore us apart!
When I clasped their knees and wept and prayed
And struggled and shricked to Heaven for aid,

And clung to my sons with desperate strength,
Till the murderers loosed my hold at length,
And bore me breathless and faint aside,
In their iron arms, while my children died.
They died — and the mother that gave them birth
Is forbid to cover their bones with earth.

"The barley-harvest was nodding white,
When my children died on the rocky height,
And the reapers were singing on hill and plain,
When I came to my task of sorrow and pain.
But now the season of rain is nigh,
The sun is dim in the thickening sky,
And the clouds in sullen darkness rest
Where he hides his light at the doors of the west.
I hear the howl of the wind that brings
The long drear storm on its heavy wings;
But the howling wind and the driving rain
Will beat on my houseless head in vain:
I shall stay, from my murdered sons to scare
The beasts of the desert, and fowls of air."

BRYANT

BATHSHEBA.

A summons from the king! What can it mean? What can he know of her? She is, indeed, the wife of one of his "mighty men;" but though he highly esteems her husband, he can have no interest in her. She meditates. Her cheek pales. Can he have heard evil tidings from the distant city of the Ammonites, and would he break kindly to her news of her husband's death? It cannot be. Why should he do this for her more than for hundreds of others in like trouble? Again she ponders, and now a crimson hue mounts to her temples — her fatal beauty! Away with the thought! it is shame to dwell upon it: would she wrong by so foul a suspicion the Lord's anointed? She wearies herself with surmises, and all in vain. But there is the command, and she must be gone. The king's will is absolute. Whatever that summons imports, "dumb acquiescence" is her

only part. She goes forth in her youth, beauty, and happiness. She returns —

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Weeks pass, and behold another message; but this time it is the king who receives, and Bathsheba who sends. What is signified in those few words from a woman's hand, that can so unnerve him who "has his ten thousands slain"? It is now his turn to tremble and look pale. Yet a little while, and he, — the man after God's own heart, the chosen ruler of his people, the idol of the nation, - shall be proclaimed guilty of a heinous and abominable crime, and shall, according to the laws of the land, be subjected to an ignominous death. He ponders now. Would he had thought of all this before! but it is too late. The consequences of his ungoverned passion stare him in the face and well-nigh overwhelm him. Something must be done, and that speedily. He cannot have it thus. He has begun to fall, and the enemy of souls is, as ever, at hand to suggest the second false and ruinous step.

Another summons. A messenger from the king to Joab. "Send me Uriah the Hittite." It is peremptory; no reasons are given, and Joab does as he is bidden. Unsuspecting as loyal, Uriah hastens on his way, mindful only of duty, and is soon in the presence of his royal master, who, always kind, is now remarkably attentive to his wants and thoughtful of his interests. He inquires for the commander of his forces, and of the war, and how the people fare, and it would almost seem had recalled him only to speak kindly to him, and manifest his regard for the army, though he had not himself led them to battle.

But, though unsuspecting and deceived, the high-minded and faithful soldier cannot even unwittingly be made to answer the end for which he has been summoned, and after two days he returns to Joab, bearing a letter, of whose terrible contents he little dreams, and is happy in his ignorance.

Meantime Bathsheba has heard of his arrival in Jerusalem, and is momentarily expecting his appearance. Alas, that she should dread his coming! Alas, that she should shudder at every

sound of approaching footsteps! How fearful is the change which has come over her since last she looked on his loved face! He is her husband still, and she — she is his lawful, loving wife. Never was he so dear to her as now Never did his noble character so win her admiration, as she contemplates all the scenes of her wedded life, and reviews the evidences of it in the past. How happy they have been! What bliss has been hers in the enjoyment of his esteem and affection! She is even now to him, in his absence, the one object of tender regard and constant thought. She knows how fondly he dwells on her love, and how precious to him is the beauty which first won him to her side. She is the "ewe lamb which he has nourished, which has drank from his own cup and lain in his bosom;" she is his all. He has been long away; the dangers of the battle-field have surrounded him, and now he is returned, alive, well; her heart bounds; she cannot wait till she shall see him; yet how can she meet him? Ah! fatal remembrance, how bitterly it has recalled ner from her vision of delight! It is not true!

Her heart is true. She would at any moment have died for him. The entire devotion of her warm nature is his. She had no willing part in that revolting crime. O! must she suffer as if she had been an unfaithful wife? Must she endure the anguish of seeing him turn coldly from her in some future day? Must she now meet him, and have all her joy marred by that hateful secret? Must she take part in deceiving him, in imposing upon him, — him, her noble, magnanimous, pure-minded husband? O, wretched one! was ever sorrow like hers?

The day passes, and the night, and he comes not. Can he have suspected the truth? Slowly the tedious hours go by, while she endures the racking tortures of suspense. The third day dawns, and with it come tidings that he has returned to Rabbah, and his words of whole-souled devotion to his duty and his God are repeated in her ears. — Faint not yet, strong heart; a far more bitter cup is in store for thee.

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Bathsheba is again a wife, the wife of a king,

and in her arms lies her first-born son. Terrible was the tempest which burst over her head, and her heart will never again know aught of the serene, untroubled happiness which once she knew. The storm has indeed lulled, but she sees the clouds gathering new blackness, and her stricken spirit shrinks and faints with foreboding fears. The little, innocent being which she holds fondly to her bosom, which seemed sent from Heaven to heal her wounds, lies panting in the grasp of fierce disease. She has sent for the king, and together they look upon the suffering Full well he knows, that miserable man, what mean those moans and piteous signs of distress, and what they betoken. He gazes on the wan, anguished features of his wife, as she bends over her child; his thoughts revert hurriedly to her surpassing beauty when first he saw her; a vision of the murdered Uriah flits before him; the three victims of his guilt, and the message of Nathan, which he has just received — the stern words, "Thou art the man," - bring a full and realizing sense of the depth to which he has fallen; and, overwhelmed with remorse and

wretchedness, he leaves the chamber to give vent to his grief, to fast, and weep, and pray, in the vain hope of averting the threatened judgment.

Seven days of alternate hope and fear, of watching and care, have fled, and Bathsheba is childless. Another wave has rolled over her. God grant it be the last! Surely she has drained the cup of sorrow. She sits solitary and sad, bowed down with her weight of woes, her thoughts following ever the same weary track; direful images present to her imagination; her frame racked and trembling; the heavens clothed in sackcloth, and life forever divested of happiness and delight. The king enters, and seats himself beside her. And if Bathsheba is changed, David is also from henceforth an altered man. "Broken in spirit by the consciousness of his deep sinfulness; humbled in the eyes of his subjects, and his influence with them. weakened by their knowledge of his crimes; even his authority in his own household, and his claim to the reverence of his sons, relaxed by his loss of character;" filled also with fearful anticipations of the future, which is shadowed by the

dark prophecy of Nathan; he is from this time wholly unlike what he has been in former days. "The balance of his character is broken. Still he is pious; but even his piety takes an altered aspect. Alas for him! The bird which once rose to heights unattained before by mortal pinion, filling the air with its joyful songs, now lies with mained wing upon the ground, pouring forth its doleful cries to God." He has scarcely begun to descend the declivity of life, yet he appears infirm and old. He is as one who goes down to the grave mourning. Thus does he seem to Bathsheba as he sits before her. But there is more in David, thus humble, contrite, and smitten, to win her sympathy, and even love, than there was in David the absolute, and, so far as she was concerned, tyrannical monarch, though surrounded with splendors, the favorite of God and man. A few days since, had he essayed the part of comforter, she would have felt her heart revolt; but now, repentant and forgiven, though not unpunished by Jehovah, she can listen without bitterness while he speaks of the mercy of the Lord which has suffered them both to live,

though the law could have required their death, and which sustains even while it chastises.

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Another message—by the hand of the prophet to David and Bathsheba—a message of peace and tender consideration, a name for their newborn child, the gift to them from his own hand. "Call him Jedediah—beloved of the Lord."

"O the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God! How unsearchable are his judgments and his ways past finding out!" In his dealings with his sinful children, how far are his ways above the ways of men! "As the heaven is high above the earth, so great is his mercy towards them that fear him." He dealeth not with them after their sins; he rewardeth them not according to their iniquities; but, know ing their frame, remembering that they are dust, that a breath of temptation will carry them away, pitying them with a most tender compassion, he deals with them according to the everlasting, and abounding, and long-suffering love of his own mighty heart. Whenever those who have known him best, to whom he has manifested his grace

most richly, whom he has blessed with most abundant privileges, fall, in some evil hour, and without reason, upon the slightest cause, bring dishonor on his name, and give occasion to his enemies to blaspheme, and incur his just judgment, behold how he treats them. Upon the first sign of contrition, the first acknowledgment "I have sinned," how prompt, how free, how full is the response, "The Lord also hath put away thy sin; thou shalt not die!" No lingering resentment, no selfish reminding of his wounded honor, no thoughts but of love, warm, tender, self-forgetting love and pity for his sorrowing child. Even when he must resort to chastisement, "his strange work," — when he must, for his great name's sake, raise up for David evil out of his own house; when he must, before the sun, and before all Israel, show his displeasure at sin; with one hand he applies the rod, and with the other pours into the bleeding heart the balm of consolation, so pure, so free, that his children almost feel that they could never have understood his goodness but for the need of his severity. When, notwithstanding the earnest prayer of the father, he smites the child of his shame, how soon does he return with a better gift, — a son of peace, who shall remind him only of days of contrition and the favor of God, — a Jedediah, who shall ever be a daily witness to his forgiving love!

And to those who suffer innocently from the crimes of others, how tender are the compassions of our heavenly Father! To the injured, afflicted Bathsheba is given the honor of being the mother of Israel's wisest, most mighty, and renowned king; and she is - by father and son, by the prophet of the Lord, by the aspirant to the throne, and by all around her — ever approached with that deference and confidence which her truly dignified character and gentle virtues, not less than her high station, demand. And while not a word of reproach is permitted to be left on record against her — on that monument of which have before spoken, among mighty and worthy names, destined to stand when many of earth's wisest and greatest are forgotten, with the progenitors of our Lord and Saviour, is inscribed hers "who was the wife of Urias."

ABIGAIL.

"Providence is the light of history and the soul of the world." All times, all nations, all events are illumined by this light, and animated by this soul. Ceaselessly employed, forming fresh combinations, presenting new views, bringing about perpetually changing relations, all for the highest and noblest ends, Providence furnishes, even in its apparently trivial operations, a study most delightful and profound. When the evershifting drama descends, from the arena on which nations are the actors, to the humble sphere of private life, and presents only individual history, the every-day incidents of mortality, the conflicts, the hopes and fears, and discipline, through which one immortal soul may pass in its upward journey, still it is often of intense interest, and brings forth in its progress mighty and stirring issues. It links together in strange bonds the destinies of prince and peasant, of noble and unrefined, and unites the present to the future by

subtle and almost undistinguishable threads of interest and connection. Providence, in this world of sinners, works hand in hand with grace to restore fallen man to the lost image of his Maker, and, in accomplishing the mighty task, lays hold on all available things, and puts to its utmost use every circumstance and incident of life. With all-pervading energy it is found presiding over the passions, and prejudices, and affections of humanity, and pressing into its service the natural affinities and instincts of our nature, causing all to work more or less harmoniously toward the one glorious result. "Matches are made in heaven," says an old adage; and the holy word assures us that "a prudent wife is from the Lord;" and he who opens his eye to this truth as he studies history, or observes passing life, shall have his labor amply repaid.

"There dwelt a man in Maon, whose possessions were in Carmel;" and those possessions consisted chiefly in flocks and herds, which his numerous servants cared for, at a distance, and exposed to danger from the hordes of predatory robbers which infested the country round Judea

At the same time David, the son-in-law of the king and his anointed successor, was hiding himself from Saul, and with his armed men compassed and protected the shepherds and their charge, while they remained in their vicinity. It seemed but natural that it should be so. David did but follow the kindly impulse of a kind heart, or the dictate of a manly and fearless nature, and looked for no further result of the apparently accidental relation which for the time existed between him and those he protected. Yet it was not chance, but design, that threw them thus together.

The time of shearing came, and Nabal, as was customary, made a great feast. He, however, wholly neglected the injunctions which made it binding on him to remember the destitute in his hour of prosperity. David was now near by, and suffering with his army from actual want. Hearing of the festivities at Carmel, and feeling a two-fold claim on the man whom he had served, he sent messengers, begging him, in the most respectful terms, to supply their necessities. He did not know that Nabal was a churl, and was consequently not prepared for the impatient and

unkind message which was sent him in return. His anger was roused. "Gird ye on every man his sword," was his immediate and stern command to his followers. They obeyed, "and David also girded on his sword," and, with thoughts of vengeance in his heart, departed with four hundred men for the place of the sheep-shearing.

"A man's heart deviseth his way, but the Lord directeth his steps." While David and his men are thus preparing to return evil for evil, the ever-watchful Providence is bringing about far other issues. Scarcely had the ill-natured Nabal uttered his bitter words before one of his young men, justly fearing the consequences, hastened to tell his mistress the exact state of affairs, and urge her, as he well knew he might, to take measures for preventing the evil which he was sure would come out of such conduct. Nabal was a man of Belial, but his wife "was a woman of good understanding, and of a beautiful countenance." Be not surprised at the contrast in these two, kind reader. We have said that Providence works to restore sinful man to holiness, and for this end, not for mere earthly

happiness, binds together human hearts and lives, and it often happens that the discipline which works most effectually for this result, is secured in what the world would call ill-assorted unions. We think we can perceive that Abigail's character was strengthened by the very unpleasant circumstances in which she was placed. The faults of her husband called forth her excellences, and the unhappiness which must of necessity have attended her marriage, doubtless led her to find comfort in piety. As soon as she had heard the story of the young man, with ready mind she quickly devised her plan, and as promptly prepared to put it in execution. Little dreamed David of any obstacle in the way of his evil design, much less of the fair vision which sud denly greeted his eyes, as he turned from the "covert of the hill," and met the beautiful Abigail. It is not probable that they had ever met until now, but she knew in an instant who stood before her, and "dismounting from her ass, she hastened to pay him the reverential homage due to him, alike as the anointed of the Lord and the destined king of Israel; and kneeling at

his feet, addressed him in a strain so fraught with the spirit of wisdom and piety, so truly deferential, rising, as she proceeded, almost into prophecy, that we can but wonder and admire." "Not only does she with prudence and ready wit deprecate the anger of David by taking the trespass against him on herself, and asking his forgiveness, as if it was she who had offended; but she contrives to lessen the offence of Nabal oy attributing it not to malice or determined enmity, but only to folly, which prevented his being answerable for his own actions, and therefore not worthy of David's further regard."

She then appeals, in the most beautiful and effective manner, to the principle of piety which she knew reigned in David's heart, and with womanly tact evinces interest and sympathy in his hopes, and fears, and trials, while at the same time she administers a reproof so delicate, yet so just, that we have thought it may have given occasion for David's recorded wish: "Let the righteous smite me; it shall be a kindness: let him reprove me; it shall be an excellent oil, which shall not break my head."

Surprised, touched, and effectually brought to his senses, David exclaims with fervor, "Blessed be the Lord God of Israel, which sent thee this day to meet me: and blessed be thy advice, and blessed be thou which hast kept me this day from coming to shed blood, and from avenging myself with my own hand. For in very deed, as the Lord God of Israel liveth, which hath kept me back from hurting thee, except thou hadst hasted and come to meet me, surely by the morning light there had not been one left to Nabal."

David turned back, a wiser man, and Abigail went to her cheerless home and her brutish husband. Her trials were severe, but they were speeding to their termination. It was useless to say anything to Nabal that night, overcome as he was with feasting and drunkenness, but in the morning she told him, as she felt it her duty, all she had done. His days and his crimes were numbered. "These crimes came not indeed under the head of great delinquencies; they were those petty sins of stingy selfishness, and an aggravating, disobliging temper, which grow upon us unconsciously, and we scarcely know their

influence till some awful stroke of judgment awakens us to what we might have been, and to what we are. His wife's narrative was this awakening stroke to Nabal." When he heard it, "his heart died within him, and he became as a stone." Ten days after, he was a dead man, and David once more exclaimed, "Blessed be the Lord."

The tie which binds souls together who have aided each other in their Christian course, is one of the strongest known on earth. We never forget those who have turned our feet from the paths of sin, and David remembered with gratitude his sudden and strange interview with Abigail in the "rocky defile of Carmel." His heart turned toward her when he heard of Nabal's death, and he sent messengers to her, and she became his wife, and was the mother of his son Daniel. There was, indeed, another to share her husband's love, but doubtless she saw days of such happiness as she had never before experienced, "though in worldly state and earthly possessions David could not compare with her former husband." She became the companion of his wan-

dering and dangerous life, and was among those who were taken captive by the Amalekites, when they pillaged Ziklag in the absence of the men of war. The account is deeply affecting. Sent back by Achish, David and his men returned to the city, "and, behold, it was burned with fire; and their wives, and their sons, and their daughters, were taken captives. Then David and the people that were with him lifted up their voice and wept, until they had no more power to weep." How fared it with their sorrowing wives? How did Abigail bear up in that sad flight from her home, her husband afar, no hope of return, everything to terrify and afflict, only slavery and anguish and dishonor before her? Was she able to put her usual confidence in Israel's God? His providence, which had hitherto watched over her, was working still. Was it not he who caused the Philistines to distrust their Hebrew allies, and sent them in that critical moment to the rescue? Was it not he who so ordered it that the poor Egyptian should faint and sicken, and be left by the way, that he might guide them to the camp of their foes? "And David recovered all that the

Amalekites had carried away; and David rescued his two wives. And there was nothing lacking to them, neither small nor great, neither sons nor daughters, neither spoil, nor anything that they had taken to them. David recovered all."

We are not told how long Abigail lived, nor can we glean anything of interest concerning her son. As she had shared David's wanderings and sorrows, she also had part in his triumph. When he took up his abode, at the command of God, in Hebron, and was anointed king, she was with him, and we cannot doubt that she was ever to him a faithful and wise counsellor, as well as a loving wife.

Her history is instructive and interesting. Her "beautiful countenance" may have won David's admiration, but her "good understanding" secured his esteem, and her piety drew on her his fervent blessing. The care of our heavenly Father for his creatures, and his hand in the smallest events, are strikingly displayed in their union, and in the circumstances which brought it to pass Would we might learn in all things to commit our way into him!

THE MOTHER OF REHOBOAM.

In our brief account of Bathsheba, we mentioned that Solomon, her second son, was, by a message from God himself, to be named "Jedediah — beloved of the Lord." Toward this child, so given, and so named, we might reasonably suppose the hearts of both David and Bathsheba would turn with peculiar interest and affection; and we are not surprised at the many proofs that this was the fact, and that his education was of the greatest importance in their eyes. "I was my father's son," says he, in the latter years of his life, "tender and only beloved in the sight of my mother; " and goes on to repeat the instructions lavished upon him. We are, however, particularly interested in his testimony to his mother's faithful counsels, recorded in the last chapter of the Proverbs, in which he gives us "the words of king Lemuel, the prophecy that his mother taught him." We cannot here repeat those wise instructions, but we beg our readers to open the

book and scan them closely, and see if they do not discern in them a mother's instinctive persuasion of her son's besetting weakness, even in early life betraying itself, and a mother's yearning desire to save him from a course which she feared, and justly, would ultimately prove his ruin. How earnestly, and in what glowing terms, does she descant on the excellences of a virtuous wife and the delights of true domestic bliss! Contrast for a moment the caustic and bitter descriptions which he himself gives of those in whom he chose to place his trust, despite his mother's warnings, and whose fascinations he found "more bitter than death," with this most beautiful setting forth of true womanly attractions and worth. Alas for him! King Solomon, with his surpassing wisdom, proved himself, in one most important particular, the fool he so often describes as despising instruction and hating reproof. He followed his own devices, and gathered about him a thousand wives, among whom, he tells us, he found not one true woman, and when he would describe such an one, unable to do it from his own experience, he is forced to recall his mother's

words, spoken to him in the days of his youth, thereby exalting one whom he always delighted to honor, though at his own expense. "Doubtless there were, among those he called by the sacred name of wife, many, who, if he had chosen one of them alone, and bound his heart to hers in true marriage, would have blessed him with woman's devoted and faithful love. But no woman could give her whole heart for the thousandth part of a man's. And no man who divides his affections among a thousand can know the blessedness of loving only one."

Solomon, so far as we can learn, had only one son, and it appears to us a judgment of Heaven that it should have been so, especially as that son was such an one as to cause him to exclaim, in bitterness of spirit, as he contemplated the glory of his kingdom, and remembered who should inherit it, "I hated all my labor which I had taken under the sun, because I should leave it unto the man that shall be after me. And who knoweth whether he shall be a wise man or a fool? Yet he shall have rule over all my labor wherein I have labored, and wherein I have showed myself

wise .nder the sun." Read faithfully the account given of the imbecile and evil-minded Rehoboam, and you will not wonder at the mournful forebodings of the father's heart. Through forty years he had counselled and instructed and warned him in vain. How earnestly he entreats him to "seek wisdom," to "cry after knowledge," to search for understanding, and how fruitless his exhortations! Well was it for him that his eyes closed to earthly scenes before the folly and crimes of this only son dismembered his fair kingdom, dispersed his people, and scattered his vast treasures to the winds.

"Why was it thus?" is often asked. "Why should so wise a father have had so foolish a son?" As well ask why example is ever a more effective teacher than precept. As well inquire why the education of our children is advancing more surely and constantly under the influences we are unconsciously exerting upon them, than under those we bring designedly to bear. How could the son of the man, who, — though he uttered three thousand proverbs, and sung songs a thousand and five; who wrote on all known species of plants, "from

the cedar in Lebanon to the hyssop that springeth out of the wall—of beasts, of fowls, of creeping things and of fishes; "whose wisdom the queen of Sheba came to hear,—was yet so weak as to have his heart turned from the living God by strange women, be otherwise than foolish? But if this be not reason enough, we can look further. "We hear," it is said, "of foolish sons having wise fathers, and of foolish fathers having wise sons, but rarely of a wise son having had a foolish mother."

Who, then, was Rehoboam's mother? The simple record of Scripture is, "Naamah, an Ammonitess." Brief, but emphatic. Her history, as we glean by diligent searching, is this: Solomon, as early as in his eighteenth year, before the death of his father and mother (and the fact is significant, taken in connection with their counsel to him, and evident fears concerning him), married a daughter of the hated and hating Ammonites, and before he was twenty was a father — his only son called her mother. She was a descendant of those who refused needed assistance to the Israelites on their weary march from Egypt; and

not only so, but hired Balaam, the son of Peor, to curse them as they passed, for which unkindness Jehovah commanded, "An Ammonite shall not enter into the congregation of the Lord." "Thou shalt not seek their peace nor their prosperity all their days forever." It was the Ammonites against whom Jephthah fought, and for victory over whom he sacrificed his daughter. It was the Ammonites who abused David's messengers, whose royal city, Rabbah, Joab besieged so long, and the inhabitants of whose towns David put to torture. The malignant, and bitter, and scoffing enemies of Israel, ever on the watch to afflict and terrify the chosen people, they were found, at all times during their history, ready to mock and taunt and hinder their peace, and brought down upon themselves at last the most fearful imprecations of Jehovah. "Behold, the days come, saith the Lord, that I will cause an alarm of war to be heard in Rabbah of the Ammonites, and it shall be a desolate heap, and her daughters shall be burned with fire." "Son of man, set thy face against the Ammonites, and prophesy against them: Hear the word of the

Lord God: thus saith the Lord God; Because thou saidst, Aha, against my sanctuary when it was profaned; and against the land of Israel when it was desolate; and against the house of Judah when they went into captivity; behold, therefore, I will deliver thee to the men of the east for a possession. And I will make Rabbah a stable for camels, and the Ammonites a couching place for flocks; and ye shall know that I am the Lord."

So abhorrent to Jehovah were the people from whom Solomon chose his wife, the mother of his son. And to that wife he gave heed more than to the law of his God. He did, indeed, build a magnificent temple to the worship of the Eternal, and offered at its dedication one of the most sublime prayers ever poured forth from mortal lips; but then, weakest, most inconsistent of men that he was, he erected on "the hill which was before Jerusalem" a high place for Moloch, the abomination of Ammon, that his idolatrous wife might offer sacrifices and burn incense to her god. Is it at all surprising that Rehoboam "prepared not his heart to seek the Lord?" that he forsook the

wise counsel of his father's friends, and adhered to that of vain, ignorant persons, like himself? Is it strange that he only served Jehovah from fear, and forsook him when he felt himself secure? Is it at all to be wondered at, that, in his days, "Judah did evil in the sight of the Lord, and provoked him to jealousy with their sins, and built them high places, and images, and groves, on every high hill and under every green tree"?

It would be interesting to inquire, had we time, what was the nature of that worship which Rehoboam's mother offered to this idol, known under three names, Moloch, Melcom, and Milcom, and there are many points which we would like to touch upon, but cannot. We once more entreat our readers not to be satisfied for a moment with these meagre sketches, but to "search the Scriptures" for themselves. They will not lose their reward.

There are lessons of deep interest to take home to our hearts from the lives of those we have been considering. The first is to "wait for the Lord" How dark, and long, and tedious, must have seemed the years of Solomon's reign to

the truly spiritual souls among the Israelites! Notwithstanding the outward glory and magnificence, they knew that rottenness and corruption worked within. No good could come to Israel, when those who were his bitter enemies had more influence at court than any others. How strange it still appears to many that the Almighty should have borne, through forty years, the disobedience and follies and crimes of one whom he had so richly gifted, and from whom he had withheld no earthly good. He sees not as man sees. Even for this end was Solomon raised up, that he might present to all coming ages the spectacle of the most elevated, most powerful, wisest, richest of men, searching for happiness in the things beneath the sun; trying, and having the ability, and the means to try, to his heart's content, every source of earthly gratification, and forced to write on all "vanity, and vexation of spirit," and to come humbly and penitently, through a most bitter experience, to the conviction, at last, that "to fear God and keep his commandments" is the only way of safety and peace to man. Ye who have sons and daughters who are not satisfied with your assurance that you have tried the way of the world, and found it vanity, but who wish to prove it themselves; who, in their small way, are bent on working out anew King Solomon's problem, "wait on the Lord and be of good courage." The end is not yet. "Great and singular is the honor which God has set upon patient waiting for him. Man, seeing not as God sees, sets higher value upon his fellows' active works — the bright deeds of days and hours. God values these also; but he does not assign them the same preëminence as man does; he does not allow them any preëminence over that constant and long-enduring struggle with the risings of the natural mind, which is evinced in long and steady waiting, under all discouragements, for him, in the assured conviction that he will come at last for deliverance and protection, although his chariot wheels tarry long." plans are far-reaching; and although you long for the immediate conversion and present usefulness of your children, he may see that, as in Solomon's case, the long, and tardy, and difficult process, and the final reluctant confession and return, shall

work in more and better ways for the good of his kingdom. Therefore learn "to labor and to wait."

But there is yet another lesson to the young, who are starting forth upon the paths of life, and are unwilling to profit by the experience, or accept the counsels, of their parents and friends. Although you may have the satisfaction of following your own chosen way through many years, and by the grace of God at last be saved, so as by fire, you cannot repair the wrong which such a course will do to those dependent on you. Solomon might have learned the lesson of fearing God from his father, and might have been persuaded by his mother's affectionate entreaties to choose a virtuous wife. Then, instead of the disappointment and anguish he suffered from seeing his son foolish and impious, and having the judgments of God denounced upon him; dying in disgrace, and dishonor, and disappointment; he might have been blessed with woman's true love, obedient children, and a long-continued posterity apon the throne of his father. No late repentance

could possibly accomplish for others what an upright and consistent life would have done. Therefore the wicked Rehoboam lived and died the monument of his father's sin, and of his mother's hatred to the God of the Israelites.

THE MOTHER OF ABIJAH.

The following beautiful account is from Dr. Kitto's Daily Bible Illustrations, which we copy as being far before anything we could say, and which covers all the ground. And we take occasion here to urge our readers to make themselves familiar with the writings of this noble scholar, and benefactor of all Bible students.

"This quiet place apart, among the enclosing hills, is Shiloh. It was once the seat of the Lord's tabernacle, his altar, and his ark, and was then replete with holy activities and solemn sounds. But, since these departed, it has been well-nigh forsaken, and has relapsed into a silent village, or small rural town. Yet still holy things are here—holy men, who have found here a sort of refuge from the wickedness of the time—a quiet retreat, favorable to sacred memories, and to the nourishment of holy thoughts. Among them is Abijah, that old prophet who rent the

new cloak of Jeroboam, and promised him the largest share of the divided kingdom. He is now blind. Upon the outer world, made foul by man's abominations, he has closed his eyes, and sees and lives by the light that shines within.

"Now observe that woman stealing down the street, and seeking the old prophet's house. By her guise she is of the peasantry, and she bears a basket. Yet her gait scarcely befits her garb; and the quick, furtive glance she casts around her, her coarse hood-veil, betray some conscious concealment, some fear of recognition, some purpose she would not wish to have known.

"This woman, mean as she seems, is the lady of the land; and, although her basket contains but a few cakes and biscuit, and a little honey, she might, if she pleased, have filled it with precious and costly things. She is the wife of Jeroboam — as far as we know, his only wife — the mother of his heir; and, therefore, if he had a score of wives, the chief of them all. That heir, by name Abijah, is alarmingly ill; and, at the instance of Jeroboam, and impelled by motherly love, that royal lady has come all the way

from Tirzah, in this disguise, that she may learn from the prophet what is to become of her son; and the things in her basket are gifts for the man of God, suited to the condition she had assumed. The disguise was thought necessary to conceal this visit from the people, and partly in the idle hope of obtaining, in the semblance of another, the desired answer, unmixed with the reproof and denunciation which Jeroboam knew that his conduct had been calculated to draw down from the prophet who had foretold his exaltation. He thus foolishly thought to coerce the Lord, through his prophet, out of an answer of peace, and slyly to evade the judgment he feared might be connected with it; and he idly calculated that the prophet, whose view could extend into the future, hid in the counsels of God, could not see through a present matter wrapped up only in the thin cover of a woman's hood.

"All this fine contrivance was blown to pieces the moment the wife of Jeroboam crossed Abijah's threshold; for then she heard the voice of the blind prophet— Come in, thou wife of Jeroboam; why feignest thou thyself to be an other? for I am sent to thee with heavy tidings.' He then broke forth in a strong tide of denunciation against Jeroboam, because he had sinned, and made Israel to sin; and the voice which had proclaimed his rise from a low estate to royal power, now, with still stronger tone, proclaimed the downfall and ruin of his house—quenched in blood—its members to find tombs only in the bowels of beasts and birds. There was one exception—only one. The youth of whom she came to inquire, he only should come to his grave in peace, by dying of his present disease, because in him only was 'found some good thing towards the Lord God of Israel in the house of Jeroboam.'

"Woful tidings these for a mother's heart, and scarcely, perhaps, intelligible to her stunned intellect. Here was a beginning of judgment upon Jeroboam, and upon her, because she was his. Judgment in taking away the only well-conditioned and worthy son; and judgment stored up in and for the ill-conditioned ones who were suffered to remain. God, when it suits the purpose of his wisdom and his justice, can afflict no less by what he spares than by what he takes.

"Yet there was mercy in his judgment; mercy, strange as it seems to say, to him or. whom the sentence of death was passed. It is so stated; and it is more intelligible than it seems. It was because there was some good thing found in him that he should die. Death was to be for him a reward, a blessing, a deliverance. He should die peaceably upon his bed; for him all Israel should mourn; for him many tears be shed, and he should be brought with honor to his tomb. More than all, he would be taken from his part in the evil that hung over his house, and the Lord's vindicatory justice would thus be spared the seeming harshness of bringing ruin upon a righteous king for his father's crimes. Alas! how little do we know the real objects of the various incidents of life and death - of mercy, of punishment, and of trial! In this case the motives are disclosed; and we are suffered to glance upon some of the great secrets of death, which form the trying mysteries of life. Having the instance, we can find the parallels of lives, full of hope and promise, prematurely taken, and that in mercy, we can judge, to those who depart. The heavenly Husbandman often gathers for his garner the fruit that early ripens, without suffering it to hang needlessly long, beaten by storms, upon the tree. O, how often, as many a grieved heart can tell, do the Lord's best beloved die betimes, taken from the evil to come, while the unripe, the evil, the injurious, live long for mischief to themselves and others! Roses and lilies wither far sooner than thorns and thistles.

"Doleful were the tidings which the disguised princess had to bear back to the beautiful town of Tirzah. All remoter griefs were, probably, to her swallowed up in this, which rung continually in her ears in all her homeward way: 'When thy feet enter into the city the child shall die.' It is heavy tidings to a mother that she must lose her well-beloved son; but it is a grievous aggravation of her trouble that she might not see him before he died. They who were about him knew not that he was to die to-day, and, therefore, could not estimate the preciousness of his last hours, and the privilege of being there near him, and of receiving his

embrace. She knew; and she might not be near, nor pour out upon her dying son the fulness of a mother's heart. Knowing that her son lay on his death-bed, her first impulse must have been to fly home to receive his dying kiss, but her second, to linger by the way, as if to protract that dear life which must close the moment she entered the city. Never, surely, before or since, was a distressed mother so wofully torn between the contrary impulses of her affection!

"At last her weary steps reached the city, and as she entered its gates her son died, and she was only just in time to press to her arms the heart still warm, although it had ceased to beat."

JEZEBEL.

Alas, that a name which has descended to us so covered with reproach, which has become a proverb, an epithet most odious, must be numbered and enrolled in our list of mothers! Alas, that to one so evil should have been permitted sacred maternal ties! Alas, that sweet, ductile infancy and childhood should ever have been intrusted to hands so profane!

We shrink from the task imposed upon us, of portraying a character which becomes more revolting the deeper we study into it, which amazes us by its utter deformity, and seems to have no redeeming traits.

It has been said that Jezebel sat for the picture which Shakspeare has drawn of Lady Macbeth; but, if it be so, Nature's unrivalled portrait-painter, for once, fell far short of his original. He does, indeed, make his heroine, "burning with unquenchable desire to bear the name of queen," cherish horrible imaginings un-

til she fancies she can dare and do. But Jezebel's cold, cruel nature needs no such working up. The daughter and wife of a king, and mother of kings and queens, no such bauble as a crown attracts her; but, if it did, she would find a way to gain it, nor scruple at the means. The lady of the drama invokes with brave words,—

"Come, you spirits

That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here,
And fill me, from crown to the toe, top full

Of direct cruelty"—

yet shrinks appalled from the resemblance to her father in the sleeping Duncan, and faints when she finds her husband has added the murder of the chamberlains to that of the king. In Jezebel we vainly look for one womanly relenting, one gentle weakness to soften the hard lines of more than masculine firmness. To accomplish her fell purposes she can deliberately attempt the extirpation from Israel of every prophet of Jehovah, nor shrink one moment from its execution. She can look calmly on while famine stalks gaunt and fearful through her husband's fair kingdom, destroying every green thing, and turning to a

barren waste the rich and fertile fields, and bringing unutterable distress on all his subjects. One word of sincere repentance from her might stay the desolation; but in her judgment it would be better that the whole nation perish with hunger and drought than that her designs should be frustrated. She can coolly summon the innocent to a mockery of judgment, and as coolly exult that he is not alive, but stoned and dead. She can threaten the Lord's messenger with an oath more becoming a pirate's than a woman's mouth; and who for one moment doubts that she will fulfil the horrible intent, if she has opportunity, or supposes that any feminine delicacy, any "milk of human kindness," will prevent her "playing false," or "catching the nearest way" to her expected end?

The wife of the thane of Glamis urges her husband on to his deed, and reproaches him with his timidity.

" From this time

Such I account thy love. Art thou afeared
To be the same in thine own act and valor
As thou art in desire? Wouldst thou have that
Which thou esteem'st the ornament of life,

And live a coward in thine own esteem, Letting 'I dare not' wait upon 'I would'!"

Forcible words, but yet a woman's argument. Hear with what a concentration of contempt and self-sufficiency, which scorns all sense of need, much more, dependence on another's act, the haughty queen of Israel addresses her baby husband, whining for his neighbor's land:

"Dost thou now govern the kingdom of Israel? Arise and eat bread, and let thy heart be merry; I will give thee the field of Naboth the Jezreelite."

When the guilty deed is done to which Macbeth and his wife have wrought themselves, and conscience fills him with terrors, and he complains pitifully of the two men who spoke to his affrighted ear, in their sleep,

"One cried, 'God bless us,' and 'Amen' the other,
As they had seen these hangman's hands.
Listening their fear, I could not say amen,
When they did say, 'God bless us.'
Wherefore could I not pronounce amen?
I had most need of blessing, and amen
Stuck in my throat."

She strives to answer with quiet unconcern and indifference, but betrays her own inward trembling:

"Consider it not so deeply,
These deeds must not be thought
After these ways; so it will make us mad."

And working "deeply," the thought did make her mad, and rendered her nights restless, and her days wretched, and finally raised her stained "little hand" to the last act of self-destruction.

Would we could find one trace of conscience or of introspection in the subject of our study. But no such signs of better nature appear. Unawed, unmoved, she passes on alike through miracles of judgment and of mercy. "Ahab cannot entirely divest himself of every national characteristic, or the remembrances and associations of his faith and his people. There still cling to him some remains of the fear of the 'Lord God of his fathers,' some feelings of reverence and awe for the name and worship of Jehovah. No such compunctions trouble Jezebel. When Elijah visits Ahab, the impious mon-

arch quails before him, and trembles at the denunciations of divine wrath. Jezebel answers his reproof by scorn and threats, and her menaces drive the prophet from the altar where he has triumphed." Famine, — blood, — the fire from heaven which attests Jehovah's Godhead, and puts to confusion her idolatrous priests, prophetic warnings, — the fearful death of her husband and sons, — the certainty and awfulness of her own doom, — the remembrance of direful crimes; nothing, — nothing has power for one moment to awe her spirit or subdue her indomitable will. She is Jezebel to the last moment, when, with painted face and tired head, and scornful, taunting words, she mocks the conqueror, under whose chariot wheels she is the next instant crushed.

If Shakspeare attempted to delineate such a character, who can blame him that he came not up to that which no mortal might dare, and hope to retain the reputation of being true to nature? None but he who sees not as man sees — who looks upon the heart, might expect to be believed when testifying of one so "desperately wicked"

Jezebel was the daughter of Ethbaal, king of Tyre and Sidon. The natural pride of her heart was nursed from youth in that queenly city, "which sat enthroned on ivory, covered with blue and purple;" the merchant city, whose merchants were princes, whose traffickers were the honorable of the earth, — whose wares, emeralds, purple and broidered work, and fine linen, and coral and agate, were the desire of all nations, — whose king had supplied Solomon with men and materials for the temple at Jerusalem. A rival temple rose under Jezebel's influence at Samaria, dedicated to Baal, whose worship she determined should be extended throughout her husband's kingdom, whatever the means which must be used to accomplish it Too well did she succeed. Ahab sold himself, under her arts, to work such wickedness as was never before known in Israel, and the number of those who bowed not the knee to Baal was re duced, by her indefatigable efforts, to seven thousand, among the millions of Israel, and these so scattered and fearful, that Elijah knew not of their existence.

As a mother, we shall have occasion to speak of Jezebel hereafter. We beg our readers to acquaint themselves thoroughly with this most interesting period of Hebrew history, and especially to search out the remarkable prophecies fulminated against Tyre, while then in the very summit of her glory, and their more remarkable fulfilment. To stimulate their curiosity, we will speak of one instance. "Ships from Tyre, out on a three years' voyage, returned to find the city razed to the ground, which they had left, and looked to find once more in the perfection of beauty, giving a significance to the prophecy of Isaiah not at first obvious, —" Howl, ye ships of Tarshish; for it is laid waste, so that there is no house, no entering in. Howl, ye ships of Tarshish; for your strength is laid waste."

O, that we could persuade the young to study the Bible with diligence and interest! They would soon find that it surpasses all other books, and say with another, while contemplating the loftiest flights of human genius,

> Great God! when once compared with thine, How mean their writings look!"

ATHALIAH.

It is a time of almost universal rejoicing in Samaria. One theme burdens every tongue, and absorbs all thoughts. In the palace, sounds of revelry and mirth are heard, and gorgeous sights are seen. The magnificent apartments are rivalled only by Tyrian splendor—the ends of the earth have contributed to the sumptuous entertainments—nor wealth nor labor have been spared to make the wedding feast of the royal daughter of Israel and the royal son of Judah eclipse all similar feasts and scenes.

There is rejoicing in the palace. Ahab, roused from his indolence and easy indifference, feels unwonted satisfaction as he bestows his child on the heir of Judah's crown, and hopes the union will give him useful allies in the place of dreaded foes, and perhaps bring the hitherto contending tribes again under one dominion. Jezebel rejoices. Athaliah is her only daughter, but she is a child after her mother's own heart

With far-seeing eye, and deep knowledge of human nature, she looks into the future, and her heart shrinks not from its own prophesyings. She fears not, though her child is to be removed from her influence and surrounded with the worshippers of Jehevah. She has sown her seed faithfully; she has watched and watered the springing shoots; by example and precept she has trained this object of her care, and she has no doubts of the harvest. Her gratification is without alloy as she sees her wedded to Jehoram, and hails her, in anticipation, queen of Judah.

There is rejoicing in the city. Long and Ireary has been the separation between those who were once brethren. But though bitter thoughts and feelings have often been cherished, the old love was not extinct, and now it is ready to revive and flourish, and its fruit is joy. Now all are full of hope. No more envying and strife; no more shedding of kindred blood; union and peace shall again prevail. Some, whose hearts have not wholly gone after idols, are glad in the hope of visiting once more the holy city, and the temple of their God, and dream of returning

days of gladness, such as were in the olden time, and ere they are aware, find themselves singing the sweet songs of Zion, and feel an exhilaration of spirit to which they have long been strangers. It is not so, indeed, with all. A few there are whose hearts are not so sanguine—who wonder if direction has been asked of the Lord in this matter—who wonder where Elijah is, and what he says—who have great confidence in Jehoram's father, but yet dread the mingling of the two courts, and the influence of Athaliah over the young prince. They are few, however; the majority are filled with the most delightful hopes.

There is rejoicing in the groves, and high places, and in the temples of Baal and Ashtaroth; wild, fearful rejoicing, and the bridal is there celebrated with rites so profane, and orgies so impious, that we attempt not their description. The priests which sit at Jezebel's table enter into the anticipations of their mistress. They, too, are glad in the hope of a union between Israel and Judah, but it is a union not for good, but for evil, which they desire. They look to see Baal yet enshrined in Jerusalem. They are glad in ex-

which so confounded them at Carmel. They hope yet to triumph over the mocking prophet who derided them in the day of their confusion. They shout with new exultation as they predict that the priests of Jehovah will soon share the fate of their friends who perished so ingloriously at Kishon.

Jehoram takes his bride to her new home. Her youth, and already queenly beauty and dignity, become her station well. She is welcomed and prospered, and all things smile on the noble pair. It is meet there should be rejoicing and gladness.

* * * * * *

It is a time of woe in Jerusalem! Mourners go about the streets, and sadness sits on all countenances. The good Jehoshaphat is gathered to his fathers. Twenty-five years he has reigned, "doing that which was right in the sight of the Lord," and receiving on himself and his kingdom the blessing of those who serve him. He is gone, and who will now stand in his place? Many times has he travelled through the land, from Beersheba to the mountains of Ephraim, to

strengthen his people in the faith, and to bring back many to Jehovah, the God of their fathers. Who will again prove so good a shepherd to this wandering flock? Who, in the hour of peril, will offer sublime and effectual prayer? Who will manifest animating and encouraging faith in Jehovah, as he did, even appointing singers to go before his army to keep their hearts from faintness by praising the enduring mercy of their God? Who will now see that justice is done in every fenced city and every hamlet, and enforce the law of the Lord?

Jehoshaphat is dead. Reason enough for sorrow; but this is not the sole cause of the gloom which pervades the land of Judah. In untimely graves, slain by a brother's hand, lie his six noble sons, with many of their companions, "the princes of Israel;" and many homes are desolate, many hearts suddenly widowed, many children are fatherless, and fear falls on all. Why was this deed done? These were inoffensive men, enjoying quietly and contentedly the privileges granted them by their father. Jehoram has the throne. Can he not sit securely there except

these are put out of life? Who instigated this needless cruelty? Alas! Jehoram has the daughter of Ahab and Jezebel for his wife, and the same evil policy which has so long governed in Israel now bears sway in Judah. Darkness begins to gather even over the holy city and the temple of Jehovah.

Years bring no changes for the better. Ambition and selfishness are the ruling principles of the court. The pure worship of the living God is fast being superseded by the idolatrous services to Baal. Groves and high places are frequented, and there is none to recall with gentle voice, and kindly admonition, these straying sheep. The king is their adviser to evil, and even obliges them to do honor to idols. The children follow the steps of their parent. "The sons of Athaliah, that wicked woman," says the sacred record, "broke up the house of God, and also all the dedicated things of the house of the Lord did they bestow upon Baalim." Retribution at length begins. Tributary nations revolt; but as God is not sought unto against them, no divine blessing, as of old, accompanies the armies, and the king

fails to subdue them. Philistines, Arabians, Ethiopians, combine and ravish the country, and carry away even the treasures of Jehoram's house and drag his children to captivity and death. The hand of the Lord, whom he has forsaken, is in all these calamities, and is at length laid heavily on his own person. A loathsome and incurable disease brings him to the grave, and he departs from life regretted by none, not even by the wife of his youth, to whose favor and influence he has sacrificed his own welfare and that of his kingdom; who has been to him in the place of his father's God, and whose selfish, cruel nature has overborne every kindly impulse, every generous and good principle, which might have governed him in his younger days, when his father chose to leave him successor to his throne.

Athaliah, unhumbled by the afflictions which have befallen her, unsoftened by the sufferings of her husband and children, having acted the part of an evil wife, now assumes one still more revolting. Her only remaining son ascends the throne of his father. He is not a boy. Forty-two years have afforded him much experience and

instruction. The greater part of his life has been spent under the benign and gracious influences of his grandfather's reign, and he has seen in his father's course the bitter consequences of departing from the Lord. Perhaps he may choose the better path. Perchance, trembling at the awful denunciations of divine wrath, he may be induced to walk cautiously, and save himself and his people. There is hope yet for Judah. Vain expectation! "Ahaziah walked in the ways of the house of Ahab: for his mother was his counsellor to do wickedly."

How great the change which has passed over the chosen people since the day of that joyous bridal, which was to so many the harbinger of all good things! Jehovah is forsaken. Baal is for the time triumphant. In place of Zion's songs are the profane shouts of idolaters, or the secret groans and tears of those who mourn over the desolations of the sanctuary as for the loss of a first-born! How great the change from the youthful bride, to Athaliah; the wife and mother, whose very name is an execuation!

It is a time of unmitigated horror in the land of Judea. Words fail to describe it. Imagination shrinks, appalled, on the threshold of the scene. A most bitter cup is wrung out for hundreds of agonized hearts. In days long gone, in the field of the murdered Naboth, the stern prophet of the Lord had foretold to Ahab an awful scene of destruction which should come upon his family for his sins, and that himself should be the first victim of divine vengeance. Ahab died as was predicted; but years have rolled since then, and no sign of any further fulfilment of those prophetic words has yet appeared, and those most concerned pursue their evil way, wholly regardless of them, and apparently without fear. Elijah has left the earth, and can harm them no more, — at least, so they thought, — until, mysteriously, six years after his ascension, there came from his hand the fearful "writing" to Jehoram, which warned him of the trouble that awaited him, and which was so exactly accomplished. Perhaps they sometimes tremble lest they should again see his hated form, or hear his terrible words. Perhaps they now and then remember Elijah's God, and for a moment quail. But if such thoughts do visit them, they have no restraining or beneficial effect. Jezebel still rules over her son and his people in Israel, and Athaliah follows her footsteps in Jerusalem, little dreaming of the storm so soon to burst upon them.

The time has now come! Blood flows in the streets of Jezreel, and blood flows in Samaria!—at the shearing-house in the way; in the house of Baal; in Jerusalem! Human life has no value. Human affections are a thing of naught. Nobles and princes fall by a bloody executioner, and not a hand is lifted in their defence. She who was yesterday the reigning queen of Israel—the haughty daughter of Tyre, at whose word men trembled—to-day, nothing can be found of her but the palms of her hands and the soles of her feet!

But of all the horrors of this awful time, those enacted in Jerusalem exceed the rest. A woman's hand will outdo even the blood-thirsty, cold-hearted Jehu. The sudden appearance of men bearing the body of her just murdered son—the destruction of all her kindred—the dread

ful death of her mother — nothing can for a moment turn Athaliah from her thoughts of self-aggrandizement, from accomplishing her own ambitious designs. She will imbrue her hands in blood. She will not take the life of men, but of children — infants — the offspring of her only son — those whose first lispings called her grandmother!

We can follow her no further. We sicken at the sight of such a monster sitting on the throne of David. We said there appeared no redeeming traits in Jezebel's character; but, when compared with her daughter, she is to be praised. "Some of the feelings of the woman, the tenderness of the wife, the fondness of the mother, still seem to have lingered in her proud heart. Unprincipled as she was, she did not abandon herself to utter selfishness. In her most atrocious acts she seems to have had some regard to the aggrandizement of her family, and to the gratification of her husband. Athaliah is utterly selfish, devoid even of the instinct of natural affection Although the depravity of Jezebel led her to adopt a corrupt religion, to reject a pure and

holy worship, and cling to the dark and cruel rites of heathenism, the voice of conscience was not silenced, the light of the soul was not entirely extinguished. She felt the need of some faith she clung to the altars of her gods. But Athaliah seems to have sunk into the brutishness of those who own 'no God.' She seems to have tram pled on all faith, as she violated all obligation. She had high mental endowments; she had a powerful will and strong passions, but she had no affections. There have been many Jezebels, but few Athaliahs.'

The children of both these mothers were such as we should expect, save only one, Jehosheba the daughter of Athaliah, and wife of Jehoidah the high priest. She, in the day of her mother's insane cruelty, saved alive her brother's infant son, and in the sacred recesses of the temple acted toward him a mother's part, and, with her excellent husband, trained him up in the fear of the Lord. It is refreshing to turn the thoughts to her and her charge during these gloomy years. Her trials must have been severe. Her pure spirit must have been sorely afflicted, and we

think she must have been relieved when the gloomy tragedy ended in the death of her mother, violent though it was, as she knew it must be. Of the days in which Jezebel and Athaliah lived we have yet more to say.

THE WIDOW OF ZAREPHATH.

Baal has almost triumphed in Israel. Ahab is yet alive and unreformed; Jezebel, his impious consort, is still mad upon her idols; the prophets are prophesying lies; the priests are bearing rule by their means, and the people love to have it so. Desolating drouth and famine from Jehovah afflict the tribes who have wandered so grievously, and extend into all the surrounding country. Distress and death are in many households, and even ignorant idolaters begin to tremble at the displeasure of the Hebrew God, though neither they nor Israel are prepared to propitiate him by repentance and obedience.

* * * * * *

Twilight is beginning to gather over the inhabitants of a small town in the borders of Sidon, and with the twilight a deeper gloom than any night could bring. Gaunt figures move languidly about; despairing tones fall sadly on the ear; animation, vigor, joy, seem to have fled from every countenance; even childhood has lost its "birthright of gladness," and moans take the place of songs. Nature around sympathizes with this universal dreariness. Not a green thing is to be seen. The parched, baked earth gives a sound under every footstep; the rain of the land is powder and dust. No placid lake, no sparkling rill, refreshes the eye; no murmur of flowing waters is heard. Men have ceased to look upward with hopeful glances, and the question has not been put for a long time, "Are there any signs of rain?" Every morning the sun lifts his undimmed eye as if to gaze in mocking joy upon the scene, and sends his scorching rays pitilessly down through the long hours, not once halting in his course, nor seeking for a moment his pavilion of clouds; and his parting look, as he sinks to his rest at night, red with his fiery march, but promises another morrow like this day, only more terrible. From the hill-sides is heard the sound of lowing herds and bleating sheep, and groups of men come slowly and sadly from a vain search for greener pastures and water

wherewith to stay the thirst of their suffering cattle. Lord God Almighty, who can stand before thy judgments!

As the twilight deepens, a female form is seen, with wan countenance and languid steps, emerging from a small cottage. She wanders slowly on, gathering dried sticks in her hand, when she is suddenly accosted by a stranger with the earnest request, "Bring me, I pray thee, a little water in a vessel, that I may drink." The tone is one of distress, and she looks up to see from whom it comes. A man of dark, stern aspect, clothed in skins, with a staff in his hand, stands before her, evidently worn and weary with long travel, and suffering from want. A glance is sufficient to inform her whence he comes, though she has never before seen him. None in all that region can be ignorant of the minutest particulars of the appearance of Elijah, the terrible prophet of Jehovah, for whom Ahab has searched every kingdom and country, that he might destroy him. Why is he here, so far from his friends, and in the land of his deadliest foes? Comes he peaceably, or with further denunciations of vengeance against the followers of Baal? She knows not - asks, not. Moved by his need and by an unseen influence, she returns at his request to bring him a portion of the precious beverage which still remains to her. As she is about to enter the house, he again addresses her. "Bring me, I pray thee, a morsel of bread in thine hand." This is beyond her power. She now speaks, and the whole story of her own woes finds utterance in few but expressive words. "As the Lord thy God liveth, I have not a cake, but a handful of meal in a barrel, and a little oil in a cruse; and, behold, I am gathering two sticks that I may go in and dress it for me and my son, that we may eat it and die." Despair is in her tones and her countenance. She seems to expect no deliverance; but Elijah has now for her words of cheer. "Fear not: go and do as thou hast said; but make me a little cake first, and bring it unto me, and after make for thee and thy son. For thus saith the Lord God of Israel, The barrel of meal shalt not waste, neither shall the cruse of oil fail, until the day that the Lord sendeth rain upon the earth."

The drouth still continues, and men's hearts fail them, and human beings and beasts perish; but, in the dwelling of the widow, comfort from this time reigns. Morning, noon, and night, she finds the handful of meal in the barrel and the little oil in the cruse. It does not increase. No quantity at any time assures her of a supply for days to come, or raises her above the need of faith. Neither does it waste, nor fail. She takes what she needs, and there is always a little still remaining.

"So, perhaps, thou, Christian, wilt not receive any superabundance of believing joyfulness, so as to be enabled to shout for joy in the furnace of affliction; but rest assured of the faithfulness of thy God, that he will uphold thy faith. This thy compassionate High Priest has implored for thee, as well as for his apostle Peter; and he will daily supply thee with so much patience, by daily renewing it, that although thou mayest occasionally doubt and droop, thou shalt never despair or perish."

Two years pass, and Elijah resides with the widow of Zarephath in peaceful seclusion. She

attends to his temporal wants, and he instructs her in the word of the Lord. For the first time she now learns the truth that there is one only living and true God, and understands how just is his displeasure towards those who worship images their own hands have made, or the sun and the moon, which are his creatures. Conscience is awakened in her breast. She is taught his claims upon herself; and her own individual responsibility, as one whom he has created and sustains, is brought to bear upon her. She is enlightened day by day; and when, at last, her only son sickens and dies, the work of conviction is com-She draws immediately her own conclusions, and bitter indeed to her soul they are. Israel departs from the Lord, and dreadful famine is sent in punishment. She, on whom he has bestowed all the blessings of life, has never known or worshipped him; and, though instructed by his prophet, she has been slow to believe, and now her punishment has come. She has seen her child, her only and most precious one, die before her eyes. She is alone in the world, and to her own ingratitude and sinfulness

she must lay her sorrow. Her whole life rises up before her, and seems to her still ignorant mind to have been just recalled to the mind of Jehovah. She trembles. She wishes Elijah had never come under her roof. She might then have lived on unremembered. By a most common development of human nature, her goaded feelings find expression in reproaches against another, though the turmoil is within herself.

Elijah pities from his inmost heart this friend who has shown so much kindness to him in his need, and, taking her dead child from her, goes to his chamber; and there transpires the scene which is familiar to all Bible readers, and is most sublime, even incomprehensible to our weak faith, the result of which restored to the afflicted widow her child and sealed her an heir of the Covenant, and so accomplished one end which was intended in his sojourn in the land of idolaters.

The widow of Zarephath is one of six or more mothers mentioned in the Bible, in whose behalf miracles were performed, and, in every instance, to save the life of their children. How much more will our heavenly Father be willing to give

us the eternal salvation of the dear ones for whom we pray!

There are volumes of instruction in this short narrative. The situation of Israel during those years — the trial of Elijah's faith — the career of Ahab and his family — the results of God's dealings with this humble woman, — all draw forth our meditations, and are deeply interesting. We advise our readers to study Dr. Krummacher's "Elijah the Tishbite," and promise them, in so doing, as refreshing a draught as was the cup of cold water the prophet received at the widow's hand when he stopped at her door after his long walk from Cherith.

THE SHUNAMITE.

JEHORAM, the son of Ahab, reigns in Israel. Elijah has gone from his earthly trials, and entered on the heavenly rest - not dying alone under the juniper tree, as he once begged he might, but borne triumphantly upward — his equipage a royal one - his convoy, angelic bands. His mantle has fallen on Elisha, who now goes up and down, strengthening weak hands, comforting sad hearts, instructing the ignorant, warning the perverse, and prophesying, in the name of the Lord, of the things which are to come. Like one who, in the days of his flesh, "went about doing good," "hiding his power," Elisha's mission was one of mercy. He dealt more in loving-kindness than in rebukes, and, unlike his stern predecessor, was more loved than feared. In his journeyings to and from the various schools of the prophets, he passes often through the town of Shunem, and forms there a pleasant and refreshing acquaint

ance with one of the few families who still worship and reverence the God of their fathers, and have not bowed the knee to Baal. The mistress of the family first invites him to make her house his resting-place, and at last, with the consent of her husband, has a separate apartment built for his use alone, and thus provides him a home under her roof, and secures his frequent presence, and therewith the blessing of Jehovah. What can I do for her? is Elisha's first thought, as he takes possession of the comfortable "chamber," and sees its appliances, and appreciates the considerate kindness which prompted to this good deed. He sends his servant to call her, and asks her if he shall speak for her to the king. He has an interest at court. But a short time since he saved the lives of three kings, under God; and if she has any request to make, his name will secure its fulfilment. But she is a contented woman. She desires nothing that royalty can bestow, so she retires, leaving Elisha still in her debt. He appeals to his servant. What, then, is to be done for her, Gehazi? Gehazi has not failed to notice a great lack in the otherwise de

lightful home of this good woman. She has a husband on whom she leans — friends in whom she trusts — an abundance of this world's goods; but she is, nevertheless, a lone woman; she has no child. No smiling babe has ever lain in her bosom; no tiny hand has ever been placed confidingly in hers; no tottering footsteps follow her as she pursues her household avocations; no sweet, lisping voice calls her mother; no bird-like notes make perpetual music by her hearthstone. There is a want in her house and in her heart.

And how sad a house is that where no such well-spring sends forth its sweet waters, purifying from selfish loves, and pouring out its tide of generous and holy joys! How lonely the home to which the Creator sends no such messenger to whisper from himself a loving rebuke to hardened hearts, and to call forth all gentle, peace-breath-

[&]quot;A babe in a house is a well-spring of pleasure, — a messenger of peace and love;

A resting-place for innocence on earth; a link between angels and men."

ing thoughts and aspirations! How weary the home which has no such resting-place; where dwell only those who have been long conversant with sins and follies, and have forgotten their guileless days! How far from heaven, alas! is that home which has no sweet link between men and angels — where no cradled cherub communes in its smiling sleep with sister spirits, and lifts the heart of fond parental love involuntarily to the pure and blessed abode of those who day and night sing praises to their eternal King!

O, sordid, selfish, earthly heart, which shrinkest from the care, and toil, and self-sacrifice, that infancy and childhood impose, and would fain go on thy way without such cumbrance! how foolish and ignorant thou provest thyself! how miserably dost thou mistake in the matter of thy happiness! Thou wast not made to dwell at ease, nor canst thou. Some care and labor God will surely lay on thee. How much better than all other, that which will reward thee sevenfold—which will elevate and refine, and emancipate thy grovelling soul! Thou wast not made to live alone, and if thou wilt not have the com-

panionship which God made thy nature to crave, thou shalt pine in discontent and weariness. Life shall often seem to thee a wilderness, though thou art surrounded with a thousand blessings and have scores of friends. Deep in thy secret heart ennui and distaste of all pleasures shall be a frequent guest; thou shalt be in want, and know not what thou desirest. The blessing of God in its fulness shall not rest on thee, because thou art not willing to do his work and fulfil his commands.

Thou sad heart, which art by Providence denied the boon for which, like Hannah, thou hast often prayed, yield meekly to his decrees, who has assured thee that all things shall work for thy good. He hath some richer gift for thee. If thou walk the path of privation humbly, he will give thee "a name better than of sons and daughters." Himself hath spoken it.

"What shall we do for this Shunamite?" says Elisha. "Verily she hath no child," answers Gehazi, "and her husband is old." "Call her," says Elisha; and she stands in the door. "A few months hence thou shalt embrace a son," is

the astounding intelligence to which she listens and for which she has no credence. "O, man of God, do not lie unto me! Too many years have I longed in vain for such a blessing, and now it cannot be. I hope no more. Do not wake again fond dreams in my foolish heart. Leave me to the forced content which has so long been my portion, and to the employments which are the solace of my lonely life."

* * * * *

It was no lie which the man of God uttered Years have passed since he said to his kind hostess, "Thou shalt embrace a son;" and now see wherever about the house, or in the court, her labors require her, a little boy, with busy feet and prattling tongue, follows on, and none but a mother's heart can guess what showers of unuttered blessings attend his every step. She stops to caress him, she arrays him in fitting garments, ties his hat under his dimpled chin, kisses him again and again, and bids a servant take him to his father in the field. With animated step and happy looks she pursues her work, preparing the

meal which the laborers in that weary field, under the burning sun, will soon need.

Suddenly she is summoned. The little boy is ill, and one has brought him back to her. She takes him on her lap, wipes his face where the moisture stands, folds him tenderly in her arms, and looks anxiously upon him. He utters no cry, but moans, "My head! my head!" She bathes his fair brow, and soothes him with a cradle-song; but he grows no better. He suffers, and anguish rends her heart. He gasps and shudders, and his little arms relax their hold of her neck. Can it be? His life has fled! Once more "she has no child." She gazes for a moment vacantly upon the lifeless form, and then, roused by a sudden impulse, rises and bears him to that consecrated chamber where she first received the promise of his life. Cannot the power which gave him to her recall him now? She lays him on the prophet's bed, and with one longing, lingering look, she calmly closes the door, and leaves him there. As calmly she calls to her husband, and begs him to send her a servant and an ass, saying she wishes to go to

Elisha, and will soon return; and when he questions of the reason for this sudden determination, she simply answers, "It shall be well." He has forgotten that his boy was ill, so slight seemed his trouble, and she does not tell him that he is childless. No faltering of voice, no tears, appeal to him for sympathy. A faith stronger than death has taken possession of her soul, and she will try its efficacy before she so grievously afflicts the father's heart.

She comes to Mount Carmel, and, as she draws near, Gehazi meets her, and asks, by Elisha's direction, if all is well with her and her family. "It is well," she answers. She has no errand to Gehazi — no words to waste.

She presses on, and, hastily descending from the ask, threws herself upon the ground, and clasps Elisha's feet, but speaks not. The man of God is perplexed. The friend who has been ever considerate and kind to him, in such trouble, and the cause hidden from him! At last her overcharged heart utters forth its bitterness "Did I desire a son of my lord? Did I not say, Do not deceive me?" He understands it

now. "Gird up thy loins, Gehazi," he says quickly, "and take my staff in thy hand, and go thy way: if thou meet any man, salute him not; and if any salute thee, answer him not again: and lay my staff upon the face of the child." Does Elisha think the mother will be satisfied? No; her faith does not follow Gehazi. She still clings to him whose words first awakened in her heart a mother's hopes. He must himself go with her. And he will. Silently they pursue their way, till Gehazi meets them with the words, "The child is not awaked." They come to the house and enter. Death has hushed all that was joyous there. Elisha goes to his own room the mother we know not whither. And while that sublime scene is transpiring, in which the human soul, already passed within the veil, is recalled to its earthly tabernacle, by the power of a mortal's prayer, how is she employed? We are not told, but something whispers in our hearts that perchance the mother's faith and mother's supplications took hold on the everlasting and Almighty arm, as truly as did those of the prophet.

We cannot fathom the counsels of the Al mighty, nor give a reason why this mother, after enduring the pangs of separation from her child, should have been permitted the joy of embracing him again, and seeing him live on to manhood. "He doeth all things well," as well when he takes finally, as when he restores. His plans are far-reaching. He would have every one of his children "partake of his holiness," and one method secures this result in some, which would not avail with others. The widow of Zarephath and the Shunamite "received their dead raised to life again," and the prophet's widow had a miracle worked in her behalf, to save her sons from being sold as bondmen, while multitudes around them endured the common lot. The only way of peace for the reflecting mind is to study the character of our God, as he is revealed in Jesus Christ, and then meekly to say,

"O Lord my God, do thou thy holy will."

THE SHUNAMITE.

It was a sultry day of summer time.

The sun poured down upon the ripened grain
With quivering heat, and the suspended leaves

Hung motionless. The cattle on the hills
Stood still, and the divided flock were all
Laying their nostrils to the cooling roots,
And the sky looked like silver, and it seemed
As if the air had fainted, and the pulse
Of nature had run down, and ceased to beat.

'Haste thee, my child!'' the Syrian mother said,

"Thy father is athirst" — and, from the depths

Of the cool well under the leaning tree,

She drew refreshing water, and with thoughts

Of God's sweet goodness stirring at her heart,

She blessed her beautiful boy, and to his way

Committed him. And he went lightly on,

With his soft hands pressed closely to the cool

Stone vessel, and his little naked feet

Lifted with watchful care; and o'er the hills,

And through the light green hollows where the lambs

Go for the tender grass, he kept his way,

Wiling its distance with his simple thoughts,

Till, in the wilderness of sheaves, with brows

Throbbing with heat, he set his burden down.

Childhood is restless ever, and the boy
Stayed not within the shadow of the tree,
But with a joyous industry went forth
Into the reapers' places, and bound up
His tiny sheaves, and plaited cunningly
The pliant withs out of the shining straw—
Cheering their labor on, till they forgot
The heat and weariness of their stooping toil

In the beguiling of his playful mirth.

Presently he was silent, and his eye
Closed as with dizzy pain, and with his hand
Pressed hard upon his forehead, and his breast
Heaving with the suppression of a cry,
He uttered a faint murmur, and fell back
Upon the loosened sheaf, insensible.

They bore him to his mother, and he lay
Upon her knees till noon—and then he died!
She had watched every breath, and kept her hand
Soft on his forehead, and gazed in upon
The dreamy languor of his listless eye,
And she had laid back all his sunny curls,
And kissed his delicate lip, and lifted him
Into her bosom, till her heart grew strong—
His beauty was so unlike death! She leaned
Over him now, that she might catch the low
Sweet music of his breath, that she had learned
To love when he was slumbering at her side
In his unconscious infancy—

" - So still!

'Tis a soft sleep! How beautiful he hes,
With his fair forehead, and the rosy veins
Playing so freshly in his sunny cheek!
How could they say that he would die? O God!
I could not lose him! I have treasured all
His childhood in my heart, and even now,
As he has slept, my memory has been there,
Counting like treasures all his winning ways—
His unforgotten sweetness:

" - Yet so still! -

How like this breathless slumber is to death! I could believe that in that bosom now There were no pulse — it beats so languidly I cannot see it stir; but his red lip! Death would not be so very beautiful! And that half smile — would death have left that there? — And should I not have felt that he would die! And have I not wept over him? — and prayed Morning and night for him? And could he die? - No - God will keep him! He will be my pride Many long years to come, and his fair hair Will darken like his father's, and his eye Be of a deeper blue when he is grown; And he will be so tall, and I shall look With such a pride upon him! — He to die! And the fond mother lifted his soft curls, And smiled, as if 't were mockery to think That such fair things could perish —

- Suddenly

Her hand shrunk from him, and the color fled From her fixed lip, and her supporting knees Were shook beneath her child. Her hand had touched His forehead, as she dallied with his hair — And it was cold — like clay! Slow, very slow, Came the misgiving that her child was dead. She sat a moment, and her eyes were closed In a dumb prayer for strength, and then she took His little hand and pressed it earnestly— And put her lip to his - and looked again Fearfully on him — and, then bending low,

She whispered in his ear, "My son!—my son!"
And as the echo died, and not a sound
Broke on the stillness, and he lay there still—
Motionless on her knee—the truth would come!
And with a sharp, quick cry, as if her heart
Were crushed she lifted him and held him close
Into her bosom—with a mother's thought—
As if Death had no power to touch him there!

The man of God came forth, and led the child
Unto his mother, and went on his way
And he was there — her beautiful — her own —
Living and smiling on her — with his arms
Folded upon her neck, and his warm breath
Breathing upon her lips, and in her ear
The music of his gentle voice once more!

N. P. WILLIS

THE MOTHER OF JOB'S CHILDREN.

THE view of a prospered and happy family first presents itself to us, as we open the book of Job. A noble father — an upright man, who "fears God and eschews evil." One who is revered and honored by all who know him; before whom aged and young alike rise up; in deference to whose wisdom princes refrain from talking, and nobles hold their peace; whom no one sees without bestowing just words of praise; whose voice none hear without uttering a blessing on the speaker. One who befriends the friendless, and is a father to the poor; who is eyes to the blind, and feet to the lame; who causes the widow's heart to sing for joy, and is a defender of the injured and forlorn. One whose smile gladdens a whole community, and who sits chief among them, the comforter of all that mourn.

A mother and ten sons and daughters grace the home of this noble patriarch, and are to him as the light of his eyes. The abundant blessing of Heaven rests upon them. The candle of the Lord lightens their every darkened hour, and the secret of God is in their dwellings. They wash their steps in butter, and the rock pours them out rivers of oil. Wealth, and station, and fair character among men, they have; the approbation of the Almighty is theirs, and a pure faith sanctifies and hallows all their days.

They live in the most delightful harmony. The father and mother and sisters seem to occupy one home, and the brothers, with wives and families of their own, are settled all around, forming the most charming of all earthly social circles. We feel our hearts glow as we imagine their many sources of joy. The welcome and heartfelt satisfaction of the father and mother, as they come in, one after another, of an evening, each with an incident to contribute to the general conversation — their interests all identified - their hopes and fears, and perplexities and comforts, mutual; the animation of the sisters, as they prepare, from time to time, for the birthday feasts which the brothers give in their sev

eral houses, and which they enjoy so much,—
spending in each family seven days of uninterrupted hilarity; and the closing gathering, under
the paternal roof, when the father and priest
sanctifies them all, and pours out his fervent
prayers for the pardon of their sins—remembering even the possible transgression of their
thoughts—and then sends them forth again with
his blessing and love. It would be difficult to
picture a more complete scene of earthly happiness.

Earthly happiness! There is insecurity and instability in the very name! Draw out, and embellish, and complete the most perfect ideal of joy, and write under it "earthly," it is marred and defaced. This is the alloy which destroys the value of our most precious things. This is the drop which embitters our purest draughts. Heaven were no longer heaven could one thought of change be admitted into it.

^{&#}x27;O, ye blest scenes of permanent delight!
Full above measure! lasting beyond bound!
A perpetuity of bliss is bliss.
Could you, so rich in rapture, fear an end,

That ghastly thought would drink up all your joy And quite unparadise the realms of light."

The fearful wreck of happiness which came upon Job and his wife has become a proverb. In the morning they sat at their table, surrounded with every comfort. No thought of want or care oppressed them. The luxuries of wealth were Before night they were stripped of all, and unmitigated poverty laid its hand upon them. With the rising sun started up their numerous servants, ready to fulfil with alacrity their slightest command. At nightfall they were forced to perform unwonted services with their own hands, and, though they called, there were none to do their bidding. Ten loving sons and daughters surrounded them when they woke, full of life and joy — their pride and blessing; before the hour of rest returned they were "written childless." They had many friends; at least, so they thought when it was summer with them. Winter, desolate, dreary winter, had suddenly arrived, and these seeming friends had sought a kindlier clime. Was this all? Surely it was enough. But no; a more terrible trial awaits them. Hitherto they have stood together, and in mutual sorrow have been mutual helpers. Now commences a process which shall drain their last drop of peace — a weaning, an estranging process. Foul disease fastens on the father's body, and a more distressing ailment possesses itself of the mother's spirit. Faith and patience fail her, and where was love before, seems now to be only gall and wormwood.

There have been those who have utterly condemned this mother, and she has been a by-word and her name a scandal. Some have concluded, because so little is said of her, that she was wholly abandoned and wicked, and had been always such. They even shut her out from repentance, and seem not to dream of the possibility of reform. They consign her to death, and consider it no additional calamity, and thus allow her no share in her husband's returning prosperity. For all this we find no warrant. That she had been a good woman, and a helpmeet and friend to her husband, we feel sure, from his surprise at her evil advice in the hour of their calamity. "Thou art not like thyself." "Thou speakest as one of the foolish women speaketh."

Job is called the most patient of men. Yet Job forgot himself, and spoke foolishly, and reproached the Almighty. Shall his wife, who had a part in all his griefs, and on whom the stroke fell more heavily, since she had a mother's heart — shall she be wholly condemned? If Job endured with a fortitude so remarkable as to be considered its embodiment through all time, shall his wife's name be cast out as vile, because she is only like common mortals?

It seems to us far more rational, and in accordance with truth, to look upon her as one whose reason and faith were almost annihilated by the awful blow which so suddenly bereaved her; and who manifested the impatience and rebellion against the dealings of providence, which, if we judge rightly, are very common among men, and not such an anomaly as to distinguish her among millions. And, since the holy record does not hint that Job, with his new possessions, took also a new wife, we love to hope that this afflicted mother, repentant, subdued and chastened, came

forth from the furnace, as did her noble husband, refined and pure, and fitted to enjoy prosperity with a thankful heart, which retained not a vestige of those feelings that once prompted evil and impious words.

Wealth returned; friends flocked to congratulate; brothers and sisters, long cold and unkind, were once more loving and true. But the long night did not seem surely dissipated till a daughter came to waken parental joys anew in the hearts long silent and desolate, and to unite and cement in fresh bonds of affection those whom wretchedness had estranged and sundered. They called her Jemima — day!

All that they had been, they again became, and more. Seven sons again clustered round them, "and in all the land were none found so fair" as the three daughters who called them father and mother.

Do any still think hardly of Job's wife, let them place themselves in her lot, and judge if they could endure her trials without a murmuring word or a hard thought; then lay their hands upon their mouths, and pray earnestly to be spared the test

ELIZABETH.

WITHIN our hearing, as we commence to write this sketch, are the tones of a fond mother's voice, conversing at the close of the day with her two young sons, of serious and weighty matters. They have retired for the night, and she, choosing the hour when good impressions are easiest made, sits with a hand on each, reminding them of their faults, commending their good behavior, and exerting the influence which tender affection gives to lead them in paths of virtue and uprightness. The blessing of the Eternal be upon her in her holy work.

What wonderful power has God committed to a mother's hands! How exalted are her privileges! who can for a moment set a true estimate upon the worth of her gentle counsels to her boys, who are soon to enter upon life's temptations and duties? Who can calculate the results of her daily intercourse with her girls, who are

so soon to mould in their turn the plastic and immortal mind?

There have been some mothers of earth peculiarly favored and blest. It was a privilege to be the mother of Moses, of Elijah, of Samuel. It is a privilege to bring into the world, and train up into life, the intelligent, and industrious, and useful members of society; but she is most favored to whose arms is given one of those whom Jehovah uses to advance most rapidly his kingdom among men. "Let my child be an instrument of good to souls, let him live a life of prayer and communion with God, and be devoted to the Redeemer's cause, and I will ask nothing more," says the truly Christian mother. "I will not seek for him earthly honor, nor wealth, nor pleasures. I will not even ask health, nor comfort, nor ease, nor exemption from severe trials. will not shrink from the knowledge of sufferings which he may be called to endure. If so be my prayer for his sanctification be heard, I will be silent in every other matter, or only say, 'Thy will be done."

The subject of our present study was a mother

thus favored, and she was so blessed as to know, even before his birth, that her child would be only a comfort to her, never a source of sorrow. His character and commission were announced with the tidings of his coming into the world, and as she dwelt in thought upon the strange communication, how must her heart have glowed and exulted at the privilege conferred upon her! Four hundred years before, the last of the prophets had foretold the coming of her son. the councils of Eternity he holds a most exalted place. He is the day-star which heralds the sun. She is the wife of a priest, and versed in the hopes, and expectations, and prophesyings of her people. In the days of her youth, in common with many of her country-women, she had hoped that possibly she might give birth to this promised child, or at least to his mother. But years passed on, and her hopes had long since faded. She was old, and her husband well stricken in years. Even the wish for sons and daughters had almost died, until brought back to sudden life by the strange words of the angel to Zacharias. Now she begins to feel a mother's yearning toward the

life which she unconsciously nourishes, and a hitherto unknown gladness fills all her soul. Her silent husband pursues his avocations, seeming to her as if he ever pondered on the mysterious visitation in the temple, and felt still the awe with which the presence of Gabriel had first inspired him. They have been always followers of that which is good, walking in all the commandments and ordinances of the Lord blameless, and now a rich reward is ministered to them from his hand.

The story of John's birth, of the gathering of friends, of the restoration of Zacharias, is one of the most touching and beautiful in the sacred record. But from that time nothing more is said respecting his mother. Whether she lived beyond his childhood we do not know, nor what part she took in the formation of the character which was so excellent as to draw from Jesus the testimony, "Verily, I say unto you, Among them that were born of women, there hath not arisen a greater than John the Baptist." We always, though perhaps sometimes involuntarily, gather our ideas of the character of the mother from

what we know of her children; nor are we often mistaken. We think that the firm, uncompromising integrity of John's character, his fidelity, his humility, stood in most intimate relation to his mother's blameless life. We admire his noble course, and feel sure that were his mother living, it afforded her the satisfaction of a longed-for blessing, toward the attainment of which she had given her earnest efforts. We behold him in prison, regardless of his own privations, not once appealing to the one mightier than himself for succor, but anxious only that the bridegroom should be recognized and honored, while he stands in the shade; and instinctively we recognize a retiring, humble woman's influence working among the elements of his character. We dwell painfully on his lonely and sudden death, and wonder why he was permitted thus to leave the world without one word of encouragement or sympathy from him whom he so nobly honored; but we seem to meet Elizabeth's calm reproving eye, and are convinced that he had been early taught to follow his Lord even unto death, and to count life itself

worthless for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ.

She has gone to her reward, and John worships with her the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world. We hope to meet him yet on the heights of Zion, and to know more than we possibly can now of the life they led on earth. How much we have to learn! Eternity itself is not more far-reaching than are the sources of knowledge which it will lay open to us, and from which we thirst, even now, sorely thirst, to be drinking. The dealings of infinite wisdom and grace with each child brought home to glory, how intensely interesting to every other! Would we might so fill every relation of life as to bring only honor to our Redeemer in that day when he shall come to be admired in his saints, and glorified in all them that believe.

MARY.

What was the early history of the mother of Jesus? Who were her parents? Where was her childhood passed, and under what influences? What was her character? Did anything foretell that she would be chosen from all the maidens among her people for the high honor which was afterward conferred upon her? Was she peculiarly amiable or levely, or devoutly pious and scrupulously exact in her observance of the Jewish ritual? Question after question arises thus in our minds, as we contemplate this most interesting of all the mothers of the earth; but to none can we give a satisfactory reply. For reasons known only to Infinite Wisdom, the veil of obscurity is closely drawn over all that part of her life which is not immediately connected with the life of our Lord. We do not even know her age when she was suddenly visited by the messenger from the upper temple announcing her wonderful destiny. "Hail, thou that art highly

favored! the Lord is with thee; blessed art thou among women." Blessed and favored indeed! From the time that Eve exulted, "I have gotten a man from the Lord," how many hearts had longed and hoped for the high privilege; and even now, while she sits pondering upon the strange tidings, how many high-born mothers of her nation are looking on their young daughters with earnest desire and hope; and how many conscientious hearts, looking for the consolation of Israel, are daily studying the prophecies, if possible, to encourage themselves in the expectation for the loved ones whom they have trained with unwonted care for this very end!

Mary sits as if entranced. Has she been dreaming? No. Gabriel, who stands in the presence of Jehovah, has truly been with her, and spoken to her, and his mysterious words yet linger in her ears. Rapidly her thoughts recall the promises which she has heard from her childhood. She knows that one born of woman is yet to do away the curse which the serpent brought upon the race. The Scriptures have been taught her, and a light now shines upon them unseen

before. She recalls and dwells on every word the angel spoke. In her heart she again murmurs, "Behold the handmaid of the Lord, be it unto me according to thy word." Day after lay multitudes of thoughts come crowding upon her. She feels in herself already the fulfilment of the promise. At last, unable any longer to keep pent up in her own heart the joy-inspiring secret, she arises in haste and seeks the only friend who she feels can fully sympathize with her. What a meeting was that! Elizabeth utters her congratulations, and Mary's long-restrained gladness finds utterance in words most exalted and sublime.

"My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour."

Well may she speak His praise in lofty tones, who has taken her into more intimate relationship with himself than any other of mortal race. Well may she rejoice in Him, the infinite Jehovah, who has thus condescended to distinguish her above all who have ever lived, or shall live after.

"For he hath regarded the low estate of his

handmaiden: for, behold, from henceforth all generations shall call me blessed."

Eighteen hundred years have rolled by, and yet are the words being fulfilled. Mary, most happy of mothers, most blessed of thy race! Exultation becomes thee well. The Magnificat is suited to thy lips. Meet it is that thy triumph song should sound over all the mingling and deafening voices of centuries, and reach even our ears who dwell in these ends of the earth.

"For he that is mighty hath done to me great things; and holy is his name."

Great has ever been the mystery of that incarnation. Even she, who had the witness within herself, that, contrary to all ordinary laws of nature, a new life was springing from her own, could only speak thus in awe and reverence of what she knew was truth, but which she could not for a moment understand.

"He hath scattered the proud in the imagina tion of their hearts. He hath put down the mighty from their seats, and exalted them of low degree. He hath filled the hungry with good things, and the rich he hath sent empty away."

Royalty coveted this boon, and presumed upon it. Surely the heir of David's throne should come in the nobler branches of David's house. Disappointment waits on many an exalted family. He looked from his heavenly throne upon all grades and classes of men, and chose to make his earthly home with the humble and poor, the uneducated, the inferior. No wonder he was despised and rejected of men. They had not for one moment imagined him other than noble and aristocratic; one born to rule over the lower classes, not to mingle among them as if he were of them. No marvel that "he came unto his own, and his own received him not." How could they recognize in the carpenter's son the Messiah of their hopes the Prince who was to sit on David's throne? No wonder they looked with contempt on one who thus "exalted those of low degree."

"He hath holpen his servant Israel, in remembrance of his mercy: as he spake to our fathers, to Abraham, and to his seed forever."

Sitting in Hebron, where lie the bones of the patriarchs, Mary sings of the fulfilment of promises made two thousand years before. In that

cave of Machpetah, Abraham had been sleeping centuries. He believed, and received a son in his old age, the type of Him who should come after. Mary sits near that cave, and her faith has made her mother of Him whose day Abraham rejoiced and was glad to behold by faith. Though He tarry long, though years by thousands roll by between his promises and their fulfilment, Jehovah suffers not a jot or a tittle of his word to fall to the ground. He remembers his covenant, and will surely help his people.

Three months of delightful intercourse have passed since Mary first entered Elizabeth's house, and she now returns to her own. Alas! what a world is this, in which sorrow treads quickly on the heels of joy, and clouds obscure the brightest sunbeams. Mary is to be mother of the only Son of God; but she is herself a mortal, and subject to the woes and trials which wait on our mortal state. She is one of a sinful race, and the pains and penalties and vexations which sin has entailed she cannot escape. She has lived on the mount of joy and rapture — she must now lescend into the vale of humiliation. She has

been honored by the Almighty — she must now be dishonored by man. A cup of pure joy and triumph has been given to her lips — it must be dashed away, and wormwood must supply its place.

She returns to her home, and pursues her usual avocations with cheerful heart. But soon suspicious glances are cast upon her, and malignant whisperings are heard, and the friends who once were kind avoid her, and a chill begins to creep over her guileless heart. For the first time she realizes how questionable is her position now among her companions. She sees with trembling spirit the storm which threatens her. She looks anxiously upon the face of the one who is more to her than all others, as if to read his heart, and see if he also distrusts her. Why should he not? Is there not cause? Now also her spirit faints, remembering the fearful ordeal to which she may be subjected. What sustained thee in that hour sad heart? Even He who had brought the fierce trial upon thee. It was not long. There came a day when the eyes most dear, and which had been dimmed by grief and doubt, again met thine

with clear and sympathizing gaze, and arms of love and protection were folded about thee, and the sacred name of wife bestowed upon thee, and in the sanctuary of a husband's home, cherished and revered, thou didst look up once more, and await the future, calm, trustful and happy.

* * * * * *

The eventful night arrived which made Mary the mother of the Son of God. Here, again, how many questions a reverent curiosity would ask. Did the curse rest with full force on her who bore that spotless one? Was he ushered into life with the same agonies which accompany the degenerate children of Adam's race? We doubt it not. Even for this he assumed our humanity, that he might be made in all respects like his brethren. An infant's woes and weaknesses, childhood's vexations, youth's temptations, manhood's trials. He omitted none.

That birth-night! One of our own poets has celebrated it in words we cannot forbear to quote at length:

LONGFELLOW'S CHRISTMAS HYMN

It was the calm and silent night!

Seven hundred years and fifty-three

Had Rome been growing up to might,

And now was queen of land and sea!

No sound was heard of clashing wars;

Peace brooded o'er the hushed domain;

Apollo, Pallas, Jove, and Mars,

Held undisturbed their ancient reign,

In the solemn midnight,

Centuries ago!

'T was in the calm and silent night!

The Senator of haughty Rome
Impatient urged his chariot's flight,
From lordly revel rolling home;
Triumphant arches, gleaming, swell
His breast with thoughts of boundless sway
What reeked the Roman what befell
A paltry province far away,
In the solemn midnight,
Centuries ago!

Within that province far away,
Went plodding home a weary boor;
A streak of light before him lay,
Fallen through a half-shut stable door,
Across his path. He paused, for naught
Told what was going on within;
How keen the stars! his only thought;
The air how calm, and cold, and thin,

In the solemn midnight, Centuries ago!

O, strange indifference! — low and high
Drowsed over common joys and cares;
The earth was still, but knew not why;
The world was listening unawares!
How calm a moment may precede
One that shall thrill the world forever!
To that still moment none would heed,
Man's doom was linked no more to sever,
In the solemn midnight,
Centuries ago!

It is the calm and solemn night!

A thousand bells ring out and throw

Their joyous peals abroad, and smite

The darkness — charmed and holy now!

That night that erst no shame had worn,

To it a happy name is given;

For in that stable lay, new-born,

The peaceful prince of earth and heaven,

In the solemn midnight,

Centuries ago!

What were Mary's emotions on that solemn night, when prince and peasant pursued their accustomed way, and the mysterious infant form which she had nourished beneath her heart was placed in her arms? How did she feel when the

wonder-stricken shepherds demanded to see her child, and she found her secret had been revealed from above? And when strange foreign men bent the knee in homage to the babe, and poured into her lap their rich gifts, was it more joy or wonder that thrilled her heart?

* * * * * *

We know little, far too little, of the theme which so entrances us; but there is ever one delightful certainty on which we can dwell. Mary was the only mother of a sinless child our earth has ever seen. Think of it, friends. From the hour of his birth to that in which he was slain, no folly, or wilfulness, or disobedience of his ever caused her a pang, or brought a tear to her eye. He lay in his cradle, not merely an image of innocence, but its embodiment. As sho folded him to her breast, no dread of the future no fear of the effect of evil example, or natural corruption, disturbed her peace. No cry of impatience was ever heard from that baby-mouth; no burst of passion ever disfigured that sweet childish face. The shuddering which the first deliberate untruth from hitherto unsoiled lips

causes, she never felt. She trusted him implicitly. He sat by her side, he followed her steps, he grew silently up, all that a mother's heart could wish. He received her instructions, and obeyed her commands, in the spirit of love and filial piety. She saw him tried by poverty and reproaches. She knew his high origin, and looked often wonderingly on him as in his meekness he received taunts in silence.

Never once had she occasion to reprove him; and the bitterness which the parental heart feels when needed chastisement must be inflicted on its precious ones, she knew it not. O, what a love was that which grew day by day for thirty years between that mother and son, before his work claimed him, and he left her side to buffet the world's scorn, and be baptized with the baptism for which he came! Whatever may have been her experience with her other children, her satisfaction in her first-born son was unalloyed.

Mary! Hail! Thou that art highly favored!
Blessed indeed art thou!

* * * * * * *

Mary was present when Jesus first manifested

his miraculous power in Cana, and again, at Capernaum; while he was preaching earnestly to the people, she sought admittance to his pres-How much she saw of him during his three years' ministry we do not know; but she was with him when he went his last journey to Jerusalem, and was among those who stood by the cross during his agony. Where was Joseph? Where were her other sons? It would seem that, as he hung on that cross, he felt that he was his mother's sole dependence, since the only words recorded, which relate to aught but himself, were those touching ones which gave her to the care of his most trusted disciple and friend. What a remembrance to carry in her heart, while she endured the keen inflictions of the sword which Simeon had prophesied for her, were those last words! With the weight of a world's sins upon his soul, and amid the pangs of tortured nature, he was yet true to the love which had been her solace so many years. To the last he was faithful, and there was no disappointment in his character, whatever there might be in his circumstances. Did she see him again after that long,

lingering look, at the place "where his body was laid"? It is not said; but she was among those who companied together after his ascension, and we cannot doubt, was present when his "Peace be with you!" sent a thrill of joy to so many hearts.

They are both, now, the mysterious Son and his favored mother, in that world where the relations of time are dissolved; where naught is valued of earth, save that which aided in bringing the ransomed soul to its eternal home. We cannot possibly know in what light Mary is there regarded, nor what is the nature of the bond which unites her to Jesus. He was her Saviour, as he is ours, and she rejoices in the redemption he wrought out, as we all shall when we too see him face to face, and come into his presence to go no more out forever.

Mothers, let us ever bear in mind, as among our most effective instruments, the example of Mary's child. Little ears are never more attentive, little eyes are never more wondering, than when they hear of him who never grieved his mother—who was never disobedient, never angry,

never untruthful. No motive appeals so powerfully as the desire to be like him. "Jesus would not have done so." "Then, mother, I will not do it again; I want to be like Jesus," is, in some houses, an almost daily reproof and answer. To be like Jesus! It is the fervent aspiration of the advanced Christian. How sweet to hear its expression from infant lips, and how earnest the hope that it may come to be the habitual desire of the soul!

THE WIDOW OF NAIN.

"Who went about doing good." How little do we comprehend the meaning of the words as applied to him, before whose coming footsteps pain and suffering, and every form of earthly woe, vanished, and who left evermore behind him health, and vigor, and joy! Some vague impression we gather as we read of his "wonderful works," but we do not comprehend the full import. We do not understand that it was as if a being from the upper sanctuary should visit our own town, and all the sick and suffering — the lame, the blind, the feeble of our own acquaintance—should suddenly, by his all-powerful word, be "healed of their infirmities," and we should see them going forth among living, acting men, as unconscious of sorrow as if they had never known its withering touch. There rose a morning on some of the villages of Palestine, which saw only the healthy and the glad within their walls, for — he had "healed their sick." How

great the change should to-morrow's sun behold such a sight in our town!

Methinks I see it thus: from yonder house comes daily past my door, led by gentle hands, a blind father. In the midst of his days an inscrutable providence has shut from his view all beautiful and gladsome things. On the fair forms of wife and daughters he has been unable to gaze these many years; and one prattling boy often follows his footsteps, on whose loving, wondering, up-turned face he has never looked. Yesterday I saw him, with uncertain step, following in the train of that stranger whose name is on every lip. Can words describe the change which has passed on him since? He is not at all this morning what he was then. With firm, manly, joyous tread, he crosses the threshold of his home, and meets the glad group who have watched and cared for him so long. He is no longer blind, dependent, helpless. Once more he can bear his part in maintaining his family, once more he is a man among men. What a weary weight of woe is suddenly lifted from the heart of that loving wife and mother! She has

not murmured under it. Cheerfully has she borne up — nobly has she performed her part and far above price has her love proved itself in this deep trial; but now, what joy beyond expression is hers! — what blessings has the power of the Healer sent under that roof!

In the opposite house lives a little girl, crippled from her infancy. The heart of fond parents is wrung daily as her halting step is heard about the house, and forebodingly they look into the future, and dread the sorrows it may bring to their gentle one. She has met Jesus in the way, this morning, and his compassionate eye and voice have, in a moment, set her free; and now, behold! was ever exultation like hers as she skips and jumps, and runs to tell her mother what has been done for her? Imagine, also, if you can, the joy of that mother's heart—the gratitude of that rejoicing family!

In another home dwells one of pale, sorrowful countenance, on which consumption has stamped his terrible lineaments. Young, happy, surrounded with friends, but about to leave them all—fading from her husband's sight, day by

day, as silently, but surely, as the snow-wreath before the sun — leaving, with such anguish in her heart as dying mothers alone can know, her precious, only child to breast, unaided, the world's cold waves. A short time since I saw her thus, and wept that earth should furnish such a sight. But the Deliverer has been under her roof—the bloom has suddenly returned to her cheek, and the disappointed destroyer has unloosed his grasp. She steps lightly and joyously about her household work - she smiles on her glad husband, strains, with fervent joy, her little one to her heart, and tears of gratitude fall from her eyes as she thinks of him who has restored her to life and hope once more.

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Our Lord healed, probably, every kind of disease known in Palestine. He had raised the dying from the beds they had not hoped to leave again. But he had not yet raised the dead. This, alone, was wanting to complete the evidences of divine power which his miracles offered. He walks, with his disciples, from Capernaum towards Nain, and as they approach the town

they meet a funeral procession. No spectacle of sorrow presented itself to his view and was disregarded. He sees in a moment what deep grief is here; - a young man is borne to his burial, and by his side walks his lonely, widowed mother. The lamp of hope and joy is for her extinct. She had fondly hoped this one would nave sustained her age, and there he lies in death. How can she live without him? He was her only cradle joy, — there is none left to call her mother. She cannot, cannot spare him! Yet death is inexorable. None can burst his iron bands. She has closed his young eyes forever; she must return to her home without him.

Not so, poor mourner. He, who reads the heart and knows all thy distress, has a balm for thee of which thou little dreamest. He, the Man of Sorrows, and acquainted with grief, possesses one source of joy unknown to common mortals — the power to cure the woes of others. He, who is said to have never smiled, makes it his daily business to call smiles to the woe-begone faces that follow his steps. He, who bears the burden of a world's cares and sins, is found con

stantly lightening the cares and forgiving the sins of the forlorn and guilty. What peace — what serene satisfaction must be his, as he witnesses the sudden reversion of feeling in that widowed breast! for HE can look upon the heart and see unveiled those emotions which are all too mighty for outward expression. What a balm to his own woes must he have in this blessed power to heal the manifold woes of those around him!

The young man sat up and began to speak, and they delivered him to his mother. Jesus and his disciples went on their way. His own trialhour followed shortly; but, though still possessing the power which had raised the dead — though able to refuse the cup which he had voluntarily taken — though able at any moment to cut short the agonies of crucifixion, and come down from the cross, he endured unto the end; endured for our sakes, that he might win the power to heal not merely physical, but spiritual maladies; that he might gain the right to raise from eternal death, and bestow on sinners immortal life. O. would we had power to convey, by any means, to the mothers who will read these pages, our

own deep sense of his presence with his tempesttost children now, as truly as in the days of his
flesh, and of his benignant, almighty love! It is
easy to say, "Jesus Christ, the same yesterday,
to-day and forever." It is easy to quote all that
has been written conveying the same idea; but to
realize, and practically believe, and constantly
to act upon, and be daily consoled by this truth,
is not so often attained unto. Yet, if we will
cherish this faith, it will increase, until our peace
shall be like a river, and our consolation as the
way is of the sea.

THE WIDOW OF NAIN.

The Roman sentinel stood helmed and tall
Beside the gate of Nain. The busy tread
Of comers to the city mart was done,
For it was almost noon, and a dead heat
Quivered upon the fine and sleeping dust,
And the cold snake crept panting from the wall,
And basked his scaly circles in the sun.
Upon his spear the soldier leaned, and kept
His idle watch, and, as his drowsy dream
Was broken by the solitary foot
Of some poor mendicant, he raised his head
To curse him for a tributary Jew,
And slumbercusly dozed on.

'T was now high noon.

The dull, low murmur of a funeral Went through the city — the sad sound of feet Unmixed with voices — and the sentinel Shook off his slumber, and gazed earnestly Up the wide streets, along whose paved way The silent throng crept slowly. They came on, Bearing a body heavily on its bier, And by the crowd that in the burning sun Walked with forgetful sadness, 't was of one Mourned with uncommon sorrow. The broad gate Swung on its hinges, and the Roman bent His spear-point downwards as the bearers passed, Bending beneath their burden. There was one — Only one mourner. Close behind the bier, Crumpling the pall up in her withered hands, Followed an aged woman. Her short steps Faltered with weakness, and a broken moan Fell from her lips, thickened convulsively As her heart bled afresh. The pitying crowd Followed apart, but no one spoke to her. She had no kinsmen. She had lived alone — A widow with one son. He was her all— The only tie she had in the wide world — And he was dead. They could not comfort her.

Jesus drew near to Nain as from the gate
The funeral came forth. His lips were pale
With the noon's sultry heat. The beaded sweat
Stood thickly on his brow, and on the worn
And simple latchets of his sandals lay,

Thick, the white dust of travel. He had come Since sunrise from Capernaum, staying not To wet his lips by green Bethsaida's pool, Nor wash his feet in Kishon's silver springs, Nor turn him southward upon Tabor's side To catch Gilboa's light and spicy breeze. Genesareth stood cool upon the east, Fast by the sea of Galilee, and there The weary traveller might bide till eve; And on the alders of Bethulia's plains The grapes of Palestine hung ripe and wild; Yet turned he not aside, but, gazing on From every swelling mount, he saw afar, Amid the hills, the humble spires of Nain, The place of his next errand; and the path Touched not Bethulia, and a league away Upon the east lay pleasant Galilee.

Forth from the city-gate the pitying crowd
Followed the stricken mourner. They came near
The place of burial, and, with straining hands,
Closer upon her breast she clasped the pall,
And with a gasping sob, quick as a child's,
And an inquiring wildness flashing through
The thin gray lashes of her fevered eyes,
She came where Jesus stood beside the way.
He looked upon her and his heart was moved.
"Weep not!" he said; and as they stayed the bier,
And at his bidding laid it at his feet,
He gently drew the pall from out her grasp,

And id to ack in silence from the dead.

With troubled wonder the mute throng drew near, And gazed on his calm looks. A minute's space He stood and prayed. Then, taking the cold hand, He said, "Arise!" And instantly the breast Heaved in its cerements, and a sudden flush Ran through the lines of the divided lips, And with a murmur of his mother's name, He trembled and sat upright in his shroud. And, while the mourner hung upon his neck Jesus went calmly on his way to Nain

N. P. WILLIS.

THE SYROPHENICIAN MOTHER.

The time for the third passover since our Lord commenced his ministry had arrived. He was expected in Jerusalem; but he went not up. He knew what was in store for him. "The ruling Jewish authorities there had definitely concluded to take advantage of his expected visit at this passover, to accomplish his destruction; and, as Jesus saw that absence presented the only natural means of prolonging his ministry to its due period, he postponed the lesser to the greater obligation."

Nor did he even feel safe in Galilee; for the fate of John might follow too earnest a scrutiny of his proceedings on the part of Herod and his evil-minded partner, who saw in him one risen from the dead — an object of "remorseless hate and secret dread." He avoided observation, therefore; and finally retired entirely, from Herod's dominions, to those of his brother, "the lawful husband of Herodias, who is universally

described as a mild, well-meaning and righteous prince."

We find him wandering as far as Tyre and Sidon, taking up his abode there, in the hope of escaping observation. How many thoughts sad thoughts - must have crowded on his mind as he gazed on the ruins everywhere presented to his eye! This was that Tyre which once sat a queen among cities; which, in her pride, had said, "I am of perfect beauty;" whose merchants dealt in "emeralds, and purple, and broidered work, and fine linen, and coral, and agate, and pearls; " of which "the ships of Tarshish did sing in the market; " which was "glorious in the midst of the seas." How fallen now! The noise of her songs hushed forever! the sound of her harps heard no more! Her walls broken down! her pleasant houses destroyed! her stones, and timber, and dust, carried into the midst of the waters! No vestige of her former magnificence remained. A miserable collection of huts was her representative. Among these ruins Jesus walked, wishing, for a time, to be hidden and unknown.

But this could not be. Multitudes from this region had attended on his preaching, had heard his sermon on the mount, and been witnesses of his mighty works. He was recognized; and it was soon whispered round that he, to whose gracious words they had listened with delight, was come among them. The tidings reached the ears of an afflicted mother, who had seen some of his healing miracles, or heard of them through her friends. She waited not for counsel, nor stopped to consider what obstacles might prevent the fulfilment of her wishes. She sought the house where he abode. She hesitated not; but instantly, and without invitation, presented herself before him. His disciples, burning with the hatred which every Jew cherished toward the Gentiles, were indignant that she should dare come to him, and regarded her with undisguised malignity. She heeded them not. Their angry countenances could not deter her. Casting herself upon the ground before him, in the deepest humility, with agonizing earnestness she cries, "Have mercy on me, O Lord, thou son of David! My daughter is grievously vexed with a devil." It was the cry of suffering to him whose mercies fail not; but it seemed to fall on deaf ears. "He answered her not a word." How strange! How unlike him who went about doing good, who seemed always to delight in dispensing the blessings of healing and strength to all that came to him! For the first time, he is regardless of the cry of distressed humanity.

The disciples are gratified to see this heathen woman so slighted; but they are not satisfied. "Send her away!" they beg. They wish to have her rebuked as well as slighted; and Jesus seems to approve their spirit, for he replies to her renewed entreaties, "I am not sent, but unto the lost sheep of the house of Israel." Can it be true? Have her hopes been raised in vain? Is he, who has seemed so benevolent, so far above human prejudices, so sympathizing and tenderhearted, — is he indeed governed by the narrow views of those who deem themselves the only favorites of Heaven, and cast out all others as unclean? It cannot be. She cannot believe it. She draws still nearer, and prostrates herself still ower and, in accents which mingle the most

earnest faith with deepest distress, entreats, "Lord, help me." Coldly and sternly, apparently all unmoved, he answers, "It is not meet to take the children's bread, and cast it to dogs."

The disciples are now happy. She has heard the truth for once; she will go now, and they will be troubled no more by these Sidonians; and they exult as if a great victory had been gained. How does she feel, that afflicted mother? We look to see her rise suddenly, with flushed face and haughty mien, and, walking quickly away, wounded pride and anger overcoming all thought of the errand on which she came. Will she be called a dog? Will she endure to be told that the Creator regards her so far beneath those who walk the same earth and breathe the same air as herself? This same Jesus has not hesitated, before this, to lay his hand on the loathsome leper, and to heal the most degraded among his own people, — will she bear to be told that her precious child is beneath his notice, and must perish like a beast, and be regarded as such? Will she take meekly the meering triumph of those hard-hearted men?

No; she has trusted, and prayed, and been disregarded. Worse than this; she has been taunted, and her best affections trampled on. She will return to her daughter, and in silence and despair endure as best she may.

Thus we judge. Thus we think we should do. But she possesses a faith and a humility far beyond our conception. We are wholly wrong. No resentment kindles in her eye. No anger flushes her cheek. No sharpness is in her tone. Accepting instantly the place assigned her, and laying no claim to any privileges beyond, she even gathers hope from what seems to us so irritating and harsh, and instantly answers, meekly and trustingly, "Truth, Lord; yet the dogs eat of the crumbs which fall from their master's table."

His end is answered. He had read her heart, and knew what love and faith were there, and he has brought them forth. His assumed sternness is laid aside, and from the depths of his loving heart he answers, "O woman, great is thy faith! be it unto thee even as thou wilt."

Study this scene, ye faithless parents! Pon-

der it deeply, until you imbibe its spirit, until you feel its power. Jesus is evermore the same; such humility, such faith will always prevail with him.

Dwell upon this narrative, also, ye bigoted followers of him who was meek and lowly, and behold how he distinguishes the character of his own children under every guise, and learn to judge cautiously. He may love with an infinite love, those whom ye scorn.

THE GRANDMOTHER AND MOTHER OF TIMOTHY.

THE types and shadows have passed away. The Antitype has appeared and accomplished his earthly work, and ascended his mediatorial throne. The old dispensation has given place to the simpler rites of the new. Faith is substituted for the deeds of the law, and, in place of peculiar privileges granted to a few, universal love and good-will are proclaimed to all mankind. ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature," was the last command of their Lord, and his disciples are already working zealously for its fulfilment. They are to publish the good tidings first to the Jews in every place, and then to the Gentiles, for he will have all men come to the knowledge of the truth. Paul and Barnabas have set out on their first missionary tour, and the promised Spirit accompanies and crowns their labors.

In the small town of Lystra, not far from Iconium, dwelt, in the days of the apostles, a family in whom we find ourselves extremely interested. The father was a Greek; the mother a Jewess. They had one son; a boy, not of robust health and strong constitution, but subject to many infirmities; yet of so amiable a disposition, and such excellence of character, as to win the esteem and love of all who knew him.

So far as we can ascertain, there was no synagogue in Lystra, most of the inhabitants being worshippers of Jupiter. This family was, consequently, deprived of the privilege of public worship, and the boy grew up, not only without the hallowing influences of the sanctuary, but in an atmosphere quite adverse to the spirit of true godliness, and surrounded with degrading and debasing examples. But he was not left without religious culture. His grandmother — who also lived with them — and his mother, were his instructors in the sacred lore of their people. Although far from their native land, and deprived of sympathy and companionship, and surrounded by idolaters, these devoted women never forgot their God, nor departed from their faith. Nor did they neglect the duty enjoined on all Jewish parents by the express command of Jehovah.

- "And these words which I command thee this day shall be in thine heart:
- "And thou shalt teach them diligently unto thy children, and shalt talk of them when thou sittest in thine house, and when thou walkest by the way, and when thou liest down, and when thou risest up."

Whether they had in their possession a copy of the books of Moses, and of the prophets, and of the psalms, or whether they spoke only from remembrance of what had been taught them in their childhood, we do not know; but it is certain that this child of their love was thoroughly instructed in all these scriptures. From the story of the creation on through all the scenes of Jewish history, nothing was omitted which could interest or benefit their pupil. The sublime prophesyings of Isaiah — the mournful lament of Jeremiah — the example of Daniel and his companions — the sweet strains of the psalmist — all were familiar to him from his earliest years. But

especially was he instructed with regard to His coming who was to redeem Israel. The great prophet of whom Moses spoke — who was shadowed forth in every mysterious rite and sacrifice of their religion — who was the theme of poet and sage; and the object of faith to every son and daughter of Abraham.

Thus was young Timothy, by his knowledge of holy truth, kept from contamination, and preserved in uprightness, and prepared to become a laborious and faithful preacher of righteousness, and an example to youth, for all coming time.

* * * *

In their journeyings, Paul and Barnabas have reached Lystra. They find, as we have said, no synagogue there, and, consequently, are compelled to deliver their message wherever they can find a suitable place, and the inhabitants at large flock to hear them. Walking one day through the streets, followed, it may be, by a crowd, Paul sees, sitting by the way-side, a cripple, impotent from his mother's womb, who has never walked. Filled with the sympathy which his Master felt before him, and seeing the man

interested, he speaks with a loud voice, and says, "Stand upright on thy feet." Receiving instantly strength from above, the poor sufferer joyfully obeys, and is seen leaping and walking in the delight of new-found faculties. The multitudes look on with astonishment, and soon the cry is heard, "The gods are come down to us in the likeness of men." Barnabas they call Jupiter, and Paul, Mercurius; and immediately preparations are made to do them homage. This is soon prevented by Paul, who tells them of the only living and true God, and persuades them to desist. Soon after this, certain evil-minded Jews appear from Antioch and Iconium, who work upon the fickle people of Lystra, until they drag him whom they would have worshipped out of the city, and stone him, and leave him, as they suppose, dead. Around his bruised body stand many who have heard the Gospel from his lips, and among them young Timothy. On his heart, so well prepared, the story of Jesus has had its full effect. For the first time the Scriptures, in which he is so well versed, appear perfectly clear to his mind. A new light shines upon them,

He embraces the crucified Messiah in unfeigned faith, and becomes a most useful helper to Paul—who, as we know, revived, and returned to his work—and his dearly beloved son in the Gospel

A recent missionary traveller thus speaks of his feelings on approaching what he supposed to be the site of Lystra.

"Full of the impression that we were now near the birth-place of Timothy, we bent our course more westerly, through a narrow, but fertile and most levely ravine. The pebbly brook, which gave fertility to the vale, was overhung by trees of a larger growth — walnut, poplar, and so on—than we had been accustomed to see on our journey. Vineyards, gardens, and small orchards of fruit-trees were planted in convenient nooks by the way. A rich fragrance was exhaled from the wild flowers that besprinkled the ground, and only the murmuring of the brook and the music of here and there a feathered songster interrupted the stillness which prevailed. Along these quiet paths, I said within myself, oft trod that beloved youthful disciple, Timothy! Beneath such shades he repeated,

perhaps, the songs of Israel, before he learned from the apostle Paul of the name of Jesus. Perhaps he was inured to hardship by labor in these very fields; or, more probably, he may have passed to and from Iconium with burdens of wood and returns of merchandise, as those who dwell here now do. Precious saint! thy memory breathes a richer perfume than the flowers of thy native vales. Through the long tract of ages, thy early knowledge of the holy scriptures, thy rigid temperance, thy early wisdom, thy youthful piety, thy useful labors, thy name of good report, thy apostolic ministry, have come down, with refreshing and stimulating influence, to the youth of our own and of all coming times. And, ye excellent and revered 'mother Eunice and grandmother Lois,' so honorably mentioned by an apostle, your example shall live while the sun and moon endure, as an encouragement to timely and faithful parental instruction."

It seems fitting that we should close our work with this delightful illustration of the results of

maternal faithfulness, in early imbuing the heart of childhood with the truths of the Bible. Sow thickly the good seed of the word, and water it abundantly. It shall surely bring forth fruit in which you will rejoice. It is God himself who has commanded it, and he is all-wise and knows the best means to any sought-for end. He, moreover, has promised "My word shall not return unto me void." May his blessing rest upon all endeavors to make it more interesting and precious to his children, and upon all their labors among the objects of their love and care.



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